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THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

I.—SUCCESS OF GOVERNMENT METHODS

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.,
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY W. B. VAN INGEN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE first intimation that I was to be ordered to Panama for duty in connection with the Canal came to me on the morning of February 18, 1907, in the form of a telephone message from the Secretary of War, William H. Taft, saying he desired to see me. In compliance with this message I called upon him at once. He catechised me about the localities where I had served, the character of the duties in which I had been engaged since graduation from the Military Academy, and also concerning my antecedents. He then informed me that the President had decided to accept the resignation of Mr. John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Canal, and had concluded to turn the work over to the corps of engineers, United States army. He had just returned from the White House with General Mackenzie, Chief of Engineers, where, after discussing this question with the President, they had recommended me for the position of Chief Engineer. He could not assure me I would be selected, but I probably would be summoned to the White House that evening and should be prepared for such a call. In the meantime nothing was to be said concerning the matter to any one.

In the course of the evening a call came from the White House, and at 8.45 I reported there to President Roosevelt. He stated that he had sent for me to talk over some matters in connection with the Panama Canal. Expressing great regret that he found it necessary to make a change in the management of affairs on the Isthmus, he said he had concluded to accept Mr. Stevens's resignation, since no other course was open to him. He considered any change in the administrative head of a work unfortunate, for it always unsettled the force and resulted in delays, and this was especially so with the work on the Isthmus. He was very desirous of having the Canal built as expeditiously as possible, and in order to avoid upsets and delays from similar causes in the future, he had decided to place the work in the hands of army engineers, thereby securing continuity of direction by putting in charge persons who would be obliged to remain.

With this object in view he had decided to reorganize the Isthmian Canal Commission; to detail three army engineers, with one civil engineer of the navy, as members, and to require all the members to reside on the Isthmus. By such an arrangement each one of the engineers would be familiar with conditions and would be known to the personnel. Then,

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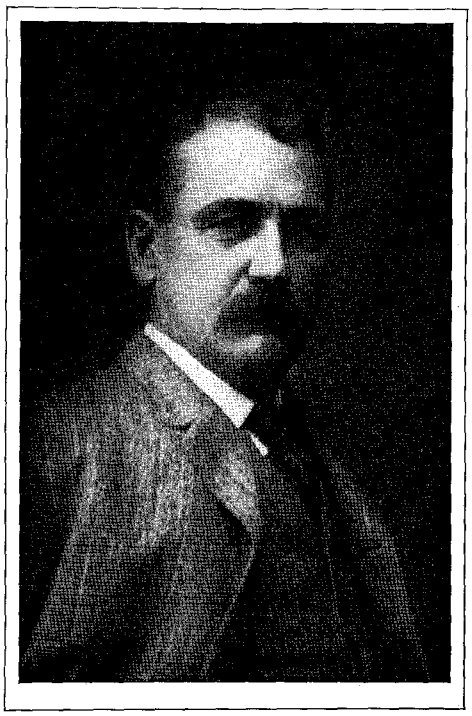
should a change occur in the management, no delay or confusion would follow. He had decided to appoint me Chief Engineer, as well as Commissioner. He believed that Mr. Stevens had stayed too continuously on the Isthmus, and that the effects of the tropics combined with the heavy responsibilities imposed by the work had got on his nerves. By the arrangement of having four engineers, all commissioners, residing on the Isthmus, he thought it would be possible for me to get away from the work, to throw off the cares and responsibilities for at least three months each year, thereby keeping in good physical and mental condition—at any rate, he considered it advisable that I should endeavor to do so.



John F. Stevens.
The second Chief Engineer.

Speaking in regard to the other members of the commission, the President went on to say that the law required that one should be a civil engineer of the navy. He had great respect for Admiral Endicott, then a commissioner, would like to retain him, and would do so but for his age, which would make it a hardship for him to live on the Isthmus. He had thought of retaining the admiral in charge of the Washington office, but this would interfere with his plan of having all the commissioners together on the Isthmus, so his inclination was to select a younger man as better fitted for the active work that would be required. He would consider the question further after inquiry as to the men available for the duty. Mr. Stevens had spoken in the highest terms of the services rendered by Mr. Jackson Smith, and urged his appointment. Mr. Smith had charge of recruiting, of housing the employees and feeding them, had demonstrated the advisability and practicability of the government doing the feeding without resorting to contract, and he had concluded to act on Mr. Stevens's recommendation and appoint Mr. Smith on the commission. The American Medical Association had been pressing him to advance Colonel Gorgas, in recognition of the work he had done on the Isthmus, and, now that a change was to be made, he had concluded to comply with their wishes and make him a member of the commission. A civilian should be appointed as governor, to take charge of the civil affairs within the Zone, and he was seriously considering the appointment of Senator Jo C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky. The commission always had and would require the services of a secretary, and he regarded Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, then holding that position, as the best qualified and most suitable man for the work; Mr. Bishop had been of the greatest assistance since his connection with the Canal, and his services fully warranted his continuance in office.

He regarded it as unfortunate that the existing law required the work to be placed in charge of a commission or executive body of seven men. This had been a source of trouble and friction, but, as he had failed in his endeavor to get the law changed, it was necessary to work under it. He thought he could ease matters somewhat by combining two of the offices, chairman and chief engineer, in one person, and this he contemplated doing when Mr. Theodore Shonts, then chairman of

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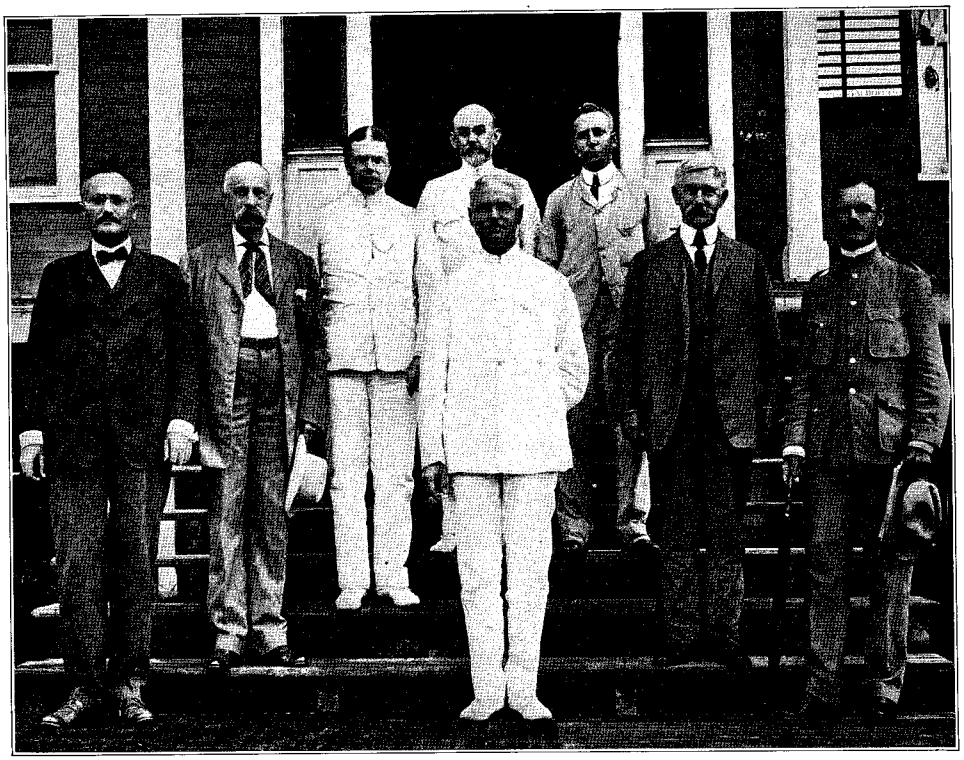

The third or Goethals commission for Canal construction.

In front, centre: Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. A., Chairman and Chief Engineer. Others, from left to right: Major William L. Sibert, U. S. A.; J. C. S. Blackburn, Civil Engineer H. H. Rousseau, U. S. N.; Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Hodges, U. S. A.; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel D. D. Gaillard, U. S. A.

the commission, should leave office, on the 4th of March following, by making Mr. Stevens chairman in addition to his present duties, and continuing this arrangement after he also should retire. This would result in the elimination of the friction that had at times existed between the holders of these two positions.

I had served long enough in charge of work to know the desirability of having a buffer at headquarters on whom I could rely, and my experience while on duty in Washington had only added to my conviction in this respect. This led to the suggestion that as the work was to be put under the army engineers, the Chief of Engineers might be made chairman of the commission and the Chief Engineer report direct to him, the latter taking up the affairs of the Canal with the Secretary of War direct. The President, however, did not look upon this idea with favor, and I have since been glad that his better judgment led to its rejection.

The President thought that by the combination of the duties already decided upon, that with two of the commissioners members of my own corps and all located on the Isthmus, the trouble and friction which had been due, in a measure, to the majority being so far from the work might disappear, and hoped that things could run more smoothly in the future than they had in the past. He thought that the commission should organize in a way analogous to the President and his cabinet. Each commissioner should be placed at the head of a department of the work and held responsible for the work in his charge, but should subordinate himself to the chairman, who would be responsible for the work as a whole. This would be the ideal condition, and it was possible that it might be worked out along these lines. I said that if I understood the law correctly certain duties had been assigned to the commission and decision was made by majority vote. He ad-

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mitted that this was true, but said that Mr. Stevens had strongly advocated that the veto power be given to the chairman, and he was fully in accord with Mr. Stevens's view and thought this might be arranged, thereby making the final decision rest with the chairman.

The President said that at a conference he had had that morning with the Secretary of War and the Chief of Engineers, the latter had suggested Major D. D. Gaillard as an efficient officer eligible for detail whose services could be spared for the purpose. I knew Major Gaillard well, had served with him at various times, and his appointment was agreeable and satisfactory to me. No other names had been mentioned at the conference, and the President had none to suggest. I expressed the desire to have an officer selected who was thoroughly familiar with lock structures and competent to design them, and suggested Major Harry F. Hodges, explaining his connection with the Sault Canal and the design of the gates for the Poe lock. He thought such a selection very desirable, and advised me to take up the matter with the Chief of Engineers and the Secretary of War, as he did not want to handicap the engineer department's work and desired that the Chief of Engineers be consulted.

Later, when consulted, General Mackenzie objected to the relief of Major Hodges, on the ground that his departure would cripple the work of his department, Major Hodges having been his principal assistant during his entire term as Chief of Engineers, which was within a year of its close, and during that period having had charge of the various projects in connection with rivers and harbors. He suggested Major William L. Sibert, then in charge of the Pittsburg district. He had been in charge of lock work on the Kentucky River and at Louisville, and similar work on the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio Rivers, and had spent sufficient time in connection with the construction of locks to warrant the assumption that he was fully competent and capable of taking up their design in all their details. Though I knew him but slightly, I accepted General Mackenzie's suggestion because of his greater familiarity with the personnel of his corps. I mentioned Major Sibert to the Secretary of War, and his appointment was settled.

Mr. Stevens had built up an organization that had shown good results, and under these circumstances the President thought it would be a great mistake to make any change until the necessity therefor became apparent. As soon as Mr. Stevens's resignation became known it would have a baleful influence upon the organization, and if changes were made the effect would be very much worse. He did not intend, however, to make any announcement for the present, but if, at the time he did, the force on the Isthmus could be assured that there would be no changes in the organization and that things would continue under the new régime as they had under the old, such an announcement would reduce to a minimum the demoralization that would naturally result through a change in leadership. To this I readily and gladly assented, being desirous of having things run as smoothly as possible until I could get a grasp of the situation.

The Secretary of War took up the question of compensation of the various commissioners. I had certain advantages accruing by reason of my commission in the army which did not fall to the lot of civilians; I had not been tried out in a work of such magnitude, for which reasons he concluded not to give me the same salary received by Mr. Shonts and Mr. Stevens, viz.: $30,000, but thought $15,000, including my army pay, would be about right. With this as a basis, the other engineers of the commission he thought should have $12,000, while the remaining members should receive $10,000. If I were to take three or four months off each year, as both the President and Mr. Taft had suggested, it followed that each of the other engineers would be called upon to bear the responsibilities and effects of the climate more or less of the time, and they should receive the same privileges and be compensated correspondingly; he therefore consented to fix the salaries of the engineer members at $14,000. The veto power over any action of the commission was to be given to me.

It was subsequently decided to relieve Admiral Endicott at the same time that the other members of the existing commission were retired and to replace him

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President Taft and Colonel Goethals on a tour of inspection of the Canal.

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by Admiral H. H. Rousseau, recently appointed chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, who willingly consented to accept the place and to relinquish his position with the Navy Department. Senator Blackburn was notified, and indicated his acceptance of an appointment as a member of the commission and governor of the Canal Zone, but, as he would require time after the adjournment of Congress to attend to private matters, he would not be able to sail for a month or six weeks. This fixed the new commission.

Before starting for the Isthmus I requested Mr. F. B. Maltby, who was principal assistant engineer to Mr. Stevens, and who was in the United States on business connected with Canal work, to come to Washington for a consultation, as I desired to talk with him about conditions on the Isthmus. The resignation of Mr. Stevens had come as a surprise and unpleasant shock to him, and his account of the hold that Mr. Stevens had on the force, of the demoralizing and disorganizing effect that the news of his intended departure would surely have, was neither cheering nor comforting news to his successor. Mr. Maltby did not think that the assurances of no change in the organization given in a statement by the President would have any effect at all.

The Secretary of War had informed Mr. Stevens by cable of the change in Canal management and of my intended departure for the Isthmus in March, adding: "The President desires me to reiterate that he wishes me as far as possible to retain the present organization. . . . The President relies on you to use your every endeavor to assist in the substitution of Major Goethals for yourself with as little friction and as little loss of efficiency in the organization which you have created as circumstances will permit." Mr. Stevens replied: "Certainly will remain long enough to advise Major Goethals thoroughly with understanding I am supreme in authority, reporting to you after March 4, until I leave the Isthmus." As this was in accord with the understanding of the President, Mr. Stevens was so advised, and he was to remain supreme in authority until such time as might be mutually agreed upon for him to turn over the work.

Major Gaillard had reached Washington in time to prepare for his departure on the S. S. *Panama* on March 6, so we sailed, together with about fifty members of Congress as travelling companions, and had a very pleasant trip. Time was spent in posting ourselves on the plans of the Canal and, naturally, receiving suggestions from some of our fellow passengers on what should be done, and how. We arrived at Colon on the morning of March 12, and the party was met by Mr. Stevens, Colonel Gorgas, and other officials of the Canal, constituting a reception committee, and escorted to Panama. This committee had been organized to meet delegations of various kinds coming to the Isthmus, and was in attendance on all trips of sightseeing that the delegation took.

On Saturday evening, March 17, the congressional party was invited to a smoker gotten up by the employees and given at the Corozal Hotel. I concluded to accept the invitation to be present, as it was urged that the men desired to become acquainted with the new man. The large dining-hall had been cleared of tables and was well packed with men, and women were admitted to the porch. Mr. Maltby's honest statement to me in Washington prepared me for the rather cold reception extended. Mr. Stevens was not present, but the favor in which he was held by the men was clearly shown by the cheers that the mention of his name elicited and by their absence at any reference to his successor. There were singing, speeches by some of the men and by some of the congressmen, and finally the toastmaster stated that if the visitors had noticed the men on the work suddenly dropping their tools, or stopping their work, standing erect with heels together, shoulders back, little fingers at the seams of their trousers, and then saluting or practising the military salute, it was not to be inferred that the men were "loco"; on the contrary, they were perfectly sane and they were merely preparing themselves for what was coming—the advent of the army to control the work. After additional observations about the ordinary relations of the army and the laboring man, I was called upon for some remarks.

I must confess that the slurs and insinuations were not relished, and in replying I attempted to make it clear that the army *per se* was not in charge in a military sense;

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Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Culebra Cut before the water was turned in—Cucaracha Slide is on the right.

This and the following panels (size seventeen and one-half feet by ten and one-half feet), painted by W. B. Van Ingen, are to be placed in the rotunda of the permanent Administration Building of the Panama Canal, on Balboa Heights, above the Pacific entrance to the Canal.

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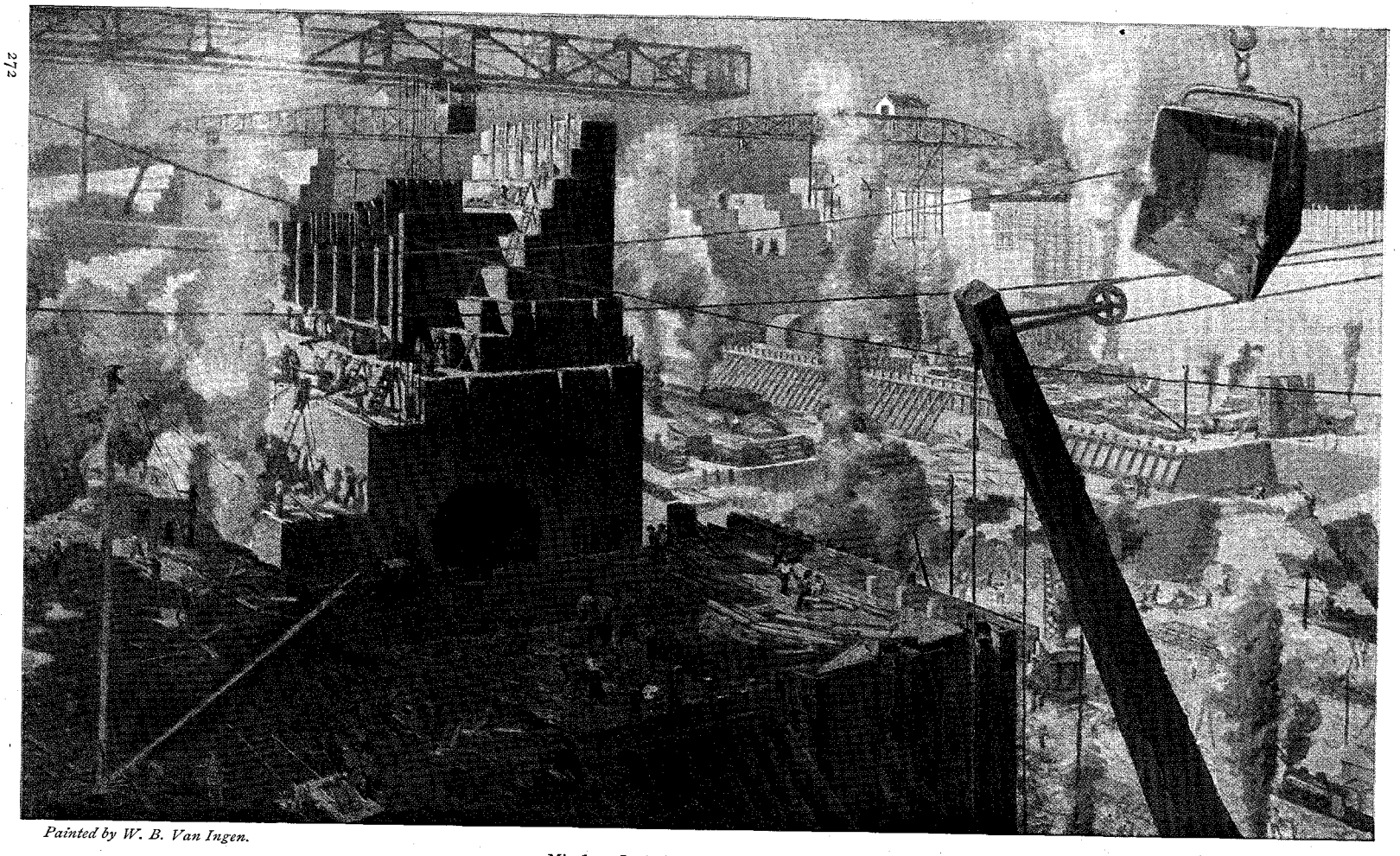

Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Miraflores Locks in process of construction.

This shows the work at its most interesting period, in 1912. Sections of both the centre and side walls are shown, as well as the great culverts to carry the water, and the cranes used for handling the concrete.

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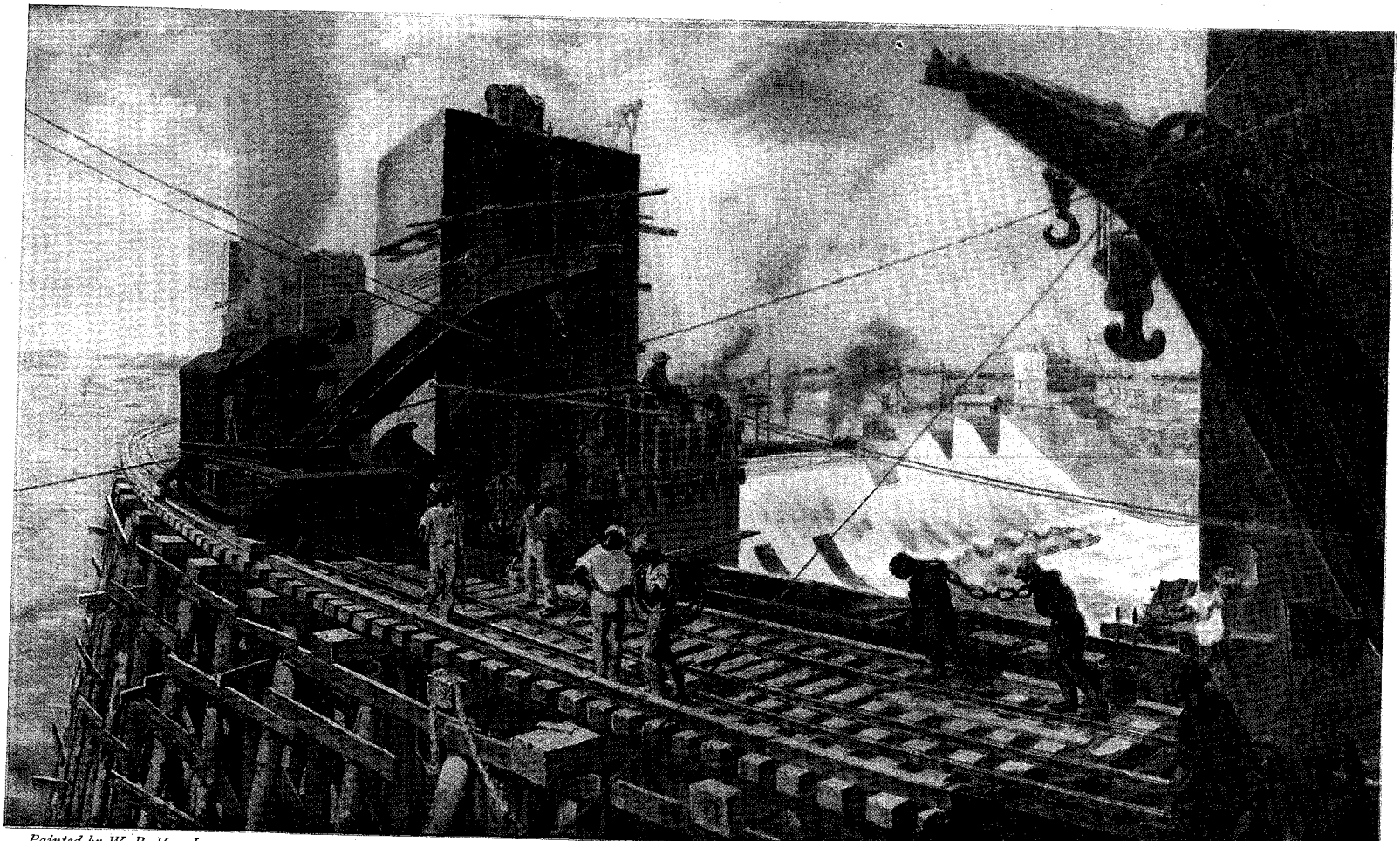

Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Spillway in Gatun Dam under construction.

Placed near the centre of the Gatun Dam, the Spillway is a semicircular arrangement of concrete pylons between each two of which are gates which may be raised or lowered as required in order to maintain the constant level of the water in Gatun Lake. Wrecking-cranes capable of lifting each one hundred tons are seen on a construction trestle.

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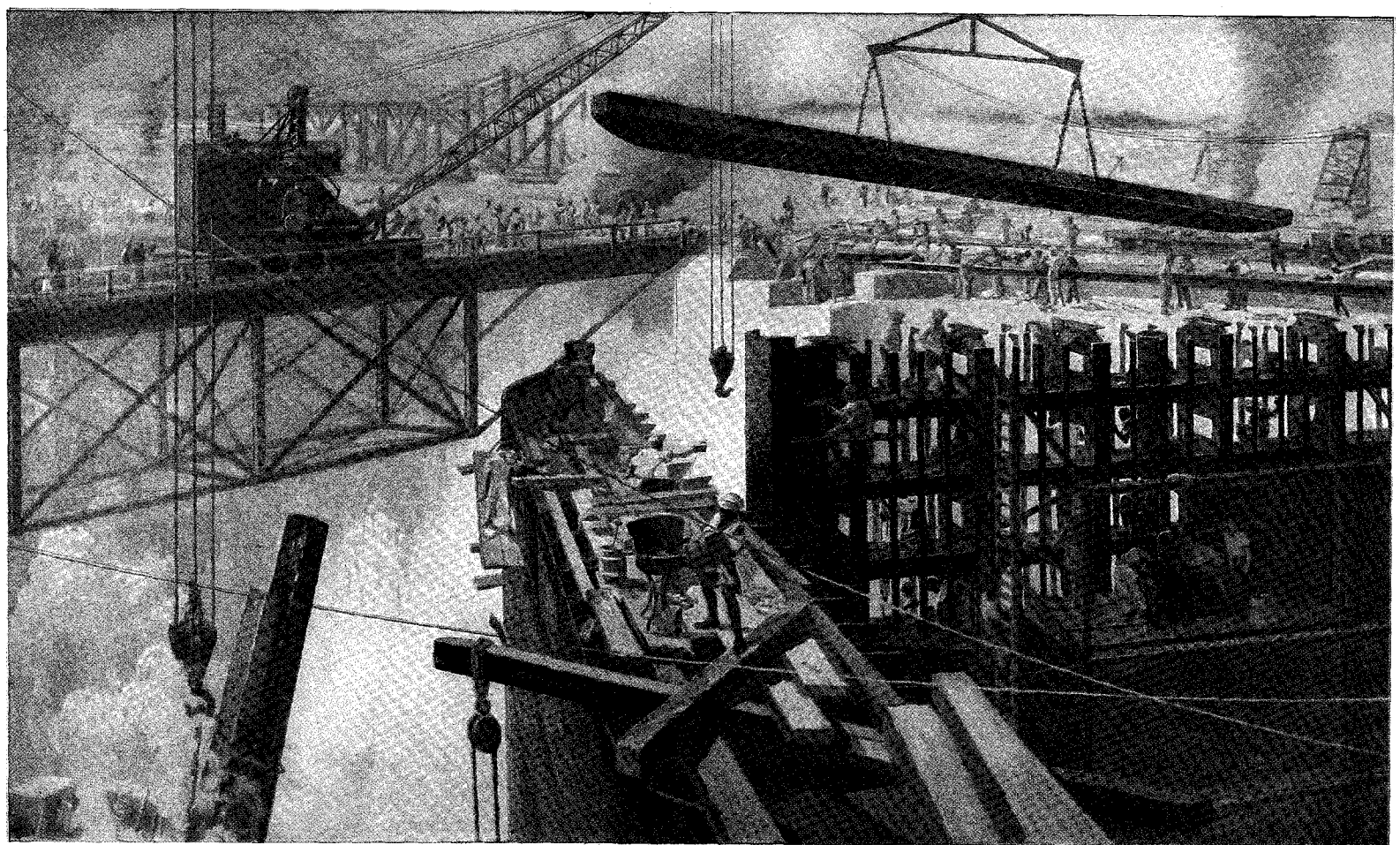

Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Erecting lock-gates.

These gates weigh, each leaf, from three hundred and ninety to seven hundred and thirty tons. They consist of girders sixty-five feet long, seven feet wide, made in the United States whole, and shipped to the Isthmus. They were placed by means of railroad cranes from bridges that crossed the lock chambers. When a girder had been laid, uprights were placed, another girder laid, and so on until the required height of the gate was

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that there was to be no militarism, no salutes; that I had left behind me all my military duties and would command the army of Panama, fighting nature for the accomplishment of the end that had brought us down here. Their cause was mine, and we had common enemies, Culebra Cut and the climate, and the completion of the Canal would be our victory. I intended to be the commanding officer, but the chiefs of divisions would be the colonels, the foremen the captains, and no one who did his duty had aught to fear from militarism. In the army the commanding officer was the father of his men; when I commanded a company I knew my men, their trials and troubles, and so would I treat the men here, giving a ready ear to their complaints and grievances, and any one could come to me at any time, or detain me as I went about the work, to explain their particular trials or to make suggestions as to the work, and they could be assured of audience. This was the start of the subsequent setting aside of Sunday mornings for the hearing of complaints and grievances of all kinds and descriptions.

After the departure of the congressmen time was spent, in company with Mr. Stevens, going over the work more in detail, meeting the various department and division officials, discussing their branches with them, and getting Mr. Stevens's idea of the prosecution of the work and organization under the new arrangement of having all the commissioners on the Isthmus. In going over the work its magnitude seemed overpowering, and as the details were disclosed matters only became more confusing and overwhelming. A time was reached when nothing further was to be gained by guidance or discussion, and the same thought must have occurred to Mr. Stevens, for he proposed that I relieve him on April 1, to which I assented.

Major Sibert arrived on the Isthmus on March 18, 1907, and Mr. Rousseau on March 21, so that the engineers were all assembled before the date fixed for the change in management.

In my conversation with President Roosevelt, on the evening of February 18, various matters connected with the Canal were discussed, including the question of building the Canal by contract. Bids had been invited and four had been received. Only one of these met satisfactorily the requirements of the specifications, but it was considered too high and therefore could not be accepted. The lowest bid, while higher than had been considered reasonable, was not exorbitant, and the proposer had requested permission to revise it to conform with the specifications, and this had been granted. A delay in reaching a decision had thus been caused, and the President desired me to make a careful study of the plan proposed and give him my conclusions.

Speaking of the general question of doing government work by contract, I expressed the view that if the contractor is competent and is receiving a return which insures him a profit, the contract method, as a rule, is easier for the administrative officer, provided the work to be done is clearly known and can be clearly and explicitly stated; otherwise, I much preferred to do work by day's labor, for I had never held the opinion that it is, generally speaking, more economical or advantageous to the government to do its work by contract, basing my conclusions not only on experience gained by doing work in both ways but from handling all matters relating to contracts for work connected with fortifications and rivers and harbors under the Engineer Department at Large, during upward of three years, while on duty as assistant to the Chief of Engineers, United States army. As to the method that should be adopted for the Canal, I was not in a position to discuss the matter intelligently, for I knew relatively little about conditions on the Isthmus—the labor supply and kindred subjects, which have a bearing on such a question—and I knew nothing at all concerning the specifications on which the bids had been invited.

Since this question had first been raised, the President had consulted various contractors and others, and he called attention to the fact that the general opinion was against me, the claim being made that when the government performs work it lags, the cost is uncertain, and the time of completion indefinite. From the information he had he seemed to think that by the contract method not only would the cost be definitely ascertained but a

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time could be fixed within which the work would be completed. By a system of penalties and bonuses he thought that the contractor might be induced to make extra exertion so that time might be gained and the cost reduced. In his estimation the time element was a very important one, as he was desirous of securing a completed Canal at the earliest possible date. Under these circumstances, and as those in charge of the work had so recommended, he thought the contract method offered the best solution and accordingly had provisionally adopted it.

I had obtained a copy of the proposed contract after leaving the President and made a careful study of its provisions. Summed up briefly, the proposal was for the government to supply the plant and operating machinery and buildings of all kinds, including quarters, hotels, messes, and kitchens for the working force, maintain at its own expense and with its own forces the government and sanitation of the Canal Zone, and pay to the contractor a fixed percentage upon the cost of the actual construction work as determined by an engineering committee of which the contractor was to name two members and the Canal commission three. The committee was to consider all data concerning the Canal presented to it, make such investigations as might be necessary on the ground, and arrive at a conclusion both as to the time within which the work was to be completed and also an estimated reasonable cost, with premiums in case the contract was completed within the time and cost, and penalties in case of failure to meet the time and cost. It was further stipulated that should any material change be made in the plans at any future time affecting these elements, the committee, or one similarly constituted, should be reconvened and be empowered to amend the original estimate as to time and cost. It followed that an alteration might be made in the plans at a time when it would not be possible to get together even a majority of the original committee, and the original basis for estimate might not be followed.

The impression created by my talk with the President was that he felt very strongly in favor of the contract method because it seemed to assure a completed Canal in the shortest time and to fix definitely the cost. My examination of the specifications convinced me that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the proposed engineering committee to fix definitely in advance either the cost of the work or the date of completion, due to lack of detailed knowledge on many points, especially the locks and the character of the material to be excavated. Furthermore, it did not seem possible that the contract method would make the administrative part of the commission's work any easier, while the doubtful points in the contract (and they seemed legion) offered so many fruitful sources for friction that constant wrangling would undoubtedly result. The supervisory and auditing forces that would have to be maintained to exercise supervision over the contractor's work and expenditures would be expensive and troublesome. On the whole, since the contract would not insure a fixed cost and a definite time for completion, and as the specifications clearly indicated a number of snags ahead, I could not regard it with favor. These conclusions were laid before the President at the next interview.

I then learned from the President that it was the original expectation to secure an association of contractors, each a specialist in some particular line of work, who would execute that part of the Canal construction which required such experience—as, for instance, contractors with experience in heavy excavation would handle the Culebra Cut; others with experience in dredging would handle the channels at either end; others experienced in masonry construction would handle the locks, etc., and that this combination of contractors would have the necessary finances to carry on the entire work to a satisfactory conclusion. In perfecting his bid, the lowest bidder had secured the co-operation of other contractors with the view of complying with the intent of the specifications, but the specifications required that the contractor should have an available capital above all debts and encumbrances of $5,000,000, give a security with the bid of $200,000, and a bond for the faithful performance of the contract of $3,000,000. In order to meet these financial requirements, it was necessary for the bidders to make arrangements with bankers at rather high rates of interest, which either the

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government would have to bear or else the contractor would have to pay by dividing his profits with his financial agents.

Mr. Stevens had strongly advocated the contract method when first considered. In his report to Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the commission, he stated: "This is no small undertaking, but one that calls for the united and untiring efforts of the best brain and muscle that the United States can produce, and there is no one capable, either physically or mentally, of carrying in all its details this stupendous work to a rapid and successful conclusion; but by associating with us the best of all the needed elements, we can do the work quickly and well."

To secure the assistance and co-operation desired he had proposed that steps be taken to interest experienced contractors of repute in the various lines of work that would be involved in the construction of the Canal, with a view to having them organize a construction company, with a capital stock of about $25,000,000, for the specific purpose of building the Canal. He had also proposed that payments be made on a percentage basis, the cost and time to be determined by a board of engineers as already outlined. Before making his recommendation he had conferred with various contractors on the subject, and felt convinced that no difficulty would be experienced in effecting such an organization or company. If this plan were adopted, it naturally followed that a contract would have to be made without advertisement, for in no other way could the desired end be obtained.

While President Roosevelt was favorably disposed toward such an arrangement and willing to enter into a contract with such an organization, the Secretary of War, recognizing that the act authorizing the construction of the Canal gave very broad powers to the President, felt that on a work of such importance some form of competition was necessary, as the law governing contracts required advertisement. This view was also held by leaders of the House and Senate; the plan proposed was a novel one, had never been tried on government work, and they feared the effect that a contract made without competition might create politically. As a consequence the work was advertised, with the results already noted. When reference was made to Mr. Stevens for his opinion, he recommended the rejection of all bids, claiming that the whole matter had drifted into an entirely different proposition from the one he had originally recommended; that the contractors forming the combination did not have the necessary experience, and that he considered the rate too high. He felt also that the lowest bid as modified would result in one man having control of the work, which in his opinion doomed it to failure.

Under these circumstances, and also in view of the contemplated change in the administration of Canal affairs, as well as his desire not to hamper a new administration with a contract that it did not view with favor, the President concluded that he would reject all bids. While taking such action, however, he maintained an open mind on the contract question, and desired that, after familiarizing myself with the work, I should give the matter careful consideration, reporting to him fully in the course of three or four months the conclusions reached. If these were in favor of the contract method, the necessary specifications were to be prepared and forwarded in order that a contract might be entered into as early as practicable with a view to getting the contractor started toward the completion of the work.

Soon after my arrival on the Isthmus, and before taking charge of the work, I received from the Secretary of War, for consideration in connection with the general subject of contract versus hired labor for the Canal, a letter written to him by one of the parties in the competition for the award, strongly urging him to adopt the contract method, the contract to be drawn along the lines proposed by the original advertisement. The President's action in placing the work under the army engineers created some feeling and criticism; the work was going to lag and suffer from lack of initiative. The very fact that they were to be placed in charge was held up in the letter referred to as one of the principal arguments in favor of the contract method. Army engineers, as a rule, were said to be, from their very training, dictatorial and many of them martinets, and it was predicted that if they, rather than contractors, were placed in charge of the actual construction the

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Canal project was doomed to failure. Their training was purely technical; they had never made a success as executive heads of great enterprises, and few if any of them had any construction ability. It was claimed that proper headway in the construction of the Canal had not been secured thus far, and that the chief obstacle in the way was government "red tape," which the employment of army engineers would increase rather than decrease. On the other hand, with a contractor in charge, the first thing he would do would be to abolish this "galling red-tape system and introduce business methods."

The further criticism was made that the government engineers did not know the kind of machinery to employ and that experimentation to find that best adapted to the work would be expensive both in cost and time. A contractor, on the other hand, from his varied experience, would not hesitate in such matters, and the contrary would be the result. The main objection, however, to doing the work by government forces, and one not usually considered at its full value, was the inability to foster *esprit de corps* among its employees. It was stated that "It is a physical impossibility for the government to secure team-work amongst their employees, for the very good reason that there is no personal relation between the employer and the employee. High salaries will not give this result, nor will comfortable quarters and good food, as there must enter the human factor, which is entirely lacking in the government. This feature is one in which the contractor will always have the advantage over the government, and no government employee, whether he be of the army or a civilian, can cultivate the spirit of good feeling or instil into the employee a spirit of enthusiasm as can a private employer." The statements of the letter naturally had effect on the Secretary of War, who directed that this phase of the situation be given due weight in the consideration of the subject.

Thus it had come about that I was confronted, in taking charge of the work, with the necessity of determining whether the task could be accomplished as well by hired labor, through the application of government methods, as it could be by contract. Not only were the President and Secretary of War prejudiced in favor of the contract system, but the former had assured me that the general opinion was on the same side. The convictions which I had expressed to the President before starting for Panama were strengthened after I had arrived and had looked over the situation. Indeed, what most surprised me was that Mr. Stevens, with the results before him that he had achieved through the force he had built up, could still favor the contract method. He had, it is true, advocated the rejection of all the bids, but his objection had not been to the contract system itself but to the form it had finally taken. Under the circumstances, I had no choice but must go ahead with hired labor, following the established government methods, but I was quite willing to do this. After a careful study of all phases of the situation, and after consultation with my colleagues and various other officials, I reached a conclusion strongly in favor of the existing method, and about three months after my arrival so reported to the President, giving my reasons. The report was necessarily an academic discussion. The President had been influenced by certain lines of argument, and these had to be taken up and answered.

It was claimed by those advocating the contract method that the various contractors who would associate themselves for the prosecution of the work would be in a position to furnish immediately the necessary experienced superintendents, foremen, skilled mechanics, and others, from the organizations which they already controlled, and thereby secure the team-work which would insure the completion of the Canal in a shorter time and for less money. It was also contended that the government would not be able to hold its forces, for the completion of the work would leave a number of competent men without hope of employment, whereas under the contract system the men would remain, with reasonable assurance that their services would be utilized elsewhere by these contractors on other work; that this prospect also gave contractors the advantage of securing better classes of skilled labor.

The unprecedented magnitude of the Panama Canal and the conditions under which it was to be built made it entirely different from similar classes of work in

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any locality of the United States. There was no contractor or syndicate of contractors that by any combination could have brought to the Isthmus an organization ready for team-work on any of the parts of the Canal into which it could be subdivided. In each instance an organization would have had to be perfected before any team-work could have been secured. While it might have been possible for several contractors to combine forces, assuming that a sufficient number of men could have been got together in that way, there still remained the necessity of whipping this force into shape in order to secure an organization that would produce the team-work so advantageous in the accomplishment of results. The supply of superintendents, foremen, mechanics, and skilled labor of all kinds must be secured from the United States whether the work be done by contract or by the government. The keen competition then existing in the United States because of the large amount of work in progress or contemplated militated against the argument that contractors would have superintendents, foremen, and others available for work on the Isthmus, for they would not break up their organizations, already engaged, for this purpose. So long as work was plentiful the dread of the tropics would deter men from seeking work on the Canal in preference, consequently the contractors would have been obliged to recruit the greater part of their force from other sources than the work under their supervision in the United States, and so would have little if any advantage over the government in the matter of time necessary to build up a suitable organization.

Aside from skilled labor, it was not possible to secure an adequate supply of common labor from the United States, as objections had been raised to recruiting in the South, so that recourse must be had to obtaining it abroad. Laborers secured from the West Indies by the French Canal Company were at the time of the company's liquidation left stranded on the Isthmus, and some of the island governments raised money to repatriate them. It naturally followed that the island governments were strongly opposed to the recruitment of labor, and some of them finally consented only on the understanding that the laborers would be employed by the United States Government and not by a contractor. A representative of the Italian Government recommended to the authorities that Italian labor be permitted to accept employment under the government, but that such employment by contractors should not be allowed. A similar experience was had with respect to Chinese labor. As a consequence, with the large force of common labor that would be needed for construction purposes, the contractor would have been at a disadvantage.

It is true that in some cases the contractor might have an acquaintance which would enable him to secure men more easily than a government agent, and, again, he might bring to the work a larger experience; but, so far as the more important parts of the Panama Canal were concerned, this advantage was not apparent. In any case the knowledge of the specialist in the particular work that is to be done is the element that will accomplish the most satisfactory results, and, so far as dredging and lock and dam construction were concerned, the government's experience had been, if not greater, at least as extensive as that of any contractor or association of contractors that could have been secured in the United States. For these units of the work the government's acquaintance was equally extensive, and experienced men could be and were drawn from the engineering forces of the government itself. For these classes of work, therefore, the government had the advantage. So far as related to excavation in the dry by steam shovels and cars, the advantage at the start might have been with the contractor, yet the government had secured one of the best experts in the country for this class of work, and he had built up an organization on the Isthmus that could not be surpassed by any contractor, and had, it is claimed, effected this organization in as short a time as could have been done by an association of contractors under the circumstances.

When the government does work in the United States the wage scale is determined by the amount paid similar classes of labor in the locality where the work is being done; there is no pressure brought to bear on higher authority for any in-

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crease over the salaries or allowances offered. Conditions on the Isthmus are peculiar. It is contended by employees that service in the tropics saps the energy, and that a man is incapable, after a time, of performing the same amount of work that he would be able to accomplish had he spent the same period in a cooler climate. In support of the reasonableness of their claims, they point to the fact that the leave privilege to employees was established on recommendation of the sanitary authorities, who claimed that such a change was necessary for the preservation of health. This creates a desire to accumulate sufficient means to avoid the necessity of equally hard work on the return to the United States; consequently, the demands for increase in pay are frequent, and to accomplish this, when denied by those immediately in charge of the work, recourse has been had to higher authority.

This is a condition that a contractor would have been obliged to face as the government did, and in some respects the latter has been in a position to handle the situation more satisfactorily than the former—as was plainly indicated by the trouble with the steam-shovel men in May, 1907. It was claimed by the steam-shovel men that representations were made to them when they first came to the Isthmus that eventually their pay would be three hundred dollars per month. Their demand was not granted by the authorities on the Isthmus, and the question was taken up at Washington by the leaders of their union in the United States. A hearing was given the men by the Secretary of War in April of 1907, and his report recommended against the increase, which report was approved by the President. While the work, to some extent, was crippled in consequence, had a contractor refused to consider the demand a strike undoubtedly would have been declared, and the matter could not have been so successfully handled by a contractor under conditions as they actually existed. With the settlement by higher authority of the demand for increased pay on the part of the steam-shovel men, locomotive engineers, and conductors, a fixed wage scale was adopted, and the authorities in Washington decided that all questions of pay would thereafter be left for the commission to handle, and that no appeals to higher authority would be recognized. The wage scale adopted for the government employees would have had to be accepted and maintained by the contractor, and, if payment to the latter was based on a percentage of the cost of the work done, the demands for increases would be granted more readily than under government control.

The views which I expressed to President Roosevelt previous to taking charge of the Canal work, as to the effect of contracts in fixing definitely time and cost, were confirmed by my experience on the Isthmus. The records of the office of the Chief of Engineers of the army show that the letting of a piece of government work by contract is by no means a reasonable assurance that the task will be completed in a definite time. On public works, including buildings, the records show that in a majority of cases the time limit is exceeded. An examination of the contracts awarded by the commission for material for the Canal, so far as the time limits proposed by the contracts are concerned, clearly showed that there is no assurance of completion of any contract in a definite time. The cases considered were large contracts for material and machinery; the contractors were specialists in their lines, and, as the work was done in the United States, they must have been familiar with the conditions surrounding it. Even when the time for completion of delivery was left to the contractors themselves to specify, they failed to meet the dates. No strikes or "acts of God" could be cited as excuses for any of the delays. If under such conditions dates could not be met, it certainly could not be supposed that in an enervating climate like that on the Isthmus, and with labor below that in the United States for efficiency, this time-failing record for contract work would have been changed.

When all the conditions surrounding the work are known in advance, a reasonable definiteness in cost is usually obtained by contract when based on unit prices. This would be equally true if the contract were on a basis of percentage of the cost; but in either case, so far as the Canal work was concerned, all the conditions were not known in advance. So far as concerned the determination of this question by a board organized as provided by the specifications of the proposed contract, it has

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been demonstrated that this could not have been done with assurance of its holding for any length of time, because of the change that was made in the location of the locks on the Pacific side and unforeseen difficulties in connection with Culebra Cut.

One of the unwritten reasons in advocacy of a contract, of which I learned soon after my arrival on the Isthmus in talking with members of the supervisory force, was the fear of politics in the appointment of officials and in other ways, if the work were done by the government,which would be entirely eliminated if placed under contract. It was contended by many of these persons that in another year a political campaign would be in progress and debts would have to be paid, and there was no place which offered better opportunities for this than the Canal, for there was no limit in positions available for this purpose, since relatively few of them were then under civil-service regulations. Up to that time the work had been conducted on a non-partisan basis; in the selection of the new commission no word or question was mentioned or asked as to the politics of any of its members, and the appointment of a leading Democratic senator by a Republican President showed pretty conclusively that politics would not enter. The necessity for the Panama Canal and for its early completion was fully realized, as well as the fact that the accomplishment could be secured only by the application of business and non-partisan methods. This has generally been the case in all government work wherever undertaken.

The Canal, as a whole, has been built by hired labor, but a number of small contracts were made at various times during the construction period with resulting economy. In some instances, due to the isolated locality of the work, the housing and feeding of the force engaged would have been very expensive; while the commission, following the policy that had been adopted, would have been obliged to provide such facilities, a contractor was not, and recourse was had to the contract method. In other cases the excess labor supply enabled ex-employees to do work cheaper by contract, as the contractor was not obliged to maintain the same wage scale and working hours as the commission. Again, the fabrication and erection of the lock-gates and steel frames of buildings were contracted for; the contractor controlling the shipment of the various parts could supply the artisans to meet the delivery of material to better advantage than the commission. As is usually the case, nearly all of the contracts thus made exceeded the time limit fixed for completion.

Considering the work as a whole, were it to be done over in the light of the experience gained by its construction, I would advocate employing again the method that has been followed. From the very nature of the case it is impossible to say whether the work has been done more cheaply or more quickly than it could have been done by contract if the plan favored by Mr. Stevens had been adopted, for comparison is impossible. All that can be said is that the work has been completed within the time limit fixed by the International Board of Consulting Engineers in 1906, notwithstanding the increased dimensions of the locks and the unexpected difficulties which developed in excavating the channel through Culebra Cut. Also, that leaving out of consideration the accessories undertaken in 1912, and not originally contemplated, it has been built within the estimated cost. As bearing on this question, it is interesting to record that one of the associated contractors who gave large financial support to the lowest of the four bids offered, and who visited the Isthmus after the work was well under way, declared frankly that it was being done more cheaply and more expeditiously than would have been possible under the contract system, and expressed the opinion that he and all other financial backers of the proposed contract method would have been ruined if their bid had been accepted, and would not have been able to complete the task.

Actual experience has refuted nearly or quite all of the criticisms and objections which were made at the time of the transfer of the work. At no time during its progress after I took charge was there any difficulty in securing competent and experienced men for the various positions, though it must be admitted that these were not always selected. Though I endeavored to impress upon all the necessity for selection of men with special fitness for vacancies or new positions, in

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many cases the personal element determined the employing official in making the appointment or promotion, with the inevitable result of increased cost to the work, which I always charged up to educational purposes. This, however, could not be an argument in favor of the contract method, for on the percentage basis the contractor or some of his subordinates, being human, would be influenced by similar considerations. Nor was there any difficulty in retaining the men till the completion of the work. In many cases advantageous offers were rejected, and it must be so in any work which appealed so strongly to the imagination as did the Canal.

The charge made in the quoted letter to Secretary Taft concerning the inability of a government official to secure team-work among employees received only amused consideration at the time it was made, for the managers of government work are men, like the managers for corporations, and the development of *esprit de corps* in any organization depends on other conditions than the ultimate power behind it. Those who looked into the work during its progress and who were competent to judge agreed in the assertion that the team-work and the *esprit de corps* developed in the organization have never been surpassed, for many Americans declared themselves proud of belonging to a people who could do such work with so much spirit.

I am free to say that were I to do it over again I could build it more cheaply, and such a result could have been secured had I received the loyal support and co-operation of all my associates. The enormous proportions of the work made it impossible for one man to see to it personally that all details were executed properly, and in this respect the quoted statement of Mr. Stevens concerning one-man control is correct. In any aggregation of contractors, as in any commission or board, there will always be, sooner or later, a directing head; the strongest or most dominating personality will assume supreme authority, resulting, finally, in one-man control. If this does not result, the management will be weak and irresponsible, with failure as the outcome. Under all circumstances execution of all details must depend upon the co-operation and loyalty of associates and subordinates. The utmost that a directing head can do is to see to it that all details are properly designed; their execution must be intrusted to subordinates, and they must be relied upon to be loyal to the trust.

[Colonel Goethals's second article, "Labor Problems Connected with the Work," will appear in the April number.]

PANAMA

By Joseph Mills Hanson

ILLUSTRATIONS (INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

WHERE stands the shrunk mid-continent upreared,
Its rib-rocks to a mountain cordon thinned,
Beneath Thy favor, Lord, at last lies sheared
The long-sought road to Ind.

No fabled fairway this; for, lest men find
Their dream fulfilled by deeds too lightly done,
Thou willed that but by travail might we bind
Thy sundered seas in one.

These sun-scorched cordilleras, from whose crest
Balboa saw the Western wave unrolled,
These swamps, where fever-maddened men have pressed
To fight and die for gold,

Are cloven by the toil of countless hands,
Are blasted, dredged, and locked by brawn and brain
To serve the high emprise of mightier lands
Than plied the Spanish Main

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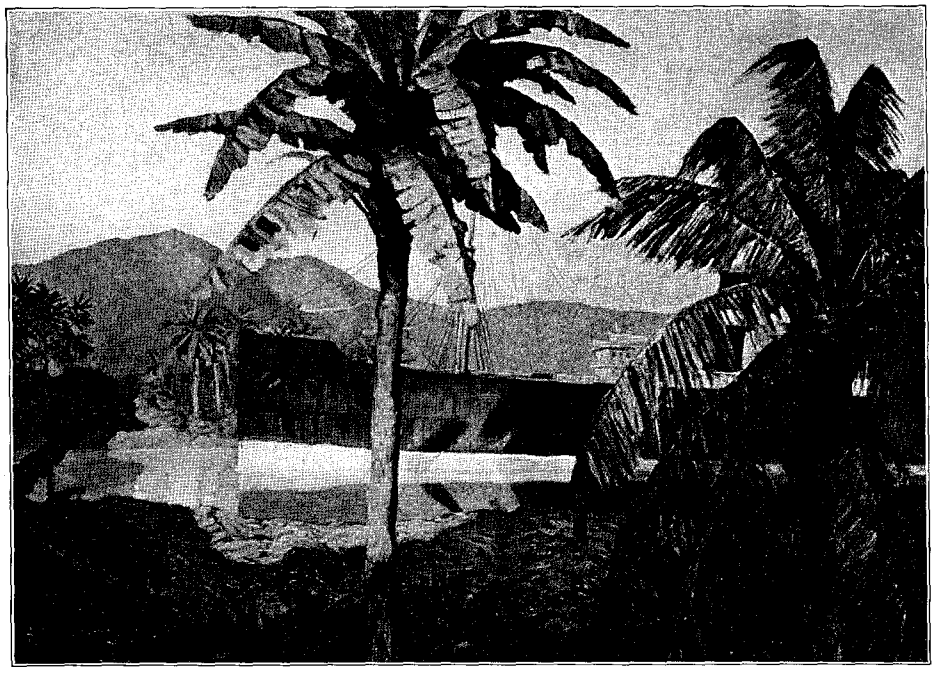

With questing galleons launched on ocean's flood
To preach the Cross by firelock and by sword
And sate their lust with trophies stained in blood
Aztec and Inca poured.

Now giant freighters of the Elbe and Wear
Shall thread the jungles known of Morgan's men
And tread down valleys whence the buccaneer
Marched forth on Darien;

The steel-laced lattice of the dreadnought's masts
Shall glide between Culebra's man-made shores,
Tall warriors on the pathways in dead pasts
Worn by conquistadors.

Thy warders, Lord, the way is ours to hold,
For all mankind a highroad fair at need;
Oh, shield us from the scarlet sins of old,
Base arrogance and greed.

For if men rose to speed this task of ours,
Thou gavest them vision and the strength to strive;
If faith grew faint, at war with Nature's powers,
Thou madest that faith survive.

The task stands done. No strange, new-conquered states
Invoke our justice on imploring knees;
Imperial commerce at the portal waits,
Drawn from the seven seas.

Be Thou our mentor, Lord, that on this ground
Where mailed and sceptred wrong has often stood,
Nation with nation meeting, may be bound
In closer brotherhood.

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THE SHUNWAY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

HE blew in, in the early summer, three years before the place was sold. Young Mars' Jeems was startled to see him holding Black Auster's bridle-rein when he went out after breakfast to take his customary morning ride over the plantation.

"Who are you?" he asked of the stranger.

"Unk," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?" persisted young Mars' Jeems, drawing on his riding-gloves and regarding with an interest, that was not unmixed with disfavor, the singular figure that stood at the horse's head.

"Ove' yondah," Unk replied, pointing down the river. The information was not illuminating, and the master of Kingsmill renewed his questioning as he took the bridle from the newcomer's hand.

"Over where?"

"Easte'n Sho'."

"What did you come here for?" asked young Mars' Jeems sternly. "Don't you know I've got more darkies here on this place now than I can take care of?"

"I came here fur ter git shet o' dem," said Unk.

"Who's dem?"

"Dey's dem," was the sententious reply of the negro, who as he spoke put both hands to his ears. "Dey wudden lemme 'lone over dar."

Young Mars' Jeems mounted Black Auster, and paused for a moment to regard his visitor.

"What did you say your name was?"

"De folks useter call me Unk; but de niggers calls me de Shunway."

"Well, you're a queer one!"

Unk looked up at the soldierly white man on the big black horse with apparent apprehension, withdrawing a pace or two from where he had stood. The master of Kingsmill plantation looked down in turn upon the squat, hunchbacked little black man, and his point of view emphasized Unk's deformity.

"Who told you you could come here? How did you happen to lead this horse around?"

"Simon, he sesso," explained Unk. "Simon, he say, 'Lead 'roun' Black Oyster.'"

Young Mars' Jeems smiled.

"Well, I'll see about you when I get back," he said. "You go to the kitchen, and get Delphy to give you some breakfast. Then ask Mirandy to take a look at you. I'll find out how she sizes you up."

When young Mars' Jeems returned, about twelve o'clock, not only was Unk's arrival known at the great house but it had been heralded throughout the length and breadth of the plantation. It had even penetrated to the Wharf.

Simon had started the news on its way, and every negro's tongue was wagging.

"Simon say he would 'a' done 'spicion him fur ter be a runaway nigger, ef it was befo'-de-wah times," said Uncle Jonas, the patriarch of the place. "But it ain't; an' consequenshal, he ain't no runaway. An' he ain't no penetench'y convic', 'case dem clo'es he got on ain't striped, ef dey is ragged as a buzzard."

Uncle Jonas had once been to Richmond and seen the "trusties" in the Square.

"Simon say he can't git nothin' out'n him," continued Uncle Jonas. "Simon say he ax him how come he come here; an' he say he 'feared o' dem. But he don't say who dem is, nur nothin' 'bout 'em. Simon say he's a hunkback, and dat's bad luck. Simon say he 'spec' he's a blue-gum, too."

"Lord!" ejaculated Delphy. "Ef he dat, he gwi' p'isen all on us."

"I 'spec' he ruther bite bread'n meat dan bite you," observed Uncle Jonas, sarcastically. "Simon say he look like he

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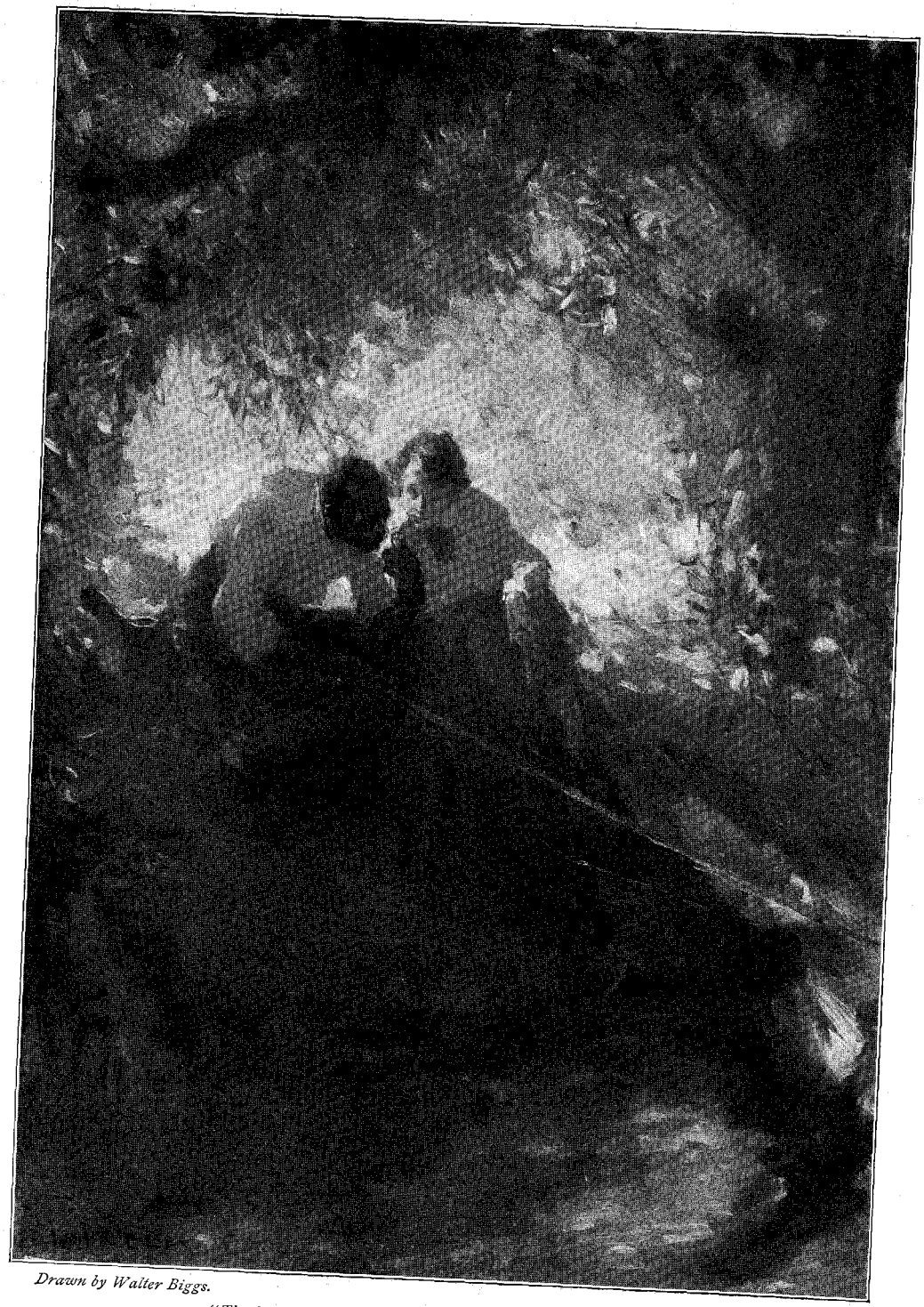

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"The fish will bite for him when I can't get a nibble."—Page 287.

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ain't had no reg'lar meals' vittels fur a week."

Young Mars' Jeems summoned Ommirandy to the library, where the portraits looked down on him from the panelled walls. She came with a mingled sense of importance at the command and of doubt as to its significance. Every negro on the place knew that only matters of grave import ever caused the master of Kingsmill to call any one of them before him in the "liberry-room." To those who had experienced it, it was a solemn thing to stand there, with all those painted eyes of all those painted people silently fixed upon them.

"I done been dar sebral times," said Uncle Jonas, "an' all dem dead ones, a-starin' down at ye, looks like dey was 'live, 'stidder out yondah in de buryin'-groun' at Christ Church. Ye darsn't tell no lies ter Mars' Jeems in dat 'ar liberry-room, nur ter Ole Mars' nuther, when he was here."

Ommirandy came, broom in hand, with a dignity of carriage that developed into a strut.

"Young Mars' Jeems done sont for me in de liberry," she proudly announced to Evadne, the chambermaid, whom she met in the long hall, that ran from one end of the mansion to the other, and that had a stairway at either end. Evadne had just come down the western stairs.

"Law sakes, Ommirandy," said Evadne in awed tones. "Ye don't tell me! Ain't you skeered?"

"What I gwi' be skeered about, Eva Adny?" queried Ommirandy. "Ain't you heerd he done sont fur me fur ter prognosticate ter him 'bout dis here new little nigger what lit here lars' night?"

Evadne had not heard.

"He done lef' it ter me fur ter pass jedgmen' on him, an' I gwi' pass it. Young Mars' Jeems knows dey ain't nobody on dis here place kin size up a tramp nigger samer 'n I kin."

"Law sakes, Ommirandy," marvelled Evadne. "Young Mars' Jeems he sho is got sense."

"Umph!" grunted the old woman at Evadne's misdirected tribute, and strutted on.

Young Mars' Jeems sat at the big desk built into the wall near the eastern window. It had been there two hundred and ten years. The superstition among the negroes was that it had been there since the flood, which "Mistis" had often read to them about on Sundays, in the loom-room, out of the Book; and that it was constructed by Noah, whose reputation as the carpenter of the ark was thus quite familiar to them all.

Ommirandy entered the library, and advancing stood expectantly before the master of Kingsmill.

"Mirandy," he said, fingering his thin chin-whisker, and regarding her gravely, "have you seen this new darky who has just come here?"

"Yas, sir," she replied.

"He tells me that Simon has taken him in charge. Did he come here on Simon's invitation?"

"Nor, sir. Simon says he's a stranger of his'n," responded Simon's mother promptly.

"I done saw him," she continued, with an air of importance. "Delphy, she sont word ter me, an' say dat dis here little nigger dat call hisse'f Unk gwi' ter be ter breakfas' in de kitchen, and dat she done got de news f'om you dat I gwine ter interfew him. Ain't dat what de newspapers say, young Mars' Jeems?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, den, sir, I done interfewed him. 'Fo' Gord, dat leetle-bitter hunkback kin eat mo' corn baddy-cakes dan any fo' white folks on dis here plantation, 'scusin' Mister Jones."

The occasional presence of Mr. Jones, the Kingsmill overseer, at breakfast with the family in the great house, was always one that Ommirandy could not abide. She never lost a chance to take a metaphorical shot at the alien Jones.

"Did Delphy butter the batter-cakes for him?" asked young Mars' Jeems, smiling at the old woman's asperity.

"Butter 'em? Butter 'em? 'Fo' Gord, sir, dey swimmed in butter. Dat hunkback, he done got away wid a poun' o' de bes' butter in mistis's dairy. Dat Unk, he sho' is one choice liver."

"I'm glad she buttered 'em," said young Mars' Jeems; and Ommirandy thought: "Yes, you'd give away your head to anybody that would take it, let alone mistis's butter."

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"Well, what do you think of him, Mirandy?" he queried.

"I ain't been thinkin' much about him," was the answer. "I been gittin' him down adzackly. I done weigh him, an' I done medjer him. I done medjer him wid mistis's tape-line. He fo' foot one inch. He three inches shorter'n me. I done weigh him on de sto'-room scales. He weigh one hunnerd an' ten poun's."

She paused, as though anticipating his approval of these preliminaries of her interview with Unk. Then she went on:

"He got a hunkback, an' I 'spec' he's a blue-gum nigger, too. I didn't ax him fur ter open his trap arfter he done eat all o' dem baddy-cakes. I been notice all my life dat when carriage-comp'ny comes ter Kingsmill, dey ain't nobody axes 'em imperlite queshtuns. Dat's how come I ain't examine de man's mouf, eben ef he is a stray nigger. He mought have blue-gums. I ain't a-sayin' he ain't got 'em."

"Oh, I reckon his mouth is all right," said young Mars' Jeems. "What else?"

"He say his sho' nuf name is Unk, but dat whar he come f'om dey got ter callin' him de Shunway. He say he don't travel no main roads. He goes thoo de woods, an' he's a walk-by-night. He's a innercent. He ain't got no sense. He's afeared all de time o' what he calls dem. He say he come here fur ter git shet on 'em. Dey's folks what he can't see, dat's all de time a-talkin' ter him an' a-pesterin' him. He act like he's a conjured nigger."

Ommirandy's report was sufficiently illuminating to young Mars' Jeems, and the homeless and helpless Unk was allowed to stay on at Kingsmill, and was clothed and fed and made much of. In a short time he proved himself an admirable hostler, and took entire charge of Black Auster, whose coat under his ministrations of currycomb and brush shone with new lustre. He asked for no wages, he was quiet and inoffensive, and he stayed closely about the great house and avoided the other servants. No one knew where the Shunway slept. Ommirandy, who watched him narrowly, insisted that his place of repose was wherever he happened to be when the desire of sleep overtook him.

"Nobody ain't nuver see him lay down, an' he's always up afo' de birds begin ter chirp. He's a curisome nigger, young Mars' Jeems. He don't appear ter have no sense; an' den, too, he got a whole heap o' hoss-sense. Ole Mars' useter say hoss-sense is de bes' kind o' sense ter have. Dat hunkback don't pester nobody, 'scusin' nobody don't pester him. Little Mr. William he done tuk a great shine ter him; an' Unk he sets a lot o' sto' by little Mr. William. He done turn forty-five year, he say, an' he strong as a pestle-tail mule. But he jes' de same as a boy. I see him an' little Mr. William a-playin' leap-frog over one another out dar on de lawn yestiddy; an' terday dey done spen' de whole day down on de ribber-bank fishin'. An' dey fetch back a string o' fish, too, I gwi' tell ye—yaller-bellies an' chubs an' all sorts. Dem two is jes' boun' ter be all de time tergether."

It was little Mr. William's school vacation; and the white boy and the deformed black man became inseparable companions.

"Father," said the lad, "he's got the grip of a giant. He's the strongest man I ever saw for his size. He can lift as much as any man on the plantation. Black Auster follows him all around the stable-yard. The other horses and the cattle all know him. The pigeons come down and light on his shoulder. And the fish—why, the fish will bite for him when I can't get a nibble. He spits on the bait and laughs and says that's what does it. But I know that isn't so. He can do more sorts of things that boys like than anybody else on the place. But he don't talk much. And I don't know why, but he always calls me 'Ben.'"

Young Mars' Jeems's confidence in Unk was increased by the frequent commendation of little Mr. William and of Ommirandy.

"They are pretty good judges of human nature," he said. "I reckon he's all right."

With many oddities and idiosyncrasies, Unk approved himself to be truthful and industrious and loyal. His physical courage, demonstrated in more than one casual episode, was without flaw. He was a good swimmer, and he saved little Mr. William from drowning on one of their fishing excursions. His devotion to the lad made a profound impression both

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on young Mars' Jeems and on Ommirandy.

As the summer went by young Mars' Jeems's interest had grown to genuine admiration for this humble, uncomplaining friend and servitor who possessed so little and loved so much.

The other darkies at Kingsmill, observing the place he had won for himself, became jealous of Unk. They had been "marster's" servants all their lives—they and their fathers and mothers before them. Kingsmill was theirs as much as it was the white folks'. They had been loyal to it, and to its history and traditions, and to its owners through the generations, with a loyalty that invading armies and emancipation proclamations could not shake. When, during the black years, the Federal gunboats were in the river, and the Union armies had passed on toward Richmond, with young Mars' Jeems down there by the capital in the Confederate ranks, and "Ole Marster" dead at Christ Church, they had stayed at home, with nobody but "Mistis" and the children in the great house, and had kept the faith.

"I useter sleep in de hall befo' mistis's do', in dem times," said Simon to his mother. "We didn't know what was gwine ter happen, an' we-all stayed right here wid 'em. All of us holp 'em ter git along, bein' as Mars' Jeems was away in de war; an' we worked de craps an' we tuk keer o' mistis an' de place. An' we stayed here wid 'em after de freedom come. Now, what does we git? Here drif's inter de place a fo'-by-two butt-cut of a little ornery, hunkback, blue-gum nigger, dat ain't never 'sociated wid no quality white folks in his life, an' all o' us t'other niggers of a sudden is gotter take a back seat. Unc' Jonas say he dunno how come you's a-takin' up fur dis here vagabone f'om de Easte'n Sho', wid yo' sense."

"Simon," replied Ommirandy solemnly to her eldest son, "you nuver ain't had no gumption, eben ef you was born wid a caul. Can't you an' Unc' Jonas see dat dis here Shunway is de very thing young Mars' Jeems an' little Mr. William is been all along wantin' fur ter amuse 'em? Young Mars' Jeems, he don't think none de less o' you an' de balance o' de Kingsmill niggers 'long o' Unk. He done had a hard time sence de war ter keep de place goin'. He want sump'n fur ter take a intrus' in; an' ef he picks up a hunkback fur ter please him an' little Mr. William, 'tain't none o' yo' lookout, nur Unc' Jonas's neither."

Simon went off muttering words to the effect that no self-respecting colored person would "go trampoosin'" around "in de bresh an' de backwoods," avoiding the roads and public byways, as this intruder made a habit of doing. He insisted to Uncle Jonas that there could be no doubt whatever of the Shunway's having committed some desperate crime, and that he was a fugitive from justice.

"He done kilt somebody," said Simon.

"He orter be behine dem bars down dar in Richmon', 'stidder livin' here on de fat o' de lan'," replied Uncle Jonas.

The feeling of the dwellers on the plantation outside of the great house culminated in early September in an unexpected hostile demonstration on the part of Mr. Jones, the overseer.

Mr. Jones had occupied his now uncertain position on the place since the slavery days, and young Mars' Jeems had never found it in his kindly heart to discharge him as an official long since obsolete, and of as little use as the fifth wheel to a wagon.

"What could the man do?" he argued with himself, when the temptation to let him go, and thus save his scant salary, presented itself. "The profession of overseer was finally concluded at Appomattox. Mr. Jones don't know anything else. It wouldn't be right to turn him out to graze."

The overseer was elderly, but in his own estimation, as described by himself in the vernacular, he was still "purty hefty." He sympathized with the attitude of mind of the colored people at Kingsmill toward the hunchback, although he knew that their attitude toward himself had long since grown from indifference to hardly disguised contempt. After some cogitation, he had reached the sage conclusion that he might in a sense rehabilitate himself with the negroes by humiliating the Shunway.

"I'm a-goin' to git him," he remarked to Simon. "I'm a-goin' to lift the pressure. You'll see!"

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So it happened one morning that upon young Mars' Jeems's return from his ride, Unk was not at the door to take Black Auster to the stable. In his place stood little Mr. William, who excitedly informed his father that when Unk had gone into the corn-crib to get Black Auster's midday "four ears," Mr. Jones had followed him, and had locked the door on the inside.

"I listened to 'em, father," said the boy. "He accused Unk of stealing your corn. They are locked up in there now, fightin' like crazy men."

In a few minutes father and son were at the door of the corn-crib, from the interior of which the noise of conflict was distinctly audible.

"Let me up, you blue-gum rascal!" came the stifled voice of the overseer.

The sole answer was what sounded like a chuckle from the Shunway.

"I'll have you discharged before night, you thievin' scound'el!" gurgled Mr. Jones, and again there was an unmistakable note of confident glee from the hunchback.

"Open the door, Mr. Jones," called young Mars' Jeems, who had already tried the latch and found the door locked. "What have you got this door fastened for?"

"The nigger is chokin' me," responded the overseer in an unnatural and suffocated voice.

"Let him go, Unk," called young Mars' Jeems.

In a moment there was quiet inside the corn-crib.

"Open the door, Mr. Jones," again demanded the owner of Kingsmill.

A key grated in the big wooden lock and the door opened. Out stepped the overseer with dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes. His clothes were torn and his collar was gone. Blood oozed from a wound in the side of his cheek. Behind him came Unk, serene and unruffled.

"What did you do it for?" queried young Mars' Jeems of his dismayed employee. "Don't you know you might as well have locked yourself up with a Bengal tiger?"

"He had been stealin' your corn, and I caught him," said Mr. Jones defiantly.

"I ain't," said Unk.

Neither young Mars' Jeems nor little Mr. William had the slightest doubt as to which spoke the truth.

"I ain't nuver had no use fur oberseers," commented Ommirandy, when she heard of the affray. "Neither is young Mars' Jeems, nur Ole Mars', 'scusin' dey bofe had 'em, 'case Kingsmill is had 'em sence it was Kingsmill. But oberseers somehow nuver did fit in betwix' dese here white folks an' de niggers in dis place. De bes' thing ter make a cornfiel' nigger work, is ter have another nigger arfter him—a head man what came f'om some o' dem Affigan kings on de t'other side o' de water."

"I dunno 'bout dat," replied Simon. "Mr. Berkeley's Affigan Tom at Barnoaks mighty nigh beat all dem niggers ter death over dar. What ole-time niggers needs is ole-time white gennulmans on de plantations. Who uver heerd o' Mars' Jeems hittin' one o' his niggers? Neither is he sho' nuf cussed 'em; nur Ole Mars' befo' him."

"Simon," said Ommirandy, "I b'lieve you is got some sense, arfter all."

The leaves were turning yellow and red along the river-way, and the chill in the air and the ploughmen in the fallow fields alike bespoke the nearing step of autumn. There had been more than one consultation of late in the library between little Mr. William and his father and mother, at which Ommirandy was invariably present. These meetings involved always the ever urgent question of the boy's education. He had gone through the county public schools, and was ready for the academy, and the financial situation demanded early solution.

Finally, by dint of curtailing here and collecting there, and by selling twenty acres near the Wharf, which Ommirandy said "nuver had been no account, nohow," little Mr. William's career at the academy, in the Piedmont section of the State, was assured.

"He gwi' do all right up dar, I tell ye," asserted Ommirandy proudly to Uncle Jonas and to Simon. "Den, when he quit dar, he gwine down ter de college at Williamsbu'g. Arfter dat he gwine ter de University. Den he gwi' come back an' rule Kingsmill. Dat de way dey all on 'em is done done."

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In late September the boy left home for the academy, and it seemed to Ommirandy when he went that the sunshine had lost its charm. She saw the hunchback, the evening after little Mr. William's departure, standing at the end of the back porch, where the brass-bound water-bucket sat on its perennial shelf, surmounted by the accustomed long-handled gourd. He was foolishly fingering the boy's fishing-tackle.

"He done gone," said Ommirandy, and the deformed man turned and looked at her with such a wistfulness as a dog has who has lost his master. He made no reply, but turned away, and no one saw him again on the Kingsmill plantation.

The Shunway's going was like his coming, unheralded and unexpected. Ommirandy addressed the kitchen on his disappearance.

"He like de Book say 'bout dem dat is born an' dem dat dies. Dey fetches nothin' inter de worl' an' dey takes nothin' outer it. He done disappear like de sora when fros' come. De ma'shes full o' sora one day—nuthin' but sora. Nex' mornin' de fros' done come, and de sora done gone. De fros' hit de hunkback when little Mr. William went ter de 'cademy. I seen de po' little creetur cryin' out dar by de fishin'-poles."

She wiped the corner of her eye with the corner of her blue-checked apron. When she repeated to young Mars' Jeems what she had said to the kitchen-company about Unk's departure, he remarked gravely:

"You're mistaken, Mirandy. He brought much with him and he took away much when he went. I hope he'll come back."

For a time Ommirandy did not quite understand what young Mars' Jeems meant. Then it dawned on her.

Simon after a little while stealthily voiced a suspicion that soon became current on the plantation. It travelled in whispers and took shape in vague intimations; but its hold grew steadily more tenacious upon the superstitious darky mind with the continued progress of time that brought no solution of the mystery. It came to Mr. Jones, too, at last in some vague, inescapable way that appalled and terrified him. He held his peace, and at last departed also.

"Mr. Jones, he gittin' ole," commented Simon sardonically. "He say oberseers is out o' fashion sence de war, nohow. I 'spec' he's right."

Little Mr. William came home from the academy in the following June, and the sora thronged the marshes in the fall. But there was no sign of the Shunway. Young Mars' Jeems had raised a mild kind of hue and cry throughout the peninsula. He had written letters and sent inquiries in many directions. It seemed strange that one so distinctively marked in his person as was Unk should have so completely eluded observation, if, indeed, he were still living. Yet no human being of the negro freedmen, the boatmen, the fishermen on the river, the oyster-tongers, could be found who had seen him since Ommirandy had spoken to him on the porch, near the water-bucket, as he lovingly fingered little Mr. William's fishing-tackle.

Sometimes in the dark winter evenings young Mars' Jeems, sitting by the window near the big desk in the library, would involuntarily have strange thoughts of his late overseer, and of the sullen vindictiveness that the man had not infrequently shown; and on the heel of these thoughts would come others of the mysterious and untraversed recesses of the Dragon Swamp that bordered the eastern fields of the Kingsmill place.

"It would be very easy to hide anything away forever in that swamp," a speechless voice would whisper in his ear; and then he would think of Unk's "dem."

"I wonder what 'dem' said to him that he had to run away to get rid of 'em?" communed young Mars' Jeems with himself.

By degrees, and with the lapse of time, Unk, the Shunway, faded from the memory of Kingsmill, save that now and then its owner would recall the deformed man's affection for little Mr. William, and his tenderness to all dumb creatures; and Ommirandy would recollect some kindly thing that he had done for the boy. It was no fault of little Mr. William's that he soon forgot the hunchback. It is no fault of youth, the beautiful, that it possesses the divine capacity to forget.

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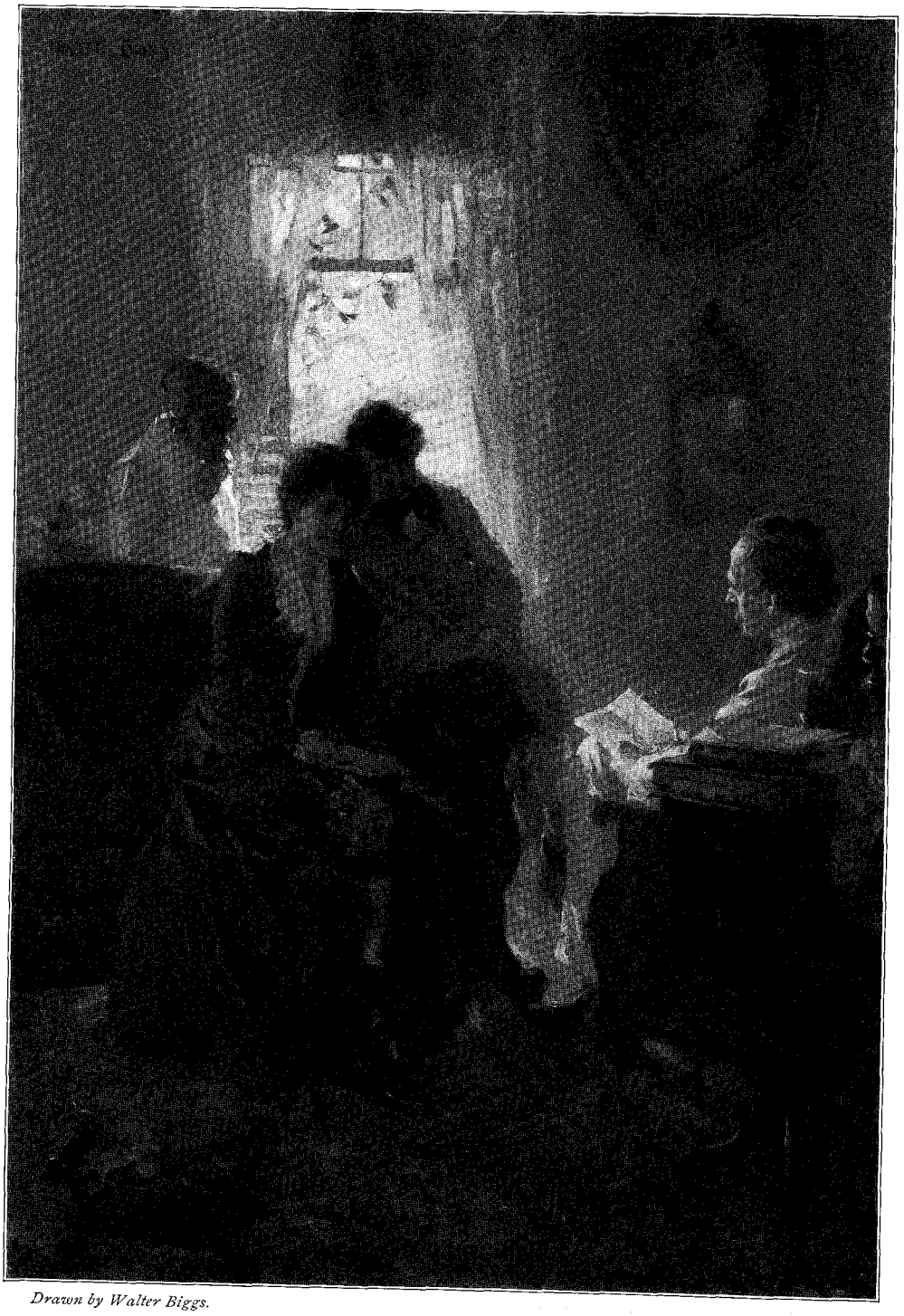

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

Ommirandy was invariably present.—Page 289.

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In October of the second autumn after the Shunway had blown in and blown out again, young Mars' Jeems had an invitation from an old army comrade to go upon a hunting-trip to one of the many islands that border the ocean side of the Eastern Shore. Times had grown more and more strenuous at Kingsmill, and ready cash for even the cheapest excursion was hard to raise. But his friend was a near and dear one, and the call was alluring, and his household all conceived that the master of Kingsmill needed a change of air and scene.

"I don't think I ought to go," he said to Ommirandy doubtfully. "I can't afford it."

"You got ter go," said the old woman. "I got ten dollars right here in my pocket I been savin' fur ye."

"Mirandy, you're a damned old idiot," he said, turning his face away and fumbling with some papers on the desk.

They had been on the little island about two days. The hunting was fine, and young Mars' Jeems and his friend had brought back each evening to the little hotel in the tiny fishing-hamlet a substantial bag of ducks and marsh-fowl. On the morning of the third day they came upon a tumble-down hut, near the high pines in the upper part of the island, almost in the shadow of the government lighthouse. A thin smoke was curling up from the chimney in the crisp autumn air; but there was no sign of life visible about the place.

"Thar's a hunchback nigger stays thar, sometimes," said the guide, "but he spends most of his time with the ponies. He's a natural. He's pow'ful shy o' strangers an' folks genully. But I often stop by to see him, and he's told me all about himself. We're purty good frien's."

The guide told them that the absent occupant of the cabin had once lived on the mainland, with a master who was kind to him, and with his master's son, Ben, whom he adored. The boy had been drowned, and the boy's father had sold the place and moved away.

"The darky stayed there awhile, and then people that he couldn't see began to talk to him," said the guide. "They asked him where his friend Ben was, and why he didn't go look for him. So the little chap went away to get rid of the voices. He got across the bay somehow, and there he came to another place, where he found Ben—only now they called Ben little Mr. William. And there was a horse there named Black Oyster, and they were all good to him. Then the people with the voices came and took Ben away again, and he couldn't stay. So he came here."

"How does he manage to get along?" asked young Mars' Jeems.

The guide said that the hunchback had an old boat, and that sometimes he tonged for oysters, but that the people at the lighthouse took care of him.

"I wonder if he would like to go back?" soliloquized young Mars' Jeems.

"He says he wouldn't go anywhere away from the ponies. He says he's happy here, and that he's got his work to do."

Then he explained that the droves of wild ponies on the island, which subsist on the coarse grass of the marshes, often have a hard time to get water. There are no springs or streams, and the tough little beasts, with all their resourcefulness, often suffer from thirst.

"Unk makes a business of diggin' the water-holes for 'em. And in the winter-time he cleans off the snow in places, so that they can get to the grass. The ponies are wild enough with everybody else, but sometimes you'll see a drove of 'em follow in' the Shunway about the marshes. He's closer to the dumb creeturs than he is to folks. No, sir. He wouldn't go away, with the winter comin' on. He thinks thar wouldn't be nobody to take care o' the ponies if he left.

"If you want to see him, yonder he is now."

They looked beyond the shadows of the pines, and saw the Shunway standing in the sunshine between two of the little animals, with his arms about their necks.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"He's closer to the dumb creeturs than he is to folks."—Page 292.

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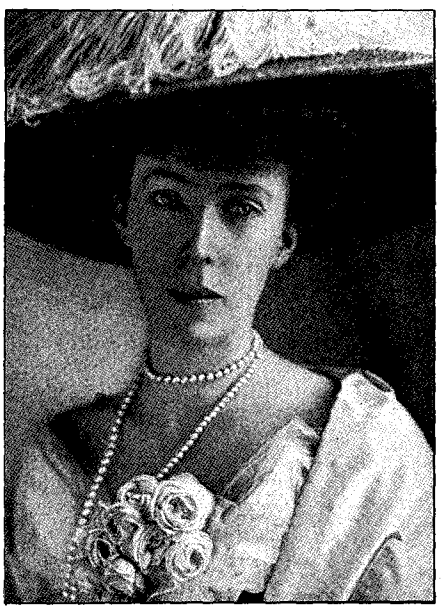
From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

King Albert I.



From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Queen Elisabeth.

KING ALBERT OF THE BELGIANS

By Demetrius C. Boulger

Author of "The History of Belgium," "Belgium of the Belgians," etc.

SOME men attain the full development of their force and character while still young; others develop slowly, and only reveal their true merit after many years. The former often make the occasion for their greatness, like Napoleon; the latter are often discovered only when the occasion arrives to show what they have in them; and among such leaders of men Albert I, King of the Belgians, will now be given a foremost place. During the eighteen years that he filled the difficult position of heir presumptive to his uncle Leopold II he remained in the background, keeping rigidly aloof from politics—no one knew, for instance, whether his sympathies were with Catholics or Liberals—and displaying most interest in military matters as an officer of the Grenadier regiment. The pleasant people of Brussels are not averse to talk of and magnify petty scandals, but Prince Albert escaped the shafts of envy and calumny, and the most habitual detractors admitted that he was immaculate. But, on the other hand, the world of gossips found little or nothing to say about him, so that when he ascended the throne in December, 1909, he was the least known monarch in Europe.

The young kingdom of Belgium, in the eighty-four years of its existence, has been ruled by three kings, each in his sphere one of the most remarkable men of his day. Leopold I, who lived to be styled the Nestor of Europe, was an excellent general as well as a wise statesman, and it is not doubtful that in a larger state than Belgium he would have filled a still more

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prominent place in history than he does. His son Leopold II was beyond question one of the greatest men of his time, achieving the most brilliant colonial success since the British conquest of India, with trifling resources, and to the astonishment and envy of his competitors. His nephew Albert, grandson of the founder of the dynasty, has already proved himself the foremost hero of the great war now raging, and if the Fates are only kind it may well be that his future reign, after peace is restored, will add a still more brilliant chapter to the checkered history of Belgium. We have read how in the palmy days of Ottoman power one Amurath succeeded another; the house of Saxe-Coburg may claim a similar tribute when the tale of Belgian prowess and achievement is complete.

Born on 8th April, 1875, as the second son of Philippe, Comte de Flandre (*Anglice*, Count of Flanders), the youngest son of Leopold I, it did not seem at all probable that Prince Albert would ever come to be the head and for a long time the sole male representative of his family. Not only had he an elder brother, Baudouin, or Baldwin, but the King, Leopold II, who had lost his only son in 1869, was still so young that no one could assume that he would never have another direct heir by his then living or by some future queen. Even after the death, therefore, of Prince Baudouin, in 1890, his younger brother's chance of succeeding to the throne depended on the length of life granted to the Queen Marie Henriette, for Leopold II wished, above all things, to have a direct successor, and it was not until after his nephew's marriage and the birth of a young prince that he became fully reconciled to the idea that the line of succession should pass in that direction. The Count of Flanders was a far more amiable personage than his elder brother Leopold II. In fact, he was a very kind-hearted man, of a studious turn of mind, addicted to dilettanteism and struggling with the malady of deafness. For that reason he had resigned his claims to the succession when little over middle life, first to his son Baudouin and then to Albert. The Count of Flanders had married, in 1867, the Princess Mary of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (the Catholic branch), sister of the late King Carol of Roumania. Besides the two sons named, they had two daughters, one married to the Duc de Vendôme and the other to a cousin, Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

King Albert was fifteen years of age when the death of his elder brother made him heir presumptive. His education and training had been essentially military, and Colonel, now Lieutenant-General, Harry Jungbluth was appointed as his personal mentor and guide. Prince Baudouin had been attached to the Carabinier regiment, but Albert joined the Grenadiers, then commanded by Baron Wahis, governor-general of the Congo. It was under his watchful direction, in the first place, and under that of his successor in the command of the regiment, Baron de Heusch, in the second, that Prince Albert served his apprenticeship in the profession of arms; and when the latter became chief of the headquarter staff he continued, with his aid, the study of the art of war. After he came to the throne it was the military defense of his country that principally occupied his thoughts. Even as a Grenadier officer the prince had shown keen interest in his work, and he delivered more than one lecture on subjects of interest during his regimental service. One of them was devoted to the war in South Africa, considered from a strictly military standpoint. He insisted on working through all the grades until he retired, with the rank of major, to devote his main attention to political matters.

Although he became, under the constitution, a member of the Senate when he was twenty-one, he did not take any part in its debates, and, indeed, his attitude on all public questions was one of rigid reserve. This was due to the peculiar position an heir presumptive must always fill when there can be no absolute certainty as to an heir apparent not turning up. Moreover, Leopold II did not care for any one else to fill the stage but himself, and it must also be admitted that the acute divisions of parties between Catholics at one extreme and Socialists at the other created a very difficult situation for the constitutional sovereign, so that it seemed to the late King as if silence was not merely the soundest policy but the only safe course in the interests of the dynasty.

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Prince Albert, naturally a silent man, being a thinker rather than an orator, maintained a reserve which left him more or less an enigma to the public. He had a few military friends, but none in the political world, and he kept himself studiously aloof from the group of financiers and promoters who formed the entourage of Leopold II. Every one foretold that a complete change of system and personnel would follow the advent of the new King, but no one could say whether he would prove himself as able to deal with the internal difficulties caused by party bitterness as the old. People may say what they like to his detriment, but the lay figures, "the men in buckram," of the Brussels Parliament quailed before Leopold II, who was a real man and towered above them in genius as well as stature. When the young, reserved, and unknown Albert stepped into his uncle's shoes these good people imagined that they were about to have matters all their own way, whether they favored reaction or what is called progress.

From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Leopold, Duke of Brabant.

Up to the time of his marriage, in the year 1900, Prince Albert had made but little impression on the Belgian public. Like his father and uncle, he is a man of great stature, possibly the tallest of the three by half an inch, but somewhat diminished by a slight stoop, which has been corrected since he became King. He was known chiefly by his appearance at the head of his regiment in its marches through the Brussels streets or as a motorist driving his own car through the Ardennes. He was also known to be a keen sportsman, taking part in the battues on his father's estate of Les Amerois and also on the state preserve of Hertogenbosch in the Hohe Venn. He rarely took any part in public ceremonies, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that there were few to take part in, and when he did his rôle was a silent one. But his marriage led to considerable changes both in his relations with his uncle and in his position in the country. It may be said that the Belgians had so long known him, first as a boy and then as a young officer, that they were slow in awaking to the fact that he had become a man who would be, before the lapse of many years, in the ordinary course of things, their sovereign.

His uncle was always very anxious about the continuance of the dynasty. The loss of his only son had been a terrible blow, but King Leopold had hoped to see his youngest daughter, the Princess Clementine—now Princess Napoleon—marry her cousin Prince Baudouin, but his premature death ended this hope or dream. It is possible, although no one knows any fact to support it, that he would have been glad if in this matter Prince Albert could have replaced his brother, but any expectation of this kind was short-lived. Prince Albert showed no hurry in choosing a bride, and King Leopold became so anxious about the succession to the throne, Prince Albert being the last male heir, that he selected a successor in the event of the prince dying unmarried, as he had the right to do under the constitution. His nomination was the Duc de Vendôme, who had married Prince Albert's eldest sister Henriette. But the need for such

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a precautionary measure soon disappeared.

In 1899, during a trip in Germany, Prince Albert went to Munich, where he visited the clinic of Duke Charles Theodor (Duke *in* Bavaria). This prince was a famous oculist, who practised his art for the benefit of the people and who was assisted by his daughters, who had gone through hospital training. Among them was the Duchess Elisabeth, and the young Belgian prince at once fell in love with her, a sentiment which was quickly reciprocated. The announcement of their engagement was hailed with much satisfaction in Belgium, for there had been friendly relations in the past between that country and the Wittelbach family. The marriage was celebrated at Munich on 2d October, 1900, and four days later the prince and princess made their state entry into Brussels. King Leopold received them in person at the railway station, and testified in many ways his great pleasure at the alliance. This pleasure was still more publicly evinced when a prince was born in November, 1901, and received the name of Leopold. When a second son, Charles, was born on 10th October, 1903, his satisfaction was evinced in a public address affirming the consolidation of the dynasty. The two young princes are now known by the styles, respectively, of Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders.

From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Charles, Count of Flanders.

Although his marriage and the birth of the two sons led to a closer association with his uncle in state affairs, Prince Albert continued to keep clear of all political questions and to devote his main attention to military matters. On his marriage he established his residence in the hotel of the Marquis d'Assche, which is in the Rue de la Science, close to the American legation, and once a year he visited Bavaria to shoot with his brother-in-law Rupprecht, who had married his wife's younger sister Marie Gabrielle. This princess died at Sorrento in October, 1912, and Rupprecht is now the Bavarian crown prince who has put his name to some ratherviolentproclamations during the present war. Latterly, Prince Albert had become an Alpine climber, but before he became King he confined his exploits to the Tyrol. More recently he has made an annual trip to Switzerland and proved himself an expert and untiring climber. But on the whole his mode of life has been a very domestic one, and for nine months in each year he might have been found at home in Brussels.

But, although silent, he none the less followed public questions very closely, and among those to which he gave the closest attention was that of the Congo. This was only natural, seeing that every one knew that its transfer to Belgium as a national colony was inevitable and could not be long deferred. He was also very sensible of the charges made against its administration in England, and he desired very much to see the agitation ended. After a great deal of consideration he formed the intention of visiting the Congo himself, and when one of the ministers, M. Renkin, made a tour there and returned safe and sound, the young prince decided that he must and would go, too. King Leopold was much against

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this visit and refused to give his sanction for a long time. Prince Albert had intended setting out in January, 1909, but it was not until the following April that the King allowed him to start.

At this period the formal arrangements for the taking over of the Congo by Belgium had been completed, and the question was under discussion in the Chambers. For this reason King Leopold may have thought that his heir ought to remain at home, but probably his real objection to the tour was due to apprehension lest anything should happen to him in the tropics. A long regency with no commanding personage to act as regent might have exposed the dynasty to serious peril, and Leopold was thinking of that, and not of such an absurd contingency as his nephew proving a severe critic of his administration, when he vetoed the projected trip for so many months.

From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Princess Marie José.

But at last Prince Albert had his way, and he left London on 3d April, 1909, for Cape Town. From Cape Town he travelled by train to the rail-head in Rhodesia and proceeded thence to Katanga. He traversed the whole extent of the Congo State in the course of three months, and it is said that in that period he walked not less than one thousand five hundred miles, chiefly through the dense forests of the interior. From Boma he returned direct to Antwerp, where he received a great popular ovation. The Princess Elisabeth met the steamer at Terneuzen, and his children, with their grandmother, the Countess of Flanders, whose husband had died in 1905, awaited him at Antwerp. During his absence the Congo bill had passed through the Chambers and become law. The transfer of powers was in progress, with M. Renkin as new colonial minister.

Great curiosity was displayed to learn what the young prince thought of the administration and condition of things in the Congo, but neither at the time nor since was any criticism of his uncle's personal government ever extracted from him or any of his companions. A Brussels paper did hazard the audacious and mendacious statement that the prince had expressed himself as dissatisfied with what he had seen, but it was promptly declared on official authority to be absolutely without foundation. On the other hand, the prince expressed himself quite freely as to the magnificent prospect before Belgium in Central Africa, and he hoped all interested in the matter would go out there to see things for themselves. This suggestion, made the very day of his arrival at Antwerp, did not convey the idea of his thinking that they would see anything discreditable.

The Congo transfer to Belgium having been effected, the great question before the country was army reform. A bill was before the Parliament for the abolition of the right to provide a substitute by the payment of a fixed sum. Both King Leopold and Prince Albert were strongly opposed to the retention of this privilege, which had been often attacked, and at last a government was found resolved to end it. But, unfortunately for Belgium, the opposition in some circles of the Chambers was so pronounced that the abolition of the right of substitution could

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only be obtained by making the new concession that only one son would be taken for military service in each family. Even in this maimed form the army bill marked a step forward, and it was a great satisfaction to King Leopold to be able, even on his death-bed, to affix his signature to the new law.

In November, 1909, the amiable Duke Charles Theodor died rather suddenly, and the funeral ceremonies in Munich were scarcely over when adverse rumors became current as to the state of King Leopold's health. For some time it was not supposed that his malady was serious, but soon the voice of rumor gave it a grave significance. On 17th December, 1909, the King died after a comparatively slight operation which was considered to have been successful. Some day it may be possible to tell the true story of his life by the aid of his own papers and correspondence, and then it will be found how much he was maligned by his contemporaries.

On 23d December the new ruler made his *joyeuse entrée* as Albert I into the capital. The royal cortège left the palace at Laeken to proceed to the Legislative Chamber, or Palais du Peuple, as it is called, where the foreign representatives, envoys, and state functionaries, as well as the members of both houses, were assembled. The Queen and her children were driven first in a gala carriage drawn by six horses. In other carriages came the King's mother and sisters, escorted by the Duke of Connaught and other princes. Then at an interval followed the King in a general's uniform, and riding. He was followed by a brilliant staff and met with a cordial reception. The slight interruption by a few Socialists was drowned in the general applause.

In the Chambers the ceremony was extremely simple. The constitution was read, and then the King was asked if he accepted it and would abide by its stipulations, to which he replied in a loud, clear voice: "I swear to observe the constitution and to defend the integrity of the national territory." Events were to lend the latter part of the oath an unexpectedly deep significance. After an interval he delivered his inaugural address, of which the following are the more important passages:

"The moment has come for Belgium to think of her destiny and to examine the needs of the future. Belgium is rich and happy, but riches create duties for peoples as for individuals. The intellectual and moral forces of the nation are enhancing its prosperity. We must continue our unshakable attachment to constitutional liberty, love of independence, and the wise administration of public affairs in order to maintain our sacred patrimony while advancing toward the peaceful conquests of labor and science.

"In the Congo the nation wishes a policy of humanity and progress. The colonizing era now opening out for us in Central Africa can but be a mission of high civilization. Belgium is governed by institutions the principles of which have been borrowed by other states. She has always kept her promises, and when she engages to apply in the Congo a policy worthy of her none has the right to doubt her word.

"The throne has prerogatives and responsibilities. The sovereign must be the servant of the law and the supporter of social peace. I love my country, and the Queen shares with me the unalterable feeling of fidelity to Belgium which we are inculcating in our children.

"Your welcome touches me deeply, and I will endeavor to deserve your confidence. Before myself and before the country I take the pledge to do my duty scrupulously and to consecrate all my strength and life to the service of our country."

The passage in which he affirmed that "none has the right to doubt her word" was delivered with special emphasis, and was considered to express his personal disappointment at the delay of the British Government in recognizing the transfer of the Congo State to Belgium. On the following day there was a state service in the Collegial Church of Sainte Gudule, when Cardinal Mercier, then and still Archbishop of Malines, preached an eloquent sermon in which he greeted the King in the following words: "Your Majesty comes to bow your sceptre before God and to do reverence above all authority to the King of Kings." The closing episode of the new succession was the voting of the civil list, which was fixed at an annual sum of three million three hundred thousand francs (or six hundred and

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sixty thousand dollars). The Socialists voted against the allowance, an ungracious attitude of which they may now feel ashamed. With this exception everything passed off well, and there was a certain joyful expectation that the new reign would bring increased happiness and prosperity to the country.

From the very beginning of his reign King Albert had to deal with difficult questions. The organization of the new régime on the Congo, the settlement of the troublesome financial questions between King Leopold's executors and his heirs, and the uncertainty in the political situation owing to the bitter party feeling added to his cares; but his chief preoccupation continued to be the defense of his country in view of the increasingly menacing international outlook in Europe. With regard to the Congo he took the deepest interest in the reforms that had become necessary, and, to show his entire disinterestedness, he assigned the large annuity reserved to King Leopold as compensation for his sacrifices to some beneficent work in connection with Central Africa. One year's annuity he made the foundation of a pension fund for the Congolese service; another he assigned for medical research, with special relation to tropical diseases, and every year he refused to touch a penny of the money for any personal use or purpose.

In all those tasks he was aided by his wife, Queen Elisabeth, who devoted her attention and efforts to aid and alleviate the sufferings of the sick and the poor. Her practical experience under her father's direction of the routine of a hospital made her an expert on the subject of the treatment of the sick. She instituted the collection on her name-day of funds by the sale of an artificial rosette for the hospitals, and for the poor she established crèches and coal and blanket clubs on a large scale. She was the first of Belgian rulers to think of the poor and suffering, and it is not surprising that she became the idol of the people as their *bonne petite reine*. But her delicate health made every one of her subjects fear that they might lose their fairy godmother too soon, and none would have dreamed that she would have the physical strength to play the part of heroine as she has done during the terrible scenes through which her poor country has passed. But with great minds and brave hearts the spirit rises triumphant over bodily infirmities, and Queen Elisabeth has acquired an imperishable place in the affections and gratitude of the Belgian nation.

But of all the King's cares the greatest remained the defense of his country. The army bill of 1909 had established the right principle, but it was very soon discovered that it had not given Belgium the army she required. The concession of one son in a family signified skeleton battalions, and in September, 1911, Belgium was confronted with the spectre of imminent invasion while her regiments were depleted and her arsenals half-empty. It became necessary to face the problem of national defense without delay. But in 1912 a general election was pending, which it was confidently hoped, among both Liberals and Socialists, would bring the long tenure of power by the Catholics to an end. For the moment, too, the Liberals and not the Catholics appeared to be the real champions of military reform. At the moment of the appeal to the country M. de Broqueville, the head of the government, announced that he was prepared to institute the necessary military reforms, which insured the success of his party at the hustings.

On the reassembly of the Chambers at the end of 1912 a first army bill was brought in abolishing the limitation of the scope of conscription, increasing the annual contingent to thirty-two thousand men, and thus providing for an army of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand first-line troops. In spite of the most obvious facts, party passion ran so high that the bill was in peril, and the King, who knew far more than the Chambers, became exceedingly anxious. To save the situation it became necessary to take the representatives into his confidence. A secret session was held at which all the government information and several personal letters to the King were placed at the disposal of members, and among the latter was one from a crowned head, a kinsman of the King's, warning him that in the event of war Germany was resolved to traverse Belgium in defiance of all her engagements. It is said that the writer was the late King Carol of Roumania, the

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King's maternal uncle, but, at any rate, the warning did not come from only one quarter. The Chambers were impressed and the new bill was carried. But, unfortunately, it was at a very late stage of the question, and the first contingents under the new law only joined the colors in October, 1913. The short interval between that date and the outbreak of war did not admit of the organization being made effective or of the reserves being brought up to anything like an effective total. The efforts during over twenty-five years to convert Belgium into something like an armed nation—that is to say, on a footing of military equality, due proportion observed, with her two great neighbors—had borne fruit too late.

Last summer King Albert went for his usual holiday to Switzerland, but his mind was ill at ease, for information had reached him from a sure source that the German Emperor was getting ready for the great war. It is said that he had some intention of urging the smaller states of Europe to band themselves together in a league, not only for peace but for their own preservation, and certainly if such a scheme were practicable the cases of Switzerland and Belgium were very analogous. But it may be doubted whether the King ever broached the question to the Swiss authorities. The news that reached him from Brussels compelled him to cut short his holiday and to return to his capital. The situation was as grave as it could possibly be, and orders were issued to call up the reserves and to place the Belgian army on a war footing. Down to the evening of 2d August the Belgian Government affected to believe that Germany would not violate the neutrality of the country, and the prime minister, speaking in the Chamber on the previous day, announced that he had received the most encouraging assurances from both France and Germany. From my own experiences I can vouch for the fact that throughout the Belgian public, on Sunday, 2d August, there was a hopeful feeling that the experience of 1870 would be repeated. But during the evening of that eventful Sunday the Belgian Government had been apprised as to what was about to happen.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of that day the German ultimatum was presented, to the effect that Germany had decided "to forestall the enemy's attack" by invading Belgium and moving her armies across it to the French northern frontier. She therefore called upon Belgium to allow the German forces free passage, on pain of being treated as an enemy. The reply of the Belgian Government was dignified and resolute. It ran: "The German ultimatum has caused the Belgian Government deep and painful astonishment, and Belgium refuses to believe that her independence could only be preserved at the cost of violating her neutrality." The King appealed to France and England for their support in upholding the neutrality of his country. To his entourage he made the *bon mot:* "Germany appears to believe that Belgium is a road, not a country."

It was well for the Belgian nation in its great hour of trial that it possessed a soldier King, one who from his boyhood had devoted all his attention and most strenuous efforts to acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession. By the admission of all his commanding officers in the Grenadier regiment he had proved himself a most capable regimental officer, and after he came to the throne he made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of all the generals in active service. Military consultations were frequent at the palace, and the King took a prominent part in all the discussions. At the same time his natural modesty, which is his chief characteristic, never left him, and he was a good listener to the views of those who held superior rank in the army to himself. There is a story current to the effect that after hostilities broke out he expressed some doubt of his own capacity to lead the army in the field, to the premier, M. de Broqueville, who replied, like the thorough man of the world that he is: "Consult and listen to the members of your staff, and then decide as common sense dictates."

The greatest general is the one who displays the greatest measure of that simple but rare quality. Within the limits of the opportunities afforded, King Albert has displayed throughout the struggle for the independence of his country remarkable common sense and coolness. At first it was hoped at his headquarters, established

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at Overeysk, half-way between Brussels and Wavre, that Liège would hold out long enough to enable the Anglo-French armies to arrive in time to cover Brussels. Such was the view when I saw the King, in his motor, studying the latest reports at two o'clock on the morning of 5th August, near the junction of the roads from Louvain to Waterloo. But it very soon became clear that Liège could not arrest the German advance, and that the allied armies could not arrive in time, whereupon the King transferred his quarters to Louvain. The successes which attended Belgian arms at Diest and Haelen, the advance of a small French army to join hands with the garrison of Namur, and the rumored landing of British troops on the Continent encouraged the fallacious hope that the invader might be driven back before reaching Brussels, but on 15th August—the day of the battle of Dinant—the seat of government was transferred to Antwerp. The King remained at Louvain in command of the army in the field. On 17th August the Germans, having captured the principal forts of Liège and occupied the city, began their real advance in overwhelming force. Five army corps advanced across the province of Luxembourg and the grand duchy. Seven army corps moved against Louvain, Brussels, and Namur. The Belgian army, hopelessly outnumbered, was crumpled up in its position at Aerschot and driven into Malines and Antwerp. The King in person covered the retreat with the forces left at Louvain, and was fortunate enough to save his army from the fate of the French at Sedan, which at one moment seemed imminent. This disastrous battle was fought on 19th August, and the same evening the King sent an order to Brussels that the city should not attempt a vain resistance, and that the Garde Civique should be disarmed, as the Germans refused to recognize them as belligerents. However hard to utter, these were the words of common sense. On 20th August Brussels was occupied by the Germans without a blow being struck.

Withdrawn behind the Antwerp position, the Belgian army and government enjoyed a long breathing space, while the Germans pressed on toward Paris. For a time it seemed as if Antwerp might be left altogether alone, but, unfortunately, the failure of the Germans to reach the French capital led them to desire a minor triumph. So they directed their 16.8 siege-guns, which had battered down Namur and Maubeuge, to Antwerp, and the result is well known. The King had found much in the position of that fortified camp to disappoint and alarm him, but his troops heroically supported him in his efforts to prevent the Germans reaching the left bank of the Scheldt. The desperate fighting at Termonde resulted at least in keeping the western door of retreat open for the beleaguered force. When the Germans carried the line of the Nèthe and destroyed the forts of Waelhem and Lierre, the whole position became untenable. King Albert and a considerable part of his army succeeded in effecting their escape to Ostend, but a good many thousand Belgian soldiers and about one thousand five hundred English naval volunteers were driven into Holland and interned. As a matter of fact, the German forces were fast coming up to close this route, and the King had a marvellous escape from capture. The stay at Ostend was brief. The ministers of state and the public functionaries had reached Ostend by steamer from Antwerp a few days before the King, but they had at once to be moved on to Havre, where the Belgian Government remains. The King, collecting all his forces, the Antwerp garrison being strengthened by the few troops at Bruges and Ostend, retired along the coast to Nieuport and the line of the Yser. In this position they made another stand to check the Germans. They were told that aid would reach them in forty-eight hours. It did not come for double the period, and, despite the desperation with which they fought, this last Belgian army would have been annihilated but for the providential assistance of the naval flotilla. In this four days' fighting the Belgians lost fifteen thousand killed and wounded.

During all this fighting King Albert was in the front of the battle. He often went unattended to the advance trenches to cheer his men and to stimulate their courage. Sometimes, in his undress uniform and with his star of Leopold, which he always wears hidden by his cape, the men did not know who this tall officer was, and

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they tell stories over their camp-fires how on more than one occasion he took the rifle of a soldier killed at his side and took up the firing himself. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, the Germans must have suffered, for the King is an unerring marksman. When Antwerp was evacuated he refused to sail with the ministers, saying simply, "My place is with my brave soldiers," and his best reward is that they have striven to merit his confidence by deeds of devoted heroism. What have been the rallying words of the Belgian soldiers?—"We must do something for our King!"

Throughout the long struggle for their common country the King has been with his men, sharing their dangers, their needs, their anxieties, nay, more than that, for on his head fell all their anxieties. "A simple, heroic figure," has said an Italian writer, reminding him of Charles Albert of Savoy after Novara. But while Belgium has sunk as low as Italy had in 1846, her destiny, her resurrection, is none the less sure. The fortitude of the King has been shown in nothing more than by his determination to remain on the continent. He has clung to the smallest corner of Belgian territory, and he has fixed the seat of his government in France because it is only a few miles away. From some points of view England would have been better and safer, but to cross the sea seemed like exile. He has more than once exclaimed: "It would be better to die here than in a foreign land." It will be remembered that William of Orange declared that if he were vanquished he would carry the liberty of Holland in his ship to America. Albert of Belgium has, perhaps, bettered the example by saying: "If Belgium loses her freedom to brute force, I will perish with the last of its defenders."

But the King is something more than a hero, or, rather, he was something great before he had the chance of proving himself a hero. He was a man, honest and straight as a die. In this age of calumny no one ever dared to cast a stone at him. Well may the leading Socialists now say, "Il a betonné la dynastie," which I may translate: "He has given the dynasty its concrete foundation." But they seem to forget what very small and contemptible people they are themselves and that the greater half of Belgium's present troubles are due to their false and disintegrating principles. A more just appreciation may be found in a nobler source. Albert of Belgium has proved himself "the very perfecte knyghte" of Chaucer; he has won his right to be classed with the Sir Galahads and Bayards, and if any one tells him that, like Francis I, he has lost everything "fors l'honneur," he may reply in the confident words of his ancestor, Henry of Navarre: "J'attends la fin" ("I await the end"). I for one am bold enough to think that he will find his aureole in a Belgium stretching to the Rhine.

When I read of King Albert sharing not merely the fortunes but the fare of his soldiers, calm in the presence of danger, dominating the scene of disaster and retreat by a demeanor which seems to defy the worst and to carry with it the harbinger of better things, I cannot but recall the somewhat similar attitude of his grandfather, Leopold I, during the disastrous week's campaign with the Dutch in August, 1831, and of Lord William Russell's words: "I admire the King. I never gave him credit for what there is really in him. It seems as if it wants external causes to move his faculties into action. The whole government rests on him." In the far graver crisis through which Belgium is passing that description would very well apply to King Albert if it did not seem too tame. He has risen to a still greater height than his predecessor, for he is the hero-King not merely of Belgium but of Europe.

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THE BORDER-LAND

By Francis Parsons

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

"I BEG your pardon, but are you a physician?"

I had been deep in Haussman's somewhat technical but very absorbing book on "Heredity," and the question caught me as I raised my eyes for a moment to gaze through the big window opposite at the open country into which the train was emerging from the miles of tunnel that lie just north of the Grand Central Station.

I was forty the other day and I suppose I am growing conservative. At all events, I have noticed an increasing tendency in myself to dislike being talked to by strangers in railroad trains. Probably it was with no very encouraging air that I turned to the young man sitting beside me in one of the leather chairs with which the crowded library car was furnished. But he was such an attractive-looking young man, so sunburnt and well set up, there was so little intrusiveness and so much deference in his manner, that my involuntary reserve must have melted as I looked at him and acknowledged that his guess was a good one.

"And you, I take it," I returned, looking at the sword-case and other leather trappings that the porter had deposited near him—for, as he told me later, he had been unable to get a seat in any of the other cars—"are in the army?"

He smiled agreeably, showing white, strong teeth beneath his closely cropped mustache.

"No," he replied; "I really wish I were —but I'm only an architect."

"Oh," I said, "I thought from your things——".

"Well," he broke in, "I'm as much of a soldier as the law allows. I'm in the National Guard. I'm just back from Texas."

He went on to tell me that with other National Guard officers of his State he had been sent down to the Mexican border for instruction in patrol work along the Rio Grande. He was full of the subject and full of the military education he had absorbed in his association with the regular officers.

"But I didn't mean to fan away about myself," he suddenly brought himself up short. "I couldn't help seeing the title of that book you have there. I've just had a queer experience in something of that kind. May I ask if you're interested in nervous cases, and all that?"

I admitted that that was my line, and thereupon he told me this story which I will retell from notes I made immediately afterward, as nearly as possible in his own words, naïve and youthful though they may appear.

I knew Wayne Hungerford was on the border with the —th Cavalry, but when I had nerve enough to ask our adjutant-general, who is a good friend of mine, to try to get me assigned to duty with him I really didn't have much hope that the matter would get any further. However, after a few days of lectures and other theoretical preliminary work at Fort Bliss we received our assignments, and you may imagine I was gratified when I found I was to be sent to the place, not far from there, where Hungerford was stationed in charge of a platoon of his troop.

The railroad journey to this point was hot and dusty, and it was a relief when the train stopped to drop me at a little station that was hardly more than a platform, a shed, and a water-tank. At first I thought there was no one there except a station-master who looked like a cowboy, but when I walked around back of the shed I saw two cavalry horses held by an orderly who gave me Lieutenant Hungerford's compliments and explained that one of the horses was for me. He also delivered his lieutenant's apologies for not coming to meet me himself.

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"I hope the Lieutenant's well?" I inquired, mounting up.

"Pretty well, I think, sir," the soldier answered. "Nasty climate down here, sir."

My inquiry had been prompted by nothing more than the usual conventionality, but some real or fancied hesitation in the man's reply aroused my apprehension. As we rode over to the camp, about two miles distant, I wondered if Hungerford were indeed ailing. But I could not, of course, ask any more questions and we rode along in silence, the orderly dropping back behind me after he had pointed out the way which was a rough wagon-track over the desert, worn chiefly by Hungerford's army wagon on its trips to and from the station for supplies.

Ever been in Texas or north Mexico? Well, it's a queer, fascinating landscape around where we were—dry and sandy, tufts of alfalfa grass, cactus, hills and bluffs here and there along the river, but generally flat—ugly as sin for the most part in broad daylight, but along toward sundown, as it was then, gathering a touch of color and romance somehow from the long shadows and the wonderful light of those southern sunsets. I can't explain exactly, but it affects you rather strangely—it looks sort of primeval, as if the winds and the rains, the dust and the heat, had had it all their own way since the flood subsided. Man doesn't seem to count for much. It's lonesome all right.

Pretty soon we came in sight of the camp—a cluster of tents on a low hill which on its farther side, the orderly told me, broke off in a sharp bluff looking down on a small river-bottom where a little tributary of the Rio—you could almost step across it—ran southward, furnishing water that was good enough for the horses, and real grass along its margin for a certain distance.

It was easy to pick out the only officer's tent, and as we mounted the rise I saw a figure I knew must be Hungerford standing in front of it, evidently watching us. He waved his hand and I waved back. Then he began to walk down to meet me.

Hungerford and I were old friends. As boys we had been together at Exeter; then he went to the military academy and I to Yale. We both played football. He was on the West Point team, and once as substitute on the 'varsity I played part of a game against him and he put it all over me. Not that he was a rough player, but he was quick, agile as a deer, rather spare in build, but all bone and muscle—broad shoulders, small hips, a splendidly built man. I was too slow and chunky to cope with that sort of thing. I just followed him around and in the second half they put me off.

We'd kept up our old intimacy pretty well as those things go, but for the last two or three years I hadn't seen him. And now, when I did see him—when I came near enough to see his features clearly—I was so startled at the change in him that I feared afterward I hadn't pulled myself together quite in time to disguise the shock his looks gave me.

The things that most impressed me were the thinness of his face and the absolutely fagged look in his eyes.

He looked something like a man I once saw in a dory we picked up on the Banks when I was on a transatlantic liner, who had been without food or water for three days—except that Hungerford was clean-shaven and his clothing was absolutely immaculate. That struck me at once as queer—the contrast, I mean. Most men when they're all in of course don't give a rap for appearances. But Hungerford's blouse and riding-breeches were newly cleaned and pressed. His seasoned boots shone with a polish like that of old mahogany. His spurs were burnished and the buckskin gloves tucked into his belt looked new.

He was a fine figure of a soldier, but his face was that of a sick man.

Well, we sat late that night in the moonlight in front of his tent and the story came out. It was an old story—especially to you doctors.

Before he came south from Washington, where he'd been detailed on some special duty, he had been ill. He started out on this field service before he had entirely recovered and, to begin with, his nerves had gone back on him.

The army was all looking forward to actual fighting and Hungerford, in his weakened, nervous state, suddenly developed the old, hackneyed fear of being afraid. It was perfectly absurd, of course, for

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there wasn't a braver officer in the army than Hungerford. Ordinarily he would have been as keen as a terrier at the prospect of active service, but something had gone wrong inside him. Some latent distrust of himself came to the surface. I believe they often refer these things back to some forgotten experience of childhood nowadays, don't they?

Then, on the steamer coming down he had an unfortunate experience.

A little boy, the son of Hungerford's major, had fallen overboard while he was climbing on the rail not far from where Hungerford was sitting alone reading in his steamer-chair.

Hungerford, who was deep in a novel, hadn't been paying any attention to the kid—had, in fact, thought that the nurse, who'd been with him a moment before, was still there. The child's cry as he fell aroused him, but you know it takes a second or two for the mind to throw off a preoccupation and grasp an utterly unexpected, desperate incident like that. Then he yelled and ran to the rail.

But he couldn't swim very well, the transport was running along about fourteen knots an hour, the screws were churning the water at a great rate, and the day before they'd seen sharks following the boat. Hungerford always did have too much imagination, anyhow.

He told me that as he ran to the side he knew he wasn't going to jump over after that boy.

When he realized the refusal of his will to act he knew, he said, that the forebodings he'd had were coming true and that there was no doubt but that at heart he was a coward.

He couldn't look over the side. He just put his head down on the rail, shut his eyes, and waited. He understood then—this is what he told me, mind you, not what I thought—that he could no longer be called an officer and a gentleman.

Well, as it turned out, the boy's fall was seen by about a dozen soldiers and men of the crew on the deck below, and a big, husky trooper, who swam so well he ought to have been in the navy, went overboard so quickly that he struck the water almost at the same time that the boy did. They were so near the stern that the screws had gone past before the suction could pull them in, and there didn't happen to be any sharks around just then. The cavalryman and the boy just floated around in the warm Gulf Stream water comfortably enough till they were picked up.

It was with Hungerford that the experience was really serious, though nobody knew about it. He had been alone on the boat deck, partly concealed by a big ventilator, where the nurse hadn't seen him, and when he found that she didn't know he'd been there and that nobody else knew it he decided he'd keep the whole matter to himself.

Perhaps it would have been better if he'd told the major the whole story. I was the first soul to whom he'd mentioned it, and I could see what a relief it was to him to get it off his mind.

Naturally I laughed at him and told him he was all kinds of a fool. He didn't believe me in the slightest but nevertheless for the next few days he was more like himself, though I could see with half an eye that he was in a genuine nervous breakdown, in spite of the fact that my coming roused him a little from his obsessions and gave him the comfort any old friend's presence would give any man at such a time. For several days he got five or six hours' sleep in each twenty-four, and he seemed to take some interest in his rations.

I learned the reason for his spick-and-span clothes. His care for these, it seemed, amounted to a sort of mechanical effort to retain his self-respect that he felt going so fast.

"Remember that chap in Kipling's story?" he asked me. "I mean the one who was absolutely alone in the heart of the jungle, who felt himself losing his grip on things, and who found it helped to dress scrupulously for dinner every night just as if he were in London?"

He certainly was in a bad way. However, in the next day or two his mind was occupied to some extent in showing me the ropes, and as for me the strange charm of the country appealed to me more and more, and I enjoyed the life so much—except for the worry about my companion—that I regretted more than ever that I hadn't made the army my profession as he had done.

It was the best kind of patrolling prac-

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He waved his hand and I waved back.—Page 305.

tice. We were watching in both directions—toward Mexico for marauding bands of ruffians who were coming across the border here and there and holding up unprotected folks and even trains occasionally, and toward the north for filibustering expeditions that were slipping arms and ammunition across to the rebels. We knew well enough that the discovery of anything doing in either direction meant a fight. The Mexican bandits were scared to death of the Texans, but the government kept our regular troops so closely in hand that we realized the ordinary greaser would be apt to try them out, for a while anyhow, before he ran. And the filibusters, if they had come that close to the border, were going to push through if they had any chance at all.

Hungerford's men—all lively, healthy young fellows—were spoiling for a scrap.

They were devoted to their lieutenant, who, they knew, was absolutely fair in his treatment of them and capable in his business, though I fancy they considered him something of a martinet. They recognized the fact, which he had tried to keep from them, that he was ill, and I could see that they tried to save him all they could. Of course, they had no inkling of the fear of himself that was preying on his mind. They hadn't the slightest suspicion that the ordeal of a fight—which might mean his ruin, if his will failed him—was a perfect nightmare to him.

One evening we got word from the troop commander, who was some twenty miles to the east, to look out sharp. So far as filibustering was concerned we'd been particularly watchful of the railroad and the station, for naturally by the railroad transportation was easiest. But the captain sent word that he'd got wind of a heavily armed pack and wagon train that was trying to sneak through the patrols. Apparently they had landed their stuff somewhere north of us and were coming across-country.

Well, you may be sure every one was alert that night. The information was given to the patrols as they left and the men went out grinning and confident.

After a long and rather silent smoke together Hungerford and I lay down, somewhere around eleven o'clock, on the two cots in his tent without even taking our boots off. I didn't try to go to sleep and I knew Hungerford couldn't sleep if he'd wanted to.

Outside the night was dimly lighted by

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a half-clouded, waning moon. Puffs of a warm desert wind rattled the dry grasses and rippled the canvas of the tent. The picket line was close by and it was comforting somehow to hear the horses moving and grunting so near us.

I'll admit that I was feeling nervous and apprehensive. Hungerford had had a sort of relapse and had been terribly depressed all day. Perhaps there was something mentally infectious about his trouble; perhaps it was simply that the constant effort to help him was beginning to tell on my own vitality.

We sat late that night in the moonlight in front of his tent and the story came out.—Page 305.

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Suddenly he began to talk.

"Your people were all from New England, weren't they?"

"Every blooming one, so far as I know," I answered indifferently, wondering what he was thinking about.

"Know how all your ancestors in the last few generations looked, I suppose?" he went on. "Got portraits, haven't you —shirt-frills, stocks, long hair, pillars and curtains in the background, and all that?"

"We've got a lumber-room full of 'em," I said. "Why?"

He was talking in as matter-of-fact a tone as if he were describing a perfectly actual, living individual.
—Page 311.

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"Ever think about your ancestors?"

"Not often. Why?"

"Ever dream?"

"Ever what?"

"Dream—dream when you're asleep?"

"I don't see the connection," I suggested.

"There is one, though," insisted Hungerford.

"Well, I may be unusually thick," I replied, "but I admit I don't follow your line of thought, old top."

"Bill," he said, turning over on his side toward me, "you've been a godsend to me down here. I've unburdened my soul to you and very likely it's saved my life. Want to let me tell you something else—something different?"

"Fire away," I answered. "Confess all the sins you want to."

"There are no particular sins in this," he said, "though I'm guilty of plenty, heaven knows. It's just a queer experience."

"All right," I murmured, pretending to be sleepy. "Let her go. But don't get sore if I go to sleep."

"Well, it's this way," he began. "My family are—or were—Missourians. They went out there in the early days from Virginia. They were pioneers—hunters and fighters, too, I imagine. They led a pretty rough life. There weren't many refinements, there probably wasn't much education, there aren't any family portraits in my history, and there aren't any heirlooms that have come down to me. My parents died when I was little and I had to reconstruct that old life for myself. But since I've grown older I've developed an interest in trying to figure out what kind of individuals some of my ancestors were, and I've got to know one of them well."

"Know one of them well?" I repeated. "How do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, I know just exactly how my father's father—who died long before I was born—looked. I know just the kind of a man he was—how his voice sounded, what clothes he wore, odd little mannerisms he had, and so on. And the peculiar thing about it is that nobody ever told me anything about him—except himself."

I began to think Hungerford was really a little out of his head.

"I mean I've dreamed about him," he went on. "And in some of my dreams my identity has been merged in his somehow. I've *been* him. I've lived through certain experiences of his just as if they were my own."

"Wayne," I said, "you're crazy."

"No," he answered perfectly soberly and judicially, "not in this thing. I may have been crazy lately, as you've so often told me—but not in this. You see, I haven't dreamed this way at all lately. Of course, it sounds like perfect rot to you, but my old grandfather's been a real friend to me in these dreams. He's helped me. He's meant good luck. You may believe it or not, but he's given me good advice. Not that I can remember his words—those things are all botched up in dreams—but I've absorbed certain definite ideas from him that have been of practical assistance. When I've dreamed about him things have gone well. But now he doesn't come. And I dream horribly—horribly."

"What you need, Wayne," I said, "is a good honest talk with your regimental surgeon, and a furlough."

"Good heavens, Bill," he said pretty warmly, "I knew you wouldn't understand, but sometimes I'd like to give you a good, swift kick. I tell you that man's spirit is alive somewhere. I know it as well as I know anything. His personality and mine are very much alike, very sympathetic. I bear his name. He's fond of me. He's tried to help me. He can only reach me in sleep. Good Lord, I can't tell you how much I wish he'd come and help me pull myself together now!"

"Perhaps he will," I said as gently as I could, for I saw the other tack wouldn't do. I was impressed, too, in spite of myself. Maybe it sounds ridiculous to you, but I tell you in the quiet of that night, in the dim tent that the wind flapped fitfully, with the waste stretches of that strange country all around us and a sort of tension in the air, lots of things looked possible.

"What did he look like?" I asked after I'd waited a moment for him to go on.

"Like a hawk," he answered. "He's tall, spare—generally wears a hunting-shirt, buckskin leggings, an old felt hat, and carries the old-fashioned, long, hunt-

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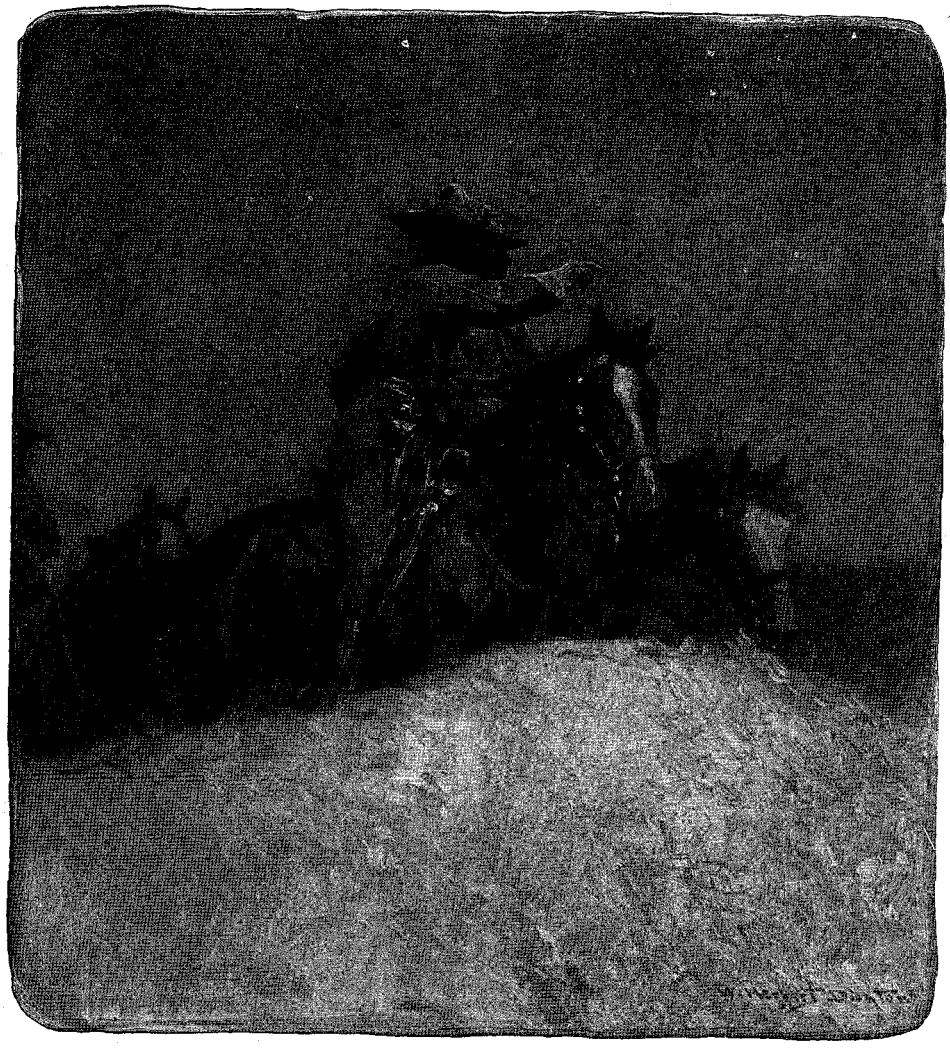
er's flintlock. He has fine big eyes, a rather prominent nose, and a heavy drooping mustache. He looks a good deal like the pictures of General Chaffee. There's generally a very attractive expression in his face—rather sad but friendly. He can be stern, though."

The way Hungerford had slipped into the present tense was uncanny. He was talking in as matter-of-fact a tone as if he were describing a perfectly actual, living individual. And I recognized a very distinct likeness, but for the externals, to himself.

"He was a fighter," he went on. "He was in the old Mexican war. Maybe you didn't know it, but early in that war General Kearney marched into Santa Fé, which was Mexican then, and took possession. There was a lot of Missourians with him—among them my grandfather. Later, when Kearney went across to California, a Colonel Doniphan organized an expeditionary force, consisting mostly of Missourians, and moved south. My grandfather was in that bunch. They captured El Paso, kept right on southward, and made a wonderfully successful thing



"There!" he said excitedly. "*Don't you see? No—more to the left.*"—Page 314.

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of it. They say around here that one of their little flanking columns went across the Rio just about where we are."

There was the sound of footsteps outside and the figure of a soldier appeared at the opening of the tent-flap and stood at attention.

"That you, Harris?" asked Hungerford.

"Yes, sir," said the orderly. "The Lieutenant wished to be called at twelve. It's that now, sir."

"Very well. Bring up the horses."

Hungerford had arranged to make his first round of the patrols at midnight and I was going with him.

As we were getting on our hats and pistols, the old, strange dread seemed to come back upon him.

"He was a good old scout," he said softly, as he stood at the tent opening, watching Harris coming back with the horses. "He wasn't afraid of man or demon. Isn't it irony, Bill, that he should have a coward for a grandson?"

In a few moments we were mounted and moving slowly down the south side of the hill, followed by the orderly who was the man that had met me on my arrival. At the bottom of the grade we turned to the right, crossed the little stream, and went on westward across the country.

There was a kind of misty moonlight shining. Perhaps my imagination had been affected by Hungerford's talk, but somehow, in that queer half-light, the scene looked like a landscape in a dream —all vague, mysterious, unreal. I had the feeling every one has at times of having been in the same situation once before, but very long ago.

We rode silently, keeping a sharp lookout, especially to the right, and taking the high ground that would give us the best view.

I could see that Hungerford was as nervous as a witch. He jerked his head up queerly once in a while and every few minutes he'd draw his hand across his mouth in an odd sort of way. I knew he was in a plain blue funk—just plain frightened—and he a soldier, with not an enemy in sight and nothing worse confronting us than a perfectly simple soldier's job.

Suddenly, as we mounted a rise, a challenge rang out sharply.

"Halt! Who is there?"

And a blur that we knew was a cavalryman appeared dimly on the hillside a couple of hundred feet away.

I was close beside Hungerford and saw him start and then bow forward over the pommel.

There was an instant's hesitation, then I spoke up and gave the answer, remembering that they'd think that Hungerford was practising me; but the truth was, he couldn't have answered in the proper tone and with the proper spirit to save his life.

He got himself in hand, however, when we found the corporal in charge of that patrol, and asked the conventional questions, speaking with plenty of determination.

They had seen nothing.

Then he gave his orders with sufficient decision—the habit of command that had been drilled into him evidently helped him out—and we went on.

But when we were out of sight and hearing of the patrol he broke down completely. I saw it coming and dropped back and called softly to the orderly.

"The Lieutenant wishes you to keep well in the rear, Harris," I said, "and to watch carefully to the right and rear. We may halt ahead to reconnoitre for a moment, so stay where you are till he whistles."

"Very good, sir," said the orderly, saluting and reining in.

I hurried Hungerford forward a decent distance.

"What a skunk I am!" he kept moaning. "But I'm sick, Bill—honestly sick now."

He *was* sick. I got him off his horse and hung on to him, and pretty soon he felt better.

"Good God!" he said. "Will this never end?"

"Oh, brace up, Wayne!" I exploded. I began to get a little provoked. It was so unlike him, so childish. "There's nothing the matter with you," I said, "except that you're just played out. If anything really happened you'd be absolutely all right. It's just nerves——"

"I wish to God something would happen," he groaned. "It's this imagining that's killing me."

Well, he went on like that, only worse.

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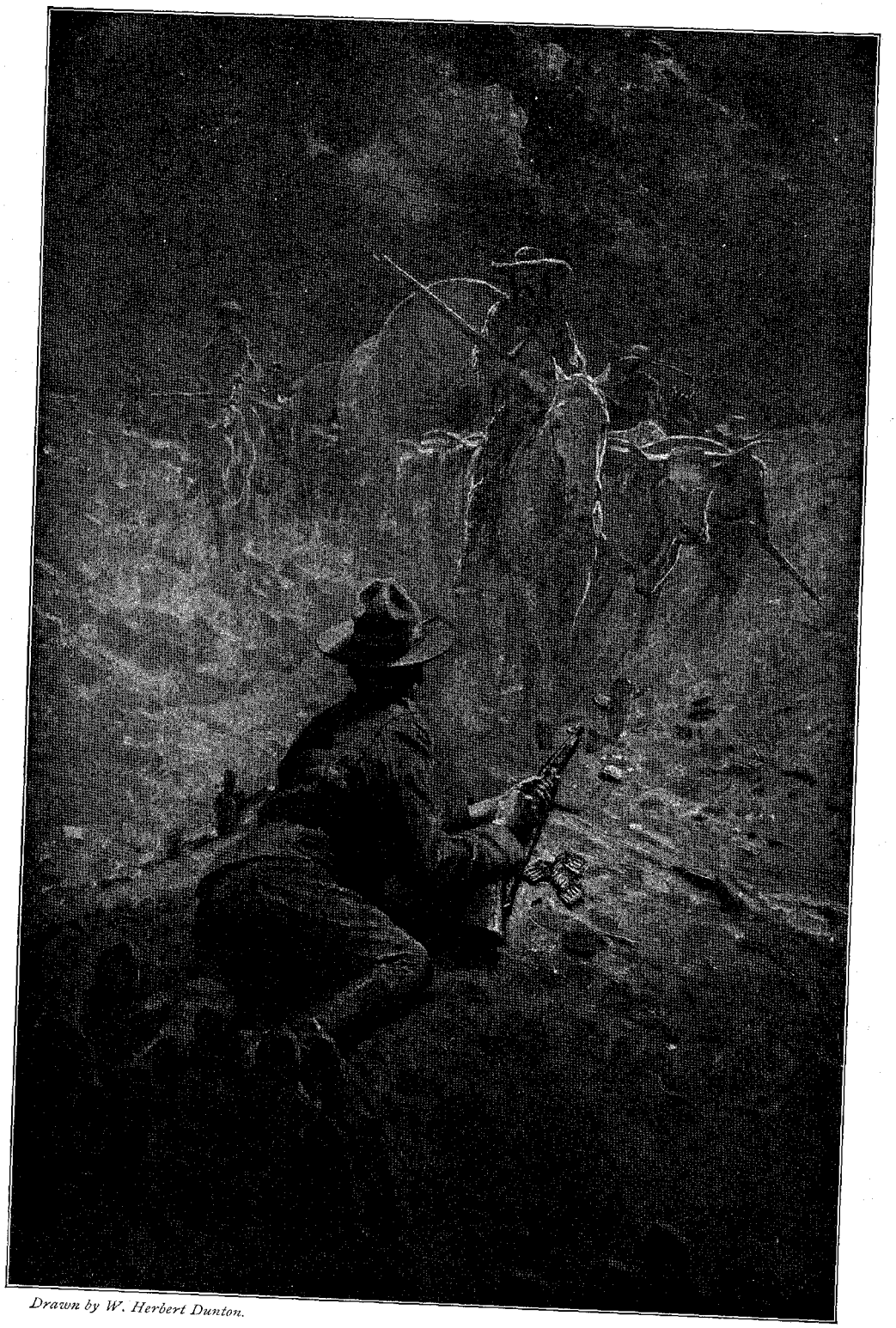

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"Look at the wagons . . . old prairie-schooners, as I'm alive——"—Page 316.

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It isn't pleasant to see and hear a strong man when he's nervously collapsed. It's hardly fair to him—though of course I'm not giving you his real name—to tell you what drivel he talked, because I honestly believe he wasn't responsible. He was all in and shakier, so far as nerves went, than a feeble old woman.

Suddenly, right in the midst of it, he became silent and still, and sat, bowed over, looking at the ground till I thought he was sick again and put my hand on his shoulder.

Then he looked up with the strangest expression on his face. His sickness had gone. The look of hopelessness had gone. He was alert, eager.

"Listen!" he said, holding up his hand. I could hear nothing. Then, in a minute: "There's something ahead now—it seems as if something's calling me. Blow your whistle and mount up."

Well, it was inexplicable to me. You never saw any man's whole appearance and manner change so suddenly. But he was in the saddle, starting ahead, and I whistled and followed.

He led us a long half-mile, pretty fast, and behind the crest of the little ridge we were on, evidently with the idea of keeping off the sky-line. At last we came to the end of the ridge and there was a little dry gully or ravine running north and south.

Hungerford halted and pointed off to the northwest over the rolling desert that lay before us in the dusky, dreamy light.

"There!" he said excitedly. "Don't you see? No—more to the left."

"What is it, Wayne?" I asked. "I can't see a thing."

"Why, that dim moving mass—that's a column of horsemen and wagons," he cried impatiently. "They're heading straight for us. Why hasn't the next patrol seen them?"

I strained my eyes in the direction he indicated. It was misty out there and I could not see a thing moving.

"See it, Harris?" I whispered to the orderly who had come up.

"Can't say I do, sir," admitted the puzzled Harris.

"Funny!" Hungerford soliloquized, peering through the night-glasses he was now using. "I can't seem to focus it in these. But, good heavens, I can see it plainly enough without."

He slipped out of the saddle and Harris and I started to dismount.

"Stay mounted," he ordered. "Give me your rifle and ammunition-belt, Harris. Now, Mr. Jarvis"—that's my name; he had to be formal before Harris—"I shall stay here. Harris, you will go on to patrol number two and bring all the men there to this point at once. Mr. Jarvis, you will return to the first patrol, which you will hurry here except one man who is to ride as fast as possible to the camp with my orders for the relief and all other available men to come here immediately. Leave my horse; he'll stand. Move lively now!"

And he started down into the gully with the orderly's rifle on his right shoulder and the web belt, heavy with cartridges, swinging from his left arm.

"Harris," I said softly to the orderly, before we parted, "the Lieutenant has been pretty sick to-night. He's an old friend of mine and a good friend to all you men. I don't think he's quite himself. Do as he's told you but bring the men here quietly and without saying anything—understand, without saying anything? It will be all right. I shall stay near by where I can watch him."

Harris looked at me soberly, saluted, and moved off on his errand.

I turned my horse in the direction in which we had come, rode a short distance, picketed the horse, and crawled back to the shoulder of the hill where I could watch Hungerford.

He had gone up a little way on the opposite slope and was trying again to make his night-glasses work. They were new—had, in fact, arrived that day. He tried a long time and then with a grunt of disgust threw them away and ran back into the ravine, looking the ground over carefully as he hurried along.

Near the middle of the gully, where it debouched into the level country to the north, was a low knoll. He went to this and, kneeling just behind the crest, put a clip into the rifle, which he laid on the ground at his right. Then he took a lot of clips from the belt and made a little pile of them beside the rifle.

His attention was concentrated on his

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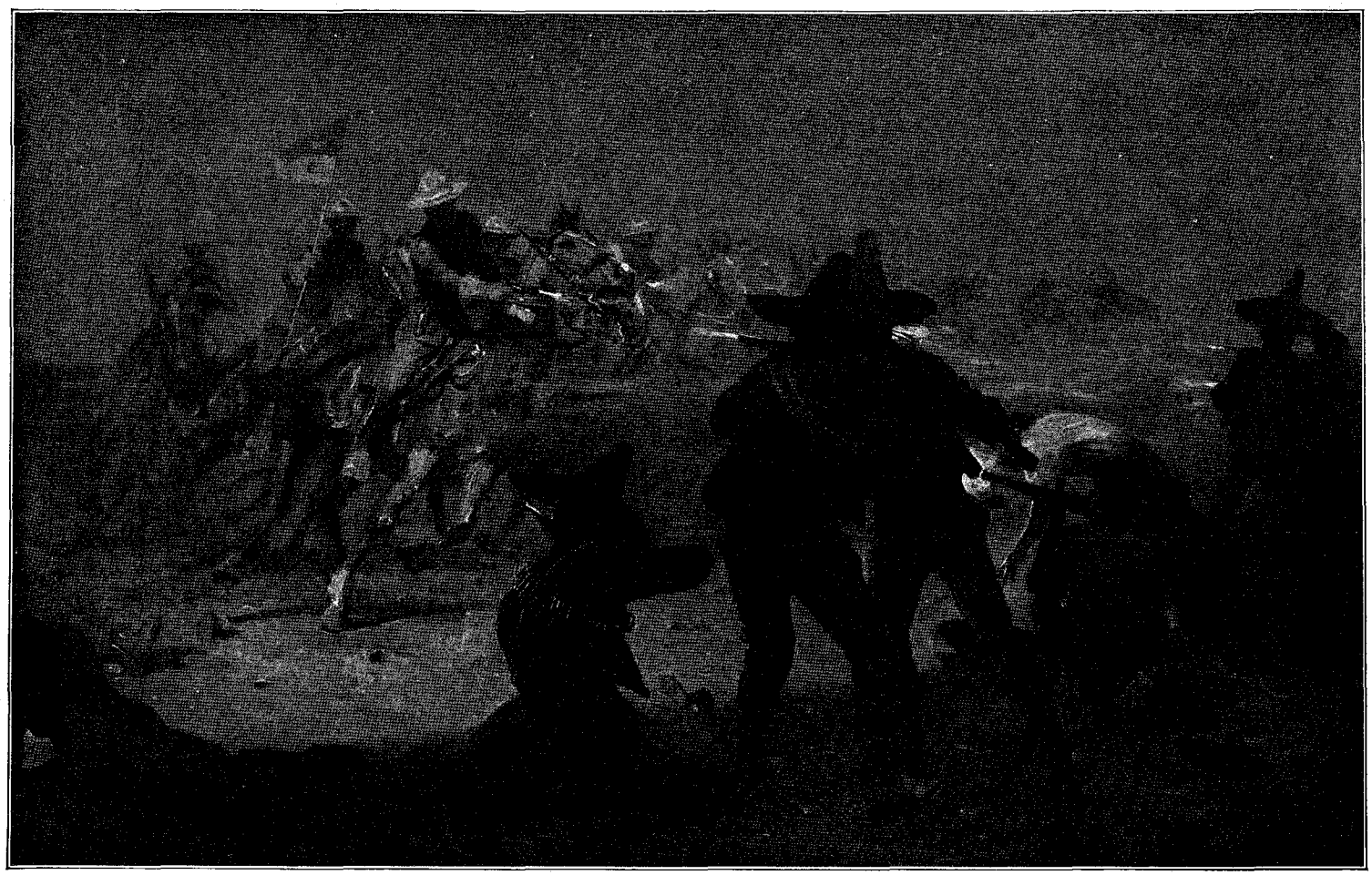

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

But you ought to have seen Hungerford. He waded into that fight like a child into its birthday cake.—Page 317.

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preparations and on what he saw—or thought he saw—out on the plain before him, and so I was able to get pretty close to him without his noticing me.

Did I tell you he had a habit of talking to himself occasionally when excited? As I heard him muttering to himself now I remembered that he used to do it sometimes when playing football. They say one of Yale's great ends in the nineties often did the same thing and frequently gave the plays away beforehand. I imagine that kind of thinking out loud in critical moments isn't an uncommon habit. In the stillness of the night, as I crept nearer, I could hear scraps of what Hungerford was saying.

"Look at the wagons . . . old prairie-schooners, as I'm alive—one, two, three, four, five of them . . . must be a hundred men, . . . all mounted, too . . . heading for this ravine all right . . . soldiers of some kind, Mexican guerillas, I'll bet . . . queer, though, they've got old-fashioned rifles with the polished barrels . . . you can see the moonlight catch them . . . coming fast . . . they'll be here long before the men come . . ."

He was so clear and intent about it that I wondered for an unreasonable instant if he were right. I rubbed my eyes and searched the plain, but it was all quiet and peaceful—not a thing moving that I could see.

Suddenly he sat back on his heels, threw back his head, raised his clenched hands to the sky, and laughed aloud.

It looked melodramatic, but the laugh took all suggestion of that sort of thing out of it. It was a spontaneous, boyish, happy chuckle. I hadn't heard Hungerford laugh like that since we were kids at Exeter.

"Thank God!" he breathed, with a relief in his voice that was pitiful in a way—glorious in a way—but that I really can't describe. "I'm *not afraid*—I'm not afraid any longer. I'm going to stop that whole blooming outfit."

Then, very deliberately, he stretched himself on his stomach behind the top of his little knoll, adjusted the rear sight of his rifle, and swung it forward into position at his shoulder.

"Three hundred yards—that'll be close enough," he muttered. "And I must challenge. It's an awful handicap, but I must give 'em a warning . . . just a chance they may be all right . . . but I don't believe it . . . that's the patrol-runners all right and a fighting crowd, too, I'll bet. . . . Hullo! here comes one old party riding out ahead."

He was still for a moment. Then his first two challenges sounded sharply, menacingly. Then, "Halt, or I fire!" and almost instantly his rifle roared, the report reverberating between the gully's sides like a volley.

Somehow that report broke a spell that had been over me and I had a divination that it had dissolved as well Hungerford's vision of the night, whatever it had been.

I jumped up and ran down toward him.

He had dropped his rifle, sprung to his feet, and was gazing steadily in the direction in which he had fired. Suddenly he waved his hand toward the plain and tried to call something in a half-choking voice toward somebody or something he saw there. Then he turned to me with an expression on his face I shall never forget.

"Bill," he said in a dazed sort of way, showing no surprise at my presence, "it's all right. I'm not afraid any longer. He's come back. I saw him. He's tested me out himself. It's all right."

All of a sudden, before I could say anything, from away over east, somewhere near the camp, came the popping of rifle-fire, as if in answer to Hungerford's single shot.

"What's that?" he cried, straightening up, with the old eagerness that I was familiar with in his manner. "Listen!"

Again came a spatter of shots.

"Good Lord, Bill," he gasped excitedly, "there's a *real* fight. And I'm not in it. Where the devil is my horse?"

Well, sir, half an hour later we were in as pretty a little row as you ever saw. Perhaps you read about it at the time in the papers. It seems that an aggregation of Mexicans had crossed the river, attacked the station, and killed the station-agent before he could shut the safe. They waited just a little too long, however, in their anxiety to find all the money, and the men at the camp, under the top sergeant, landed on them and got between them and the river. But they were a large crowd. They kept the station for their centre, filled it with snipers, and

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strung the rest out on the prairie in real skirmish order. By the time that Hungerford and I, followed closely by Harris and the second patrol, got there, we found a big job on our hands.

I'd never been under fire before and I'll admit I was scared. But you ought to have seen Hungerford. He waded into that fight like a child into its birthday cake. And when it was all over and we'd cleaned out that dirty gang I looked at Hungerford in the trying light of the early dawn.

He was a sight. That immaculate uniform would never be immaculate again. It was covered with dirt. There was a big tear across one knee of his riding-breeches. The left sleeve of his blouse was brown with dry blood from the crease a Mauser bullet had made in the fleshy part of his shoulder. His face was streaked with dirt and sweat. But to look in his eyes you'd see he'd been having the time of his life—*there* was the look of the old, happy, sandy Hungerford I used to know.

The young man stopped, leaned forward, and pointed at the book in my lap.

"Is there anything," he asked, "like this case in that?"

"Not precisely," I answered. "But I don't think I should look for a case like that in a book on heredity. If you explain it by some theory of heredity, you're getting a little superstitious, aren't you?"

"Do you really believe," he persisted, "that the real explanation is a purely scientific one?"

"You would not deny," I returned, "that it could be explained from a pathological standpoint, would you?"

"Well," he demurred, "there were what you might call pathological elements in it, I suppose——"

His unconvinced attitude spurred me on.

"Why," I argued, "your friend had on his mind his grandfather's imagined personality that had somehow made a great impression on him; he was in a nervously weak, almost exhausted condition; he subconsciously suspected that if he got into a genuine crisis of danger his qualms would disappear. If ever there was a case of self-suggestion——"

"You make it sound plausible, doctor," he interrupted, shaking his head, "and I think I'm a fairly sane person, but I tell you I saw the *man*. And there's one more thing. When I got back to El Paso I hunted up data about Doniphan's expedition. They have some records at the public library there. At Washington, on my way home, I searched in the War Department archives and the Congressional Library. Sure enough, Doniphan sent a flanking force off to the east. I measured up on the maps and put together my scraps of information and I can prove to you that that column went down across the Rio just where that little ravine lies."

THE OLD TECHNIQUE

By Margaret Sherwood

THROUGH the wild piping of these later years
The ancient wind undying murmur brings
Of elder poets' verse, wherein one hears
The melody at the deep heart of things.

For sun and stars an ordered motion keep;
The waves in measure break forevermore;
Our lives in rhythmic birth and death and sleep
Make endless music on the eternal shore.

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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

X

WHILE Nedda sat, long past midnight, writing her heart out in her little, white, lilac-curtained room of the old house above the Spaniard's Road, Derek, of whom she wrote, was walking along the Malvern Hills, hurrying upward in the darkness. The stars were his companions; though he was no poet, having rather the fervid temper of the born swordsman, that expresses itself in physical ecstasies. He had come straight out from a stormy midnight talk with Sheila. What was he doing—had been the burden of her cry—falling in love just at this moment when they wanted all their wits and all their time and strength for this struggle with the Mallorings? It was foolish, it was weak; and with a sweet, soft sort of girl who could be no use. Hotly he had answered: What business was it of hers? As if one fell in love when one wished! She didn't know—her blood didn't run fast enough! Sheila had retorted, "I've more blood in my big toe than Nedda in all her body! A lot of use you'll be, with your heart mooning up in London!" And crouched together on the end of her bed, gazing fixedly up at him through her hair, she had chanted mockingly: "Here we go gathering wool and stars—wool and stars—wool and stars!"

He had not deigned to answer, but had gone out, furious with her, striding over the dark fields, scrambling his way through the hedges toward the high loom of the hills. Up on the short grass in the cooler air, with nothing between him and those swarming stars, he lost his rage. It never lasted long—hers was more enduring. With the innate lordliness of a brother he already put it down to jealousy. Sheila was hurt that he should want any one but her; as if his love for Nedda would make any difference to their resolution to get justice for Tryst and the Gaunts, and show those landed tyrants once for all that they could not ride roughshod.

Nedda! with her dark eyes, so quick and clear, so loving when they looked at him! Nedda, so wonderful, and soft, and innocent! Nedda, the touch of whose lips had turned his heart to something strange within him, and wakened such feelings of chivalry! Nedda! To see whom for half a minute he would walk a hundred miles. She would be his star, ever guiding him to courage and nobility.

This boy's education had been administered solely by his mother till he was fourteen, and she had brought him up on mathematics, French, and heroism. His extensive reading of history had been focussed on the personality of heroes, chiefly knights errant, and revolutionaries. He had carried the worship of them to the Agricultural College, where he had spent four years; and a rather rough time there had not succeeded in knocking romance out of him. He had found that you could not have such beliefs comfortably without fighting for them, and though he ended his career with the reputation of a rebel and a champion of the weak, he had had to earn it. To this day he still fed himself on stories of rebellions and fine deeds. The figures of Spartacus, Montrose, Hofer, Garibaldi, Hampden, and John Nicholson, were more real to him than the people among whom he lived, though he had learned never to mention—especially not to the matter-of-fact Sheila—his encompassing cloud of heroes; but, when he was alone, he pranced a bit with them, and promised himself that he too would reach the stars. So you may sometimes see a little, grave boy walking through a field, unwatched as he believes, suddenly fling his feet and his head every which way. An active nature, romantic, without being dreamy and book-loving, is not too prone

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to the attacks of love; such a one is likely to survive unscathed to a maturer age. But Nedda had seduced him, partly by the appeal of her sudden manifest love and admiration, and chiefly by her eyes, through which such a true, kind, loyal, and loving little soul was looking. She had that indefinable something which lovers know that they can never throw away. And he had at once made of her, secretly, the crown of his active romanticism—the lady waiting for the spoils of his lance. Queer is the heart of a boy—strange its blending of reality and romance!

Climbing at a great pace, he reached Malvern Beacon just as it came dawn, and stood there on the top, watching. He had not much æsthetic sense; but he had enough to be impressed by the slow paling of the stars over space that seemed infinite, so little were its dreamy confines visible in the May morning haze, where the quivering crimson flags and spears of sunrise forged up in a march upon the sky. That vision of the English land at dawn, wide and mysterious, hardly tallied with Mr. Cuthcott's view of a future dedicate to Park and Garden City. While Derek stood there gazing, the first lark soared up and began its bright praise. Save for that song, silence possessed all the driven dark, right out to the Severn and the sea, and the fastnesses of the Welsh hills, and the Wrekin, away in the north, a black point in the gray. For a moment dark and light hovered and clung together. Would victory wing back into night or on into day? Then, as a town is taken, all was over in one overmastering rush, and light proclaimed. Derek tightened his belt and took a bee-line down over the slippery grass. He meant to reach the cottage of the laborer Tryst before that early bird was away to the fields. He meditated as he went. Bob Tryst was all right! If they only had a dozen or two like him! A dozen or two whom they could trust, and who would trust each other and stand firm to form the nucleus of a strike, which could be timed for hay harvest. What slaves these laborers still were! If only they could be relied on, if only they would stand together! Slavery! It *was* slavery; so long as they could be turned out of their homes at will in this fashion. His rebellion against the conditions of their lives, above all against the manifold petty tyrannies that he knew they underwent, came from use of his eyes and ears in daily contact with a class among whom he had been more or less brought up. Of them, and yet not of them, he had the queer privilege of feeling their slights as if they were his own, together with feelings of protection, and even of contempt that they should let themselves be slighted. He was near enough to understand how they must feel; not near enough to understand why, feeling as they did, they did not act as he would have acted. In truth, he knew them as little as most of his class.

He found Tryst washing at his pump. In the early morning light the big laborer's square, stubborn face, with its strange, dog-like eyes, had a sodden, hungry, lost look. Cutting short ablutions that in truth were never protracted, he welcomed Derek, and motioned him to pass into the kitchen. The young man went in, and perched himself on the window-sill beside a pot of Bridal Wreath. The cottage was one of the Mallorings', and recently repaired. A little fire was burning, and a teapot of stewed tea sat there beside it. Four cups and spoons and some sugar were put out on a deal table, for Tryst was, in fact, brewing the morning draught of himself and children, who still lay abed up-stairs. The sight made Derek shiver and his eyes darken. He knew the full significance of what he saw.

"Did you ask him again, Bob?"

"Yes, I asked 'im."

"What did he say?"

"Said as orders was plain. 'So long as you lives there,' he says, 'along of yourself alone, you can't have her come back.'"

"Did you say the children wanted looking after badly? Did you make it clear? Did you say Mrs. Tryst wished it, before she——"

"I said that."

"What did he say then?"

"'Sorry for you, m'lad, but them's m'lady's orders, an' I can't go contrary. I don' wish to go into things,' he says; 'you know better'n I how far 'tis gone when she was 'ere before; but seein' as m'lady don't never give in to deceased wife's sister marryin', if she come back

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'tis certain to be the other thing. So, as that won't do neither, you go elsewhere,' he says."

Having spoken thus at length, Tryst lifted the teapot and poured out the dark tea into the three cups.

"Will 'ee have some, sir?"

Derek shook his head.

Taking the cups, Tryst departed up the narrow stairway. And Derek remained motionless, staring at the Bridal Wreath, till the big man came down again and, retiring into a far corner, sat sipping at his own cup.

"Bob," said the boy suddenly, "do you *like* being a dog; put to what company your master wishes?"

Tryst set his cup down, stood up, and crossed his thick arms—the swift movement from that stolid creature had in it something sinister; but he did not speak.

"Do you like it, Bob?"

"I'll not say what I feels, Mr. Derek; that's for me. What I does'll be for others, p'raps."

And he lifted his strange, lowering eyes to Derek's. For a full minute the two stared, then Derek said:

"Look out, then; be ready!" and, getting off the sill, he went out.

On the bright, slimy surface of the pond three ducks were quietly revelling in that hour before man and his damned soul, the dog, rose to put the fear of God into them. In the sunlight, against the green duckweed, their whiteness was truly marvellous; difficult to believe that they were not white all through. Passing the three cottages, in the last of which the Gaunts lived, he came next to his own home, but did not turn in, and made on toward the church. It was a very little one, very old, and had for him a curious fascination, never confessed to man or beast. To his mother, and Sheila, more intolerant, as became women, that little, lichened, gray stone building was the very emblem of hypocrisy, of a creed preached, not practised; to his father it was nothing, for it was not alive, and any tramp, dog, bird, or fruit-tree meant far more. But in Derek it roused a peculiar feeling, such as a man might have gazing at the shores of a native country, out of which he had been thrown for no fault of his own—a yearning deeply muffled-up in pride and resentment. Not infrequently he would come and sit brooding on the grassy hillock just above the churchyard. Churchgoing, with its pageantry, its tradition, dogma, and demand for blind devotion, would have suited him very well, if only blind devotion to his mother had not stood across that threshold; he could not bring himself to bow to that which viewed his rebellious mother as lost. And yet the deep fibres of heredity from her papistic Highland ancestors, and from old pious Moretons, drew him constantly to this spot at times when no one would be about. It was his enemy, this little church, the fold of all the instincts and all the qualities against which he had been brought up to rebel; the very home of patronage and property and superiority; the school where his friends the laborers were taught their place! And yet it had that queer, ironical attraction for him. In some such sort had his pet hero Montrose rebelled, and then been drawn despite himself once more to the side of that against which he had taken arms.

While he leaned against the rail, gazing at that ancient edifice, he saw a girl walk into the churchyard at the far end, sit down on a gravestone, and begin kicking a little hole in the grass with the toe of her boot. She did not seem to see him, and he studied at ease her face, one of those broad, bright English country faces with deep-set rogue eyes and red, thick, soft lips, smiling on little provocation. In spite of her disgrace, in spite of the fact that she was sitting on her mother's grave, she did not look depressed. And Derek thought: 'Wilmet Gaunt is the jolliest of them all! She isn't a bit a bad girl, as they say; it's only that she must have fun. If they drive her out of here, she'll still want fun wherever she is; she'll go to a town, and end up like those girls I saw in Bristol.' And the memory of those night girls, with their rouged faces and cringing boldness, came back to him with horror.

He went across the grass toward her.

She looked round as he came, and her face livened.

"Well, Wilmet?"

"You're an early bird, Mr. Derek."

"Haven't been to bed."

"Oh!"

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"Been up Malvern Beacon to see the sun rise."

"You're tired, I expect!"

"No."

"Must be fine up there. You'd see a long ways from there; near to London I should think. Do you know London, Mr. Derek?"

"No."

"They say 'tis a funny place, too." Her rogue eyes gleamed from under a heavy frown. "It'd not be all 'Do this' an' 'Do that'; an' 'You bad girl' an' 'You little hussy!' in London. They say there's room for more'n one sort of girl there."

"All towns are beastly places, Wilmet."

Again her rogue's eyes gleamed. "I don' know so much about that, Mr. Derek. I'm going where I won't be chivied about and pointed at, like what I am here."

"Your dad's stuck to you; you ought to stick to him."

"Ah, Dad! He's lost his place for me, but that don't stop his tongue at home. 'Tis no use to nag me—nag me. Suppose one of m'lady's daughters had a bit of fun—they say there's lots as do—I've heard tales—there'd be none comin' to chase her out of her home. 'No, my girl, you can't live here no more, endangerin' the young men. You go away. Best for you's where they'll teach you to be'ave. Go on! Out with you! I don't care where you go; but you just go!' 'Tis as if girls were all pats o' butter—same square, same pattern on it, same weight an' all."

Derek had come closer; he put his hand down and gripped her arm. Her eloquence dried up before the intentness of his face, and she just stared up at him.

"Now, look here, Wilmet; you promise me not to scoot without letting us know. We'll get you a place to go to. Promise."

A little sheepishly the rogue-girl answered:

"I promise; only, I'm goin'."

Suddenly she dimpled and broke into her broad smile.

"Mr. Derek, d'you know what they say—they say you're in love. You was seen in th' orchard. Ah! 'tis all right for you and her! But if any one kiss and hug me, I got to go!"

Derek drew back among the graves, as if he had been struck with a whip.

She looked up at him with coaxing sweetness.

"Don't you mind me, Mr. Derek, and don't you stay here neither. If they saw you here with me, they'd say: 'Aw—look! Endangerin' another young man—poor young man!' Good mornin', Mr. Derek!"

The rogue eyes followed him gravely, then once more began examining the grass, and the toe of her boot again began kicking a little hole. But Derek did not look back.

XI

It is in the nature of men and angels to pursue with death such birds as are uncommon, such animals as are rare; and Society had no use for such a one as Tod, so uncut to its pattern as to be practically unconscious of its existence. Not that he had deliberately turned his back on anything; he had merely begun as a very young man to keep bees. The better to do that he had gone on to the cultivation of flowers and fruit, together with just enough farming as kept his household in vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs. Living thus amongst insects, birds, cows, and the peace of trees, he had become queer. His was not a very reflective mind, it distilled but slowly certain large conclusions, and followed intently the minute happenings of his little world. To him a bee, a bird, a flower, a tree was well-nigh as interesting as a man; yet men, women, and especially children took to him, as one takes to a Newfoundland dog, because, though capable of anger, he seemed incapable of contempt, and to be endowed with a sort of permanent wonder at things. Then, too, he was good to look at, which counts for more than a little in the scales of our affections; indeed, the slight air of absence in his blue eyes was not chilling, as is that which portends a wandering of its owner on his own business. People recognized that it meant some bee or other in that bonnet, or elsewhere, some sound or scent or sight of life, suddenly perceived—always of life! He had often been observed gazing with peculiar gravity at a dead flower, bee, bird, or beetle, and, if spoken to at such a moment, would say, "Gone!" touching a wing or petal with his finger. To

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conceive of what happened after death did not apparently come within the few large conclusions of his reflective powers. That quaint grief of his in the presence of the death of things that were not human had, more than anything, fostered a habit among the gentry and clergy of the neighborhood of drawing up the mouth when they spoke of him, and slightly raising the shoulders. For the cottagers, to be sure, his eccentricity consisted rather in his being a 'gentleman,' yet neither eating flesh, drinking wine, nor telling them how they ought to behave themselves, together with the way he would sit down on anything and listen to what they had to tell him, without giving them the impression that he was proud of himself for doing so. In fact, it was the extraordinary conviction he conveyed of listening and answering without wanting anything either for himself or for them, that they could not understand. How on earth it came about that he did not give them advice about their politics, religion, morals, or monetary states, was to them a never-ending mystery; and though they were too well bred to shrug their shoulders, there did lurk in their dim minds the suspicion that 'the good gentleman,' as they called him, was 'a tiddy-bit off.' He had, of course, done many practical little things toward helping them and their beasts, but always, as it seemed, by accident, so that they could never make up their minds afterward whether he remembered having done them, which, in fact, he probably did not; and this seemed to them perhaps the most damning fact of all about his being—well, about his being—not quite all there. Another worrying habit he had, too, that of apparently not distinguishing between them and any tramps or strangers who might happen along and come across him. This was, in their eyes, undoubtedly a fault; for the village was, after all, the village, and he, as it were, their property. To crown all, there was a story, full ten years old now, which had lost nothing in the telling, of his treatment of a cattle-drover. To the village it had an eerie look, that windmill-like rage let loose upon a man who, after all, had only been twisting a bullock's tail and running a spiked stick into its softer parts, as any drover might. People said—the postman and a wagoner had seen the business, *raconteurs* born, so that the tale had perhaps lost nothing—that he had positively roared as he came leaping down into the lane upon the man, a stout and thick-set fellow, taken him up like a baby, popped him into a furze-bush, and held him there. People said that his own bare arms had been pricked to the very shoulder from pressing the drover down into that uncompromising shrub, and the man's howls had pierced the very heavens. The postman, to this day, would tell how the mere recollection of seeing it still made him sore all over. Of the words assigned to Tod on this occasion, the mildest and probably most true were: "By the Lord God, if you treat a beast like that again, I'll cut your liver out, you hell-hearted sweep!"

The incident, which had produced a somewhat marked effect in regard to the treatment of animals all round that neighborhood, had never been forgotten, nor in a sense forgiven. In conjunction with the extraordinary peace and mildness of his general behavior, it had endowed Tod with mystery; and people, especially simple folk, cannot bring themselves to feel quite at home with mystery. Children only—to whom everything is so mysterious that nothing can be—treated him as he treated them, giving him their hands with confidence. But children, even his own, as they grew up, began to have a little of the village feeling toward Tod; his world was not theirs, and what exactly his world was they could not grasp. Possibly it was the sense that they partook of his interest and affection too much on a level with any other kind of living thing that might happen to be about, which discomforted their understanding. They held him, however, in a certain reverence.

That early morning he had already done a good two hours' work in connection with broad beans, of which he grew, perhaps, the best in the whole country, and had knocked off for a moment, to examine a spider's web. This marvellous creation, which the dew had visited and clustered over, as stars over the firmament, was hung on the gate of the vegetable garden, and the spider, a large and active one, was regarding Tod with the misgiving

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natural to its species. Intensely still Tod stood, absorbed in contemplation of that bright and dusty miracle. Then, taking up his hoe again, he went back to the weeds that threatened his broad beans. Now and again he stopped to listen, or to look at the sky, as is the way of husbandmen, thinking of nothing, enjoying the peace of his muscles.

"Please, sir, father's got into a fit again."

Two little girls were standing in the lane below. The elder, who had spoken in that small, anxious voice, had a pale little face with pointed chin; her hair, the color of over-ripe corn, hung fluffy on her thin shoulders, her flower-like eyes, with something motherly in them already, were the same hue as her pale-blue, almost clean, overall. She had her smaller, chubbier sister by the hand, and, having delivered her message, stood still, gazing up at Tod, as one might at God. Tod dropped his hoe.

"Biddy come with me; Susie go and tell Mrs. Freeland, or Miss Sheila."

He took the frail little hand of the elder Tryst and ran. They ran at the child's pace, the one so very massive, the other such a whiff of flesh and blood.

"Did you come at once, Biddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was he taken?"

"In the kitchen—just as I was cookin' breakfast."

"You?—Ah! Is it a bad one?"

"Yes, sir, awful bad—he's all foamy."

"What did you do for it?"

"Susie and me turned him over, and Billy's seein' he don't get his tongue down his throat—like what you told us, and we ran to you. Susie was frightened, he hollered so."

Past the three cottages, whence a woman at a window stared in amaze to see that queer couple running, past the pond where the ducks, whiter than ever in the brightening sunlight, dived and circled carelessly, into the Tryst kitchen. There on the brick floor lay the distressful man, already struggling back out of epilepsy, while his little frightened son sat manfully beside him.

"Towels, and hot water, Biddy!"

With extraordinary calm rapidity the small creature brought what might have been two towels, a basin, and the kettle; and in silence she and Tod steeped his forehead.

"Eyes look better, Biddy?"

"He don't look so funny now, sir."

Picking up that form, almost as big as his own, Tod carried it up impossibly narrow stairs and laid it on a dishevelled bed.

"Phew! Open the window, Biddy."

The small creature opened what there was of window.

"Now, go down and heat two bricks and wrap them in something, and bring them up."

Tryst's boots and socks removed, Tod rubbed the large, warped feet. While doing this he whistled, and the little boy crept up-stairs and squatted in the doorway, to watch and listen. The morning air overcame with its sweetness the natural odor of that small room, and a bird or two went flirting past. The small creature came back with the bricks, wrapped in petticoats of her own, and, placing them against the soles of her father's feet, she stood gazing at Tod, for all the world like a little mother dog with puppies.

"You can't go to school to-day, Biddy."

"Is Susie and Billy to go?"

"Yes; there's nothing to be frightened of now. He'll be nearly all right by evening. But some one shall stay with you."

At this moment Tryst lifted his hand, and the small creature went and stood beside him, listening to the whispering that emerged from his thick lips.

"Father says I'm to thank you, please."

"Yes. Haven't you had your breakfasts?"

The small creature and her smaller brother shook their heads.

"Go down and get them."

Whispering and twisting back, they went, and by the side of the bed Tod sat down. In Tryst's eyes was that same look of dog-like devotion he had bent on Derek earlier that morning. Tod stared out of the window and gave the man's big hand a squeeze. Of what did he think, watching a lime-tree outside and the sunlight through its foliage painting bright the room's newly whitewashed wall, already gray-spotted with damp again; watching the shadows of the leaves playing in that sunlight? Almost cruel, that

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lovely shadow game of outside life so full and joyful and careless of man and suffering; too gay almost, too alive! Of what did he think, watching the chase and dart of shadow on shadow, as of gray butterflies fluttering swift to the sack of flowers, while beside him on the bed the big laborer lay? . . .

When Kirsteen and Sheila came to relieve him of that vigil he went down-stairs. There in the kitchen Biddy was washing up, and Susie and Billy putting on their boots for school. They stopped to gaze at Tod feeling in his pockets, for they knew that things sometimes happened after that. To-day there came out two carrots, some lumps of sugar, some cord, a bill, a pruning knife, a bit of wax, a bit of chalk, three flints, a pouch of tobacco, two pipes, a match-box with a single match in it, a sixpence, a necktie, a stick of chocolate, a tomato, a handkerchief, a dead bee, an old razor, a bit of gauze, some tow, a stick of caustic, a reel of cotton, a needle, a thimble, two dock leaves, and some sheets of yellowish paper. He separated from the rest the sixpence, the dead bee, and what was edible. And in delighted silence the three little Trysts gazed, till Biddy with the tip of one wet finger touched the bee.

"Not good to eat, Biddy."

At those words, one after the other, cautiously, the three little Trysts smiled. Finding that Tod smiled too, they broadened, and Billy burst into chuckles. Then, clustering in the doorway, grasping the edibles and sixpence, and consulting with each other, they looked long after his big figure passing down the road.

XII

Still later, that same morning, Derek and Sheila moved slowly up the Mallorings' well-swept drive. Their lips were set, as though they had spoken the last word before battle, and an old cock pheasant, running into the bushes close by, rose with a whir and skimmed out toward his covert, scared, perhaps, by something uncompromising in the footsteps of those two.

Only when actually under the shelter of the porch, which some folk thought enhanced the old Greek-temple effect of the Mallorings' house, Derek broke through that taciturnity:

"What if they won't?"

"Wait and see; and don't lose your head, Derek."

The man who stood there when the door opened was tall, grave, wore his hair in powder, and waited without speech.

"Will you ask Sir Gerald and Lady Malloring if Miss Freeland and Mr. Derek Freeland could see them, please; and will you say the matter is urgent."

The man bowed, left them, and soon came back.

"My lady will see you, miss; Sir Gerald is not in. This way."

Past the statuary, flowers, and antlers of the hall, they traversed a long, cool corridor, and through a white door entered a white room, not very large, and very pretty. Two children got up as they came in and flapped out past them like young partridges, and Lady Malloring rose from her writing-table and came forward, holding out her hand. The two young Freelands took it gravely. For all their hostility they could not withstand the feeling that she would think them terrible young prigs if they simply bowed. And they looked steadily at one with whom they had never before been at quite such close quarters. Lady Malloring, who had originally been the Honorable Mildred Killory, a daughter of Viscount Silport, was of medium height, slender, and not very striking, with darkish hair going rather gray; her expression in repose was pleasant, a little anxious; only by her eyes was the suspicion awakened that she was a woman of some character. They had that peculiar look of belonging to two worlds, so often to be met with in English eyes, a look of self-denying aspiration, tinctured with the suggestion that denial might not be confined to self.

In a quite friendly voice she said:

"Can I do anything for you?" And while she waited for an answer her glance travelled from face to face of the two young people, with a certain curiosity. After a silence of several seconds, Sheila answered:

"Not for us, thank you; for others, you can."

Lady Malloring's eyebrows rose a little,

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as if there seemed to her something rather unjust in those words—'for others.'

"Yes?" she said.

Sheila, whose hands were clenched, and whose face had been fiery red, grew suddenly almost white.

"Lady Malloring, will you please let the Gaunts stay in their cottage and Tryst's wife's sister come to live with the children and him."

Lady Malloring raised one hand; the motion, quite involuntary, ended at the tiny cross on her breast. She said quietly:

"I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Yes," said Sheila, still very pale, "we understand quite well. We understand that you are acting in what you believe to be the interests of morality. All the same, won't you? Do!"

"I'm very sorry, but I can't."

"May we ask why?"

Lady Malloring started, and transferred her glance to Derek.

"I don't know," she said with a smile, "that I am obliged to account for my actions to you two young people. Besides, you must know why, quite well."

Sheila put out her hand.

"Wilmet Gaunt will go to the bad if you turn them out."

"I am afraid I think she has gone to the bad already, and I do not mean her to take others there with her. I am sorry for poor Tryst, and I wish he could find some nice woman to marry; but what he proposes is impossible."

The blood had flared up again in Sheila's cheeks; she was as red as the comb of a turkey-cock.

"Why shouldn't he marry his wife's sister? It's legal, now, and you've no right to stop it."

Lady Malloring bit her lips; she looked straight and hard at Sheila.

"I do not stop it; I have no means of stopping it. Only, he cannot do it and live in one of our cottages. I don't think we need discuss this further."

"I beg your pardon——"

The words had come from Derek. Lady Malloring paused in her walk toward the bell. With his peculiar thin-lipped smile the boy went on:

"We imagined you would say no; we really came because we thought it fair to warn you that there may be trouble."

Lady Malloring smiled.

"This is a private matter between us and our tenants, and we should be so glad if you could manage not to interfere."

Derek bowed, and put his hand within his sister's arm. But Sheila did not move; she was trembling with anger.

"Who are you," she suddenly burst out, "to dispose of the poor, body and soul? Who are you, to dictate their private lives? If they pay their rent, that should be enough for you."

Lady Malloring moved swiftly again toward the bell. She paused with her hand on it, and said:

"I am sorry for you two; you have been miserably brought up!"

There was a silence; then Derek said quietly:

"Thank you; we shall remember that insult to our people. Don't ring, please; we're going."

In a silence if anything more profound than that of their approach, the two young people retired down the drive. They had not yet learned—most difficult of lessons—how to believe that people could in their bones differ from them. It had always seemed to them that if only they had a chance of putting directly what they thought, the other side must at heart agree, and only go on saying they didn't out of mere self-interest. They came away, therefore, from this encounter with the enemy a little dazed by the discovery that Lady Malloring in her bones believed that she was right. It confused them, and heated the fires of their anger. They had shaken off all private dust before at last Sheila spoke.

"They're all like that—can't see or feel—simply certain they're superior! It makes—it makes me hate them! It's terrible, ghastly." And while she stammered out those little stabs of speech, tears of rage rolled down her cheeks.

Derek put his arm round her waist.

"All right! No good groaning; let's think seriously what to do."

There was comfort to the girl in that curiously sudden reversal of their usual attitudes.

"Whatever's done," he went on, "has got to be startling. It's no good pottering and protesting, any more." And be-

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tween his teeth he muttered: "'Men of England, wherefore plough?' . . ."

In the room where the encounter had taken place Mildred Malloring was taking her time to recover. From very childhood she had felt that the essence of her own goodness, the essence of her duty in life, was the doing of 'good' to others; from very childhood she had never doubted that she was in a position to do this, and that those to whom she did good, although they might kick against it as inconvenient, must admit that it *was* their 'good.' The thought: 'They don't admit that I am superior!' had never even occurred to her, so completely was she unself-conscious, in her convinced superiority. It was hard, indeed, to be flung against such outspoken rudeness. It shook her more than she gave sign of, for she was not by any means an insensitive woman—shook her almost to the point of feeling that there was something in the remonstrance of those dreadful young people. Yet, how could there be, when no one knew better than she that the laborers on the Malloring estate were better off than those on nine out of ten estates; better paid and better housed, and—better looked after in their morals. Was she to give up that?—when she knew that she *was* better able to tell what was good for them than they were themselves. After all, without stripping herself naked of every thought, experience, and action since her birth, how could she admit that she was not better able? And slowly, in the white room with the moss-green carpet, she recovered, till there was only just a touch of soreness left, at the injustice implicit in their words. Those two had been 'miserably brought up,' had never had a chance of finding their proper place, of understanding that they were just two callow young things, for whom Life had some fearful knocks in store. She could even feel now that she had meant that saying: 'I am sorry for you two!' She *was* sorry for them, sorry for their want of manners and their point of view, neither of which they could help, of course, with a mother like that. For all her gentleness and sensibility, there was much practical directness about Mildred Malloring; for her, a page turned was a page turned, an idea absorbed was never disgorged; she was of religious temperament, ever trimming her course down the exact channel marked out with buoys by the Port Authorities, and really incapable of imagining spiritual wants in others that could not be satisfied by what satisfied herself. And this pathetic strength she had in common with many of her fellow creatures in every class. Sitting down at the writing-table from which she had been disturbed, she leaned her thin, rather long, gentle, but stubborn face on her hand, thinking. These Gaunts were a source of irritation in the parish, a kind of open sore. It would be better if they could be got rid of before Quarter Day, up to which she had weakly said they might remain. Far better for them to go at once, if it could be arranged. As for the poor fellow Tryst, thinking that by plunging into sin he could improve his lot and his poor children's, it was really criminal of those Freelands to encourage him. She had refrained hitherto from seriously worrying Gerald on such points of village policy—his hands were so full; but he must now take his part. And she rang the bell.

"Tell Sir Gerald I'd like to see him, please, as soon as he gets back."

"Sir Gerald has just come in, my lady."

"Now, then!"

Gerald Malloring—an excellent fellow, as could be seen from his face of strictly Norman architecture, with blue stained-glass windows rather deep set in—had only one defect: he was not a poet. Not that this would have seemed to him anything but an advantage, had he been aware of it. His was one of those high-principled natures to whom breadth was synonymous with weakness. It may be said without exaggeration that the few meetings of his life with those who had a touch of the poet in them had been exquisitely uncomfortable. Silent, almost taciturn by nature, he was a great reader of poetry, and seldom went to sleep without having digested a page or two of Wordsworth, Milton, Tennyson, or Scott. Byron, save such poems as 'Don Juan' or 'The Waltz,' he could but did not read, for fear of setting a bad example. Burns, Shelley, and Keats he did not care for. Browning pained him, except for the poems: 'How They Brought the Good

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News from Ghent to Aix' and the 'Cavalier Tunes'; while of 'Omar Khayyám' and 'The Hound of Heaven' he definitely disapproved. For Shakespeare he had no real liking, though he concealed this, from humility in the face of accepted opinion. His was a firm mind, sure of itself, but not self-assertive. His points were so good, and he had so many of them, that it was only when he met any one touched with poetry that his limitations became apparent; it was rare, however, and getting more so every year, for him to have this unpleasant experience.

When summoned by his wife, he came in with a wrinkle between his straight brows; he had just finished a morning's work on a drainage scheme, like the really good fellow that he was. She greeted him with a little special smile. Nothing could be friendlier than the relations between these two. Affection and trust, undeviating undemonstrativeness, identity of feeling as to religion, children, property; and, in regard to views on the question of sex, a really strange unanimity, considering that they were man and woman.

"It's about these Gaunts, Gerald. I feel they must go at once. They're only creating bad feeling by staying till Quarter Day. I have had the young Freelands here."

"Those young pups!"

"Can't it be managed?"

Malloring did not answer hastily. He had that best point of the good Englishman, a dislike to being moved out of a course of conduct by anything save the appeal of his own conscience.

"I don't know," he said, "why we should alter what we thought was just. Must give him time to look round and get a job elsewhere."

"I think the general state of feeling demands it. It's not fair to the villagers to let the Freelands have such a handle for agitating. Labor's badly wanted everywhere; he can't have any difficulty in getting a place, if he likes."

"No. Only, I rather admire the fellow for sticking by his girl, though he is such a 'land-lawyer.' I think it's a bit harsh to move him suddenly."

"So did I, till I saw from those young furies what harm it's doing. They really do infect the cottagers. You know how discontent spreads. And Tryst—they're egging him on, too."

Malloring very thoughtfully filled a pipe. He was not an alarmist; if anything, he erred on the side of not being alarmed until it was all over and there was no longer anything to be alarmed at! His imagination would then sometimes take fire, and he would say that such and such, or so and so, was dangerous.

"I'd rather go and have a talk with Freeland," he said. "He's queer, but he's not at all a bad chap."

Lady Malloring rose, and took one of his real-leather buttons in her hand.

"My dear Gerald, Mr. Freeland doesn't exist."

"Don't know about that; a man can always come to life if he likes, in his own family."

Lady Malloring was silent. It was true. For all their unanimity of thought and feeling, for all the latitude she had in domestic and village affairs, Gerald had a habit of filling his pipe with her decisions. Quite honestly, she had no objection to their becoming smoke through *his* lips, though she might wriggle just a little. To her credit, she did entirely carry out in her life her professed belief that husbands should be the forefronts of their wives. For all that, there burst from her lips the words:

"That Freeland woman! When I think of the mischief she's always done here, by her example and her irreligion—I can't forgive her. I don't believe you'll make any impression on Mr. Freeland; he's entirely under her thumb."

Smoking slowly, and looking just over the top of his wife's head, Malloring answered:

"I'll have a try; and don't you worry!"

Lady Malloring turned away. Her soreness still wanted salve.

"Those two young people," she murmured, "said some very unpleasant things to me. The boy, I believe, might have some good in him, but the girl is simply terrible."

"H'm! I think just the reverse, you know."

"They'll come to awful grief if they're not brought up sharp. They ought to be sent to the colonies to learn reality."

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Malloring nodded.

"Come out, Mildred, and see how they're getting on with the new vinery." And they went out together through the French window.

The vinery was of their own designing, and of extraordinary interest. In contemplation of its lofty glass and aluminium-cased pipes the feeling of soreness left her. It was very pleasant, standing with Gerald, looking at what they had planned together; there was a soothing sense of reality about that visit, after the morning's happening, with its disappointment, its reminder of immorality and discontent, and of folk ungrateful for what was done for their good—after all this miasma of unreal agitation. And, squeezing her husband's arm, she murmured:

"It's really exactly what we thought it would be, Gerald!"

XIII

About five o'clock of that same afternoon, Gerald Malloring went to see Tod. An open-air man himself, who often deplored the long hours he was compelled to spend in the peculiar atmosphere of the House of Commons, he rather envied Tod his existence in this cottage, crazed from age, and clothed with wistaria, rambler roses, sweetbrier, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper. Freeland had, in his opinion, quite a jolly life of it—the poor fellow not being able, of course, to help having a cranky wife and children like that. He thought of a talk at Becket, when Stanley, still under the influence of Felix's outburst, had uttered one or two rather queer sayings. For instance, he had supposed that they (meaning, apparently, himself and Malloring) *were* rather unable to put themselves in the position of these Trysts and Gaunts. He seemed to speak of them as one might speak generically of Hodge, which had struck Malloring as singular, it not being his habit to see anything in common between an individual case, especially on his own estate, and the ethics of a general proposition. The place for general propositions was undoubtedly the House of Commons, where they could be supported one way or the other, out of blue books. He had little use for them in private life, where innumerable things such as humanity and all that came into play. He had stared rather hard at his host when Stanley had followed up that first remark with: "I'm bound to say, *I* shouldn't care to have to get up at half past five, and go out without a bath!" What that had to do with the land problem or the regulation of village morality Malloring had been unable to perceive. It all depended on what one was accustomed to; and in any case threw no light on the question, as to whether or not he was to tolerate on his estate conduct of which his wife and himself distinctly disapproved. At the back of national life there was always this problem of individual conduct, especially sexual conduct—without regularity in which, the family, as the unit of national life, was gravely threatened, to put it on the lowest ground. And he did not see how to bring it home to the villagers that they had got to be regular, without making examples now and then.

He had hoped very much to get through his call without coming across Freeland's wife and children, and was greatly relieved to find Tod, seated on a window-sill in front of his cottage, smoking, and gazing apparently at nothing. In taking the other corner of the window-sill, the thought passed through his mind that Freeland was really a very fine-looking fellow. Tod was, indeed, about Malloring's own height of six feet one, with the same fairness and straight build of figure and feature. But Tod's head was round and massive, his hair crisp and uncut; Malloring's head long and narrow, his hair smooth and close-cropped. Tod's eyes, blue and deep-set, seemed fixed on the horizon, Malloring's, blue and deep-set, on the nearest thing they could light on. Tod smiled, as it were, without knowing; Malloring seemed to know what he was smiling at almost too well. It was comforting, however, that Freeland was as shy and silent as himself, for this produced a feeling that there could not be any real difference between their points of view. Perceiving at last that if he did not speak they would continue sitting there dumb till it was time for him to go, Malloring said:

"Look here, Freeland; about my wife and yours and Tryst and the Gaunts, and all the rest of it! It's a pity, isn't it?

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This is a small place, you know. What's your own feeling?"

Tod answered:

"A man has only one life."

Malloring was a little puzzled.

"In this world. I don't follow."

"Live and let live."

A part of Malloring undoubtedly responded to that curt saying, a part of him as strongly rebelled against it; and which impulse he was going to follow was not at first patent.

"You see, you keep apart," he said at last. "You couldn't say that so easily if you had, like us, to take up the position in which we find ourselves."

"Why take it up?"

Malloring frowned. "How would things go on?"

"All right," said Tod.

Malloring got up from the sill. This was '*laisser-faire*' with a vengeance! Such philosophy had always seemed to him to savor dangerously of anarchism. And yet twenty years' experience as a neighbor had shown him that Tod was in himself perhaps the most harmless person in Worcestershire, and held in a curious esteem by most of the people about. He was puzzled, and sat down again.

"I've never had a chance to talk things over with you," he said. "There are a good few people, Freeland, who can't behave themselves; we're not bees, you know!"

He stopped, having an uncomfortable suspicion that his hearer was not listening.

"First I've heard this year," said Tod.

For all the rudeness of that interruption, Malloring felt a stir of interest. He himself liked birds. Unfortunately, he could hear nothing but the general chorus of their songs.

"Thought they'd gone," murmured Tod.

Malloring again got up. "Look here, Freeland," he said, "I wish you'd give your mind to this. You really ought not to let your wife and children make trouble in the village."

Confound the fellow! He was smiling; there was a sort of twinkle in his smile, too, that Malloring found infectious!

"No, seriously," he said, "you don't know what harm you mayn't do."

"Have you ever watched a dog looking at a fire?" asked Tod.

"Yes, often; why?"

"He knows better than to touch it."

"You mean you're helpless? But you oughtn't to be."

The fellow was smiling again!

"Then you don't mean to do anything?"

Tod shook his head.

Malloring flushed. "Now, look here, Freeland," he said, "forgive my saying so, but this strikes me as a bit cynical. D'you think I enjoy trying to keep things straight?"

Tod looked up.

"Birds," he said, "animals, insects, vegetable life—they all eat each other more or less, but they don't fuss about it."

Malloring turned abruptly and went down the path. Fuss! He never fussed. Fuss! The word was an insult, addressed to him! If there was one thing he detested more than another, whether in public or private life, it was 'fussing.' Did he not belong to the League for Suppression of Interference with the Liberty of the Subject? Was he not a member of the party notoriously opposed to fussy legislation? Had any one ever used the word in connection with conduct of his before? If so, he had never heard them. Was it fussy to try and help the Church improve the standard of morals in the village? Was it fussy to make a simple decision and stick to it? The injustice of the word really hurt him. And the more it hurt him, the slower and more dignified and upright became his march toward his drive gate.

'Wild geese' in the morning sky had been forerunners; very heavy clouds were sweeping up from the west, and rain beginning to fall. He passed an old man leaning on the gate of a cottage garden and said: "Good evening!"

The old man touched his hat but did not speak.

"How's your leg, Gaunt?"

"'Tis much the same, Sir Gerald."

"Rain coming makes it shoot, I expect."

"It do."

Malloring stood still. The impulse was on him to see if, after all, the Gaunts'

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affair could not be disposed of without turning the old fellow and his son out.

"Look here!" he said; "about this unfortunate business. Why don't you and your son make up your minds without more ado to let your granddaughter go out to service? You've been here all your lives; I don't want to see you go."

The least touch of color invaded the old man's carved and grayish face.

"Askin' your pardon," he said, "my son sticks by his girl, and I sticks by my son!"

"Oh! very well; you know your own business, Gaunt. I spoke for your good."

A faint smile curled the corners of old Gaunt's mouth downward beneath his gray mustaches.

"Thank you kindly," he said.

Malloring raised a finger to his cap and passed on. Though he felt a longing to stride his feelings off, he did not increase his pace, knowing that the old man's eyes were following him. But how pig-headed they were, seeing nothing but their own point of view! Well, he could not alter his decision. They would go at the June quarter—not a day before, nor after.

Passing Tryst's cottage, he noticed a 'fly' drawn up outside, and its driver talking to a woman in hat and coat at the cottage doorway. She avoided his eye. 'The wife's sister again!' he thought. 'So that fellow's going to be an ass, too? Hopeless, stubborn lot!' And his mind passed on to his scheme for draining the bottom fields at Cantley Bromage. This village trouble was too small to occupy for long the mind of one who had so many duties. . . .

Old Gaunt remained at the gate watching till the tall figure passed out of sight, then limped slowly down the path and entered his son's cottage. Tom Gaunt, not long in from work, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, reading the paper—a short, thick-set man with small eyes, round, ruddy cheeks, and humorous lips indifferently concealed by a ragged mustache. Even in repose there was about him something talkative and disputatious. He was clearly the kind of man whose eyes and wit would sparkle above a pewter pot. A good workman, he averaged out an income of perhaps eighteen shillings a week, counting the two shillings' worth of vegetables that he grew. His erring daughter washed for two old ladies in a bungalow, so that with old Gaunt's five shillings from the parish, the total resources of this family of five, including two small boys at school, was seven and twenty shillings a week. Quite a sum! His comparative wealth no doubt contributed to the reputation of Tom Gaunt, well known as local wag and disturber of political meetings. His method with these gatherings, whether Liberal or Tory, had a certain masterly simplicity. By interjecting questions that could not be understood, and commenting on the answers received, he insured perpetual laughter, with the most salutary effects on the over-consideration of any political question, together with a tendency to make his neighbors say: "Ah! Tom Gaunt, he's a proper caution, he is!" An encomium dear to his ears. What he seriously thought about anything in this world, no one knew; but some suspected him of voting Liberal, because he disturbed their meetings most. His loyalty to his daughter was not credited to affection. It was like Tom Gaunt to stick his toes in and kick—the quality, for choice. To look at him and old Gaunt, one would not have thought they could be son and father, a relationship indeed ever dubious. As for his wife, she had been dead twelve years. Some said he had joked her out of life, others that she had gone into consumption. He was a reader—perhaps the only one in all the village, and could whistle like a blackbird. To work hard, but without too great method, to drink hard, but with perfect method, and to talk nineteen to the dozen anywhere except at home—was his mode of life. In a word, he was a 'character.'

Old Gaunt sat down in a wooden rocking-chair, and spoke.

"Sir Gerald 'e've a-just passed."

"Sir Gerald 'e can goo to hell. They'll know un there, by 'is little ears."

"'E've a-spoke about us stoppin'; so as Mettie goes out to sarvice."

"'E've a-spoke about what 'e don't know 'bout, then. Let un do what they like, they can't put Tom Gaunt about; he can get work anywhere—Tom Gaunt can, an' don't you forget that, old man."

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The old man, placing his thin brown hands on his knees, was silent. And thoughts passed through and through him. 'If so be as Tom goes, there'll be no one as'll take me in for less than three bob a week. Two bob a week, that's what I'll 'ave to feed me— Two bob a week—two bob a week! But if so be's I go with Tom, I'll 'ave to reg'lar sit down under he for me bread and butter.' And he contemplated his son.

"Where are you goin', then?" he said.

Tom Gaunt rustled the greenish paper he was reading, and his little, hard gray eyes fixed his father.

"Who said I was going?"

Old Gaunt, smoothing and smoothing the lined, thin cheeks of the parchmenty, thin-nosed face that Frances Freeland had thought to be almost like a gentleman's, answered: "I thart you said you was goin'."

"You think too much, then—that's what 'tis. You think too much, old man."

With a slight deepening of the sardonic patience in his face, old Gaunt rose, took a bowl and spoon down from a shelf, and very slowly proceeded to make himself his evening meal. It consisted of crusts of bread soaked in hot water and tempered with salt, pepper, onion, and a touch of butter. And while he waited, crouched over the kettle, his son smoked his grayish clay and read his greenish journal; an old clock ticked and a little cat purred without provocation on the ledge of the tight-closed window. Then the door opened and the rogue-girl appeared. She shook her shoulders as though to dismiss the wetting she had got, took off her turn-down, speckly straw hat, put on an apron, and rolled up her sleeves. Her arms were full and firm and red; the whole of her was full and firm. From her rosy cheeks to her stout ankles she was superabundant with vitality, the strangest contrast to her shadowy, thin old grandfather. About the preparation of her father's tea she moved with a sort of brooding stolidity, out of which would suddenly gleam a twinkle of rogue-sweetness, as when she stopped to stroke the little cat or to tickle the back of her grandfather's lean neck in passing. Having set the tea, she stood by the table and said slowly: "Tea's ready, father. I'm goin' to London."

Tom Gaunt put down his pipe and journal, took his seat at the table, filled his mouth with sausage, and said: "You're goin' where I tell you."

"I'm goin' to London."

Tom Gaunt stayed the morsel in one cheek and fixed her with his little, wild boar's eye.

"Ye're goin' to catch the stick," he said. "Look here, my girl, Tom Gaunt's been put about enough along of you already. Don't you make no mistake."

"I'm goin' to London," repeated the rogue-girl stolidly. "You can get Alice to come over."

"Oh! Can I? Ye're not goin' till I tell you. Don't you think it!"

"I'm goin'. I saw Mr. Derek this mornin'. They'll get me a place there."

Tom Gaunt remained with his fork as it were transfixed. The effort of devising contradiction to the chief supporters of his own rebellion was for the moment too much for him. He resumed mastication.

"You'll go where I want you to go; and don't you think you can tell me where that is."

In the silence that ensued the only sound was that of old Gaunt supping at his crusty-broth. Then the rogue-girl went to the window and, taking the little cat on her breast, sat looking out into the rain. Having finished his broth, old Gaunt got up, and, behind his son's back, he looked at his granddaughter and thought:

'Goin' to London! 'Twud be best for us all. *We* shuldn' need to be movin', then. Goin' to London!' But he felt desolate.

(To be continued.)

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ALICE'S CHILD

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALICE saw her for the first time on a windy August afternoon, as she was dawdling home from the drug-store. Billy was at home asleep, getting over a headache. Poor Billy always had such a bad headache the first day of the month. This time Alice had wheedled half his pay-check out of him before he set off for Washington Park, so she had been able to give the grocer a little on account, and buy Billy an elegant new lilac shirt at Rothengill's, too. So, in spite of the thick blue vial in her bag, and the thought of Billy, swollen and darkly flushed, sprawled on the cot by the air-shaft, she felt quite contented.

She turned into West Madison Street, and crossed to the broiling sunny side so as to pass St. Anne's Orphanage, for she liked vaguely to look at the children. To-day they were playing in the sooty cinder-paved yard; a decorous crowd of small stubby boys in blue denim, and small pig-tailed girls in blue gingham. Alice stopped at the high-barred grating. As she looked her tired eyes clouded, but her mouth curved in a wistful smile.

Suddenly she leaned hard against the rail. Her sallow dull face turned white. Her body swayed as beneath a vast unseen wind.

A knot of little girls stood near the gate. In their midst, very wee, very grave, utterly confident, stood a child of two, dressed in a dirty embroidered frock, and grimed pink shoes. Her little golden head lifted high. Her small features were as delicately clear as if carved in pearl. Her eyes, dark violet, with shadowing lashes, glowed like soft stars. A newcomer to the orphanage, this. But what a flower to bloom in St. Anne's cinder-paved garden!

Alice stared and stared. The hot wind blew her rough hair awry. Her bony hands gripped white on the iron bar. She tried to speak. Her throat would not make a sound, but her mouth moved as if she screamed.

Presently the baby turned and saw her. A puzzled look came over her tiny face. She took two wavering steps toward her and stretched out both dimpled arms.

Alice made one leap for the gate. Had it been bolted, she would have torn her way in.

"M'ree Addolorata! Where'd she come from?"

Maria Addolorata, Patricia Finnegan, and a vociferous chorus poured forth explanation. The police had brought the little blessed one not an hour ago. Her father and mother were newcomers to the Halsted Street tenement. Nobody knew their names. "Quare folks they was, wid fine clothes, but always rushin' the can, an' fightin' somethin' fierce. An' the woman—sure, she was a bad lot. Stramashin' around, half drunk the whole time, an'—an' *no ring!*" Patricia whispered in tragic wisdom. And they'd had one grand shindy that morning. Neighbors had heard the screaming, but forbore to interfere. Later, one, braver than the rest, had heard the baby crying piteously, and had dared push open the unlocked door. "An' down she come, lickety-cut, screechin' like a banshee!" Patricia's eyes popped with horror. "A-yellin' that they was both kilt, intirely. An' right she was. There lays the woman stone dead, an' the man spread out flat at her feet. He'd stabbed her to the heart, then turned the knife on himself. An' this weeny precious, a-settin' there beside 'em, callin' 'Mamma!' to break your heart in two!"

"Mamma," murmured the baby. Her little face quivered. "Mamma! Daddy!"

A strange flame swept through Alice. She caught the little shrinking thing up into her arms.

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"And Sister Veronica knows not what to do with her," bellowed Maria Addolorata, getting her second wind. "And she says: 'Canst thou beat it?' For we are now packed, so says she, like to infant sardines. To-morrow she will send her to the House of the Destitute——"

"Not on your life she will." Alice sprang up, the baby tossed high on her gaunt shoulder. "Where's Sister Veronica? Hunt her up, you kids. Quick!"

The Sister Veronicas of this world are clear-eyed and swift of judgment.

"Yes. You may take her for to-night, Mrs. Holt. Bring her back in the morning. Then, if you are determined to have her, you can apply for papers of adoption. But you are doing a rash thing. Her parents were professional thieves, the sergeant told me. Look at the costly, filthy clothes she has on. And her mother, that drunken, painted— Ach!" The nun's calm face sickened, revolted. "To take a child from such a home!"

"The home she came from ain't no matter," said Alice evenly. A dark flush burnt in her cheeks. "My home will be her home, now. And if her folks was as tough as you say, she shan't never know it. Believe *me!* She's little enough to forget, thank the Lord. And I'll see to it that she hasn't no chance to remember."

Ten minutes later she stumbled up the long, dark stairs and into her own flat. She set the baby down on the orange-plush davenport. The little thing looked uneasily around the tawdry little room. Then she turned, with an enchanting, shy gesture, and tucked her silky head down on Alice's arm. Alice gasped out.

"Oh, *you!*" she cried, and then her very soul and body fused in ecstasy. She clutched the little soft face into her throat and locked the tiny soft body into trembling arms. The baby whimpered, then gave way resignedly. Alice's hungry lips mumbled the little satin shoulder. Over and over she muttered angry, tender words. "Send you to the Destitute! Well, I guess not. You're mine, I tell you. You're mine. Mine!"

She was still crouching there when Billy shambled in.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" Billy gaped. His slack jaw fell. Alice eyed him steadily.

"I saw her at St. Anne's. I brought her home. I'm going to name her Mary. And adopt her to-morrow."

Billy listened. At last:

"Well, what do you know about that! Adopt a little tike and pay for her grub and clothes, when we haven't a blame cent but my sixty a month! When all we know about her is, her dad up and shot her ma, then killed himself. Nice crowd!"

"Billy, I've got to have her." Alice did not raise her voice. But it was taut as wire.

"We can't afford her, old girl."

"We've got to afford her. She's mine."

"But, Alice, it ain't sensible. You——"

"Billy, you hear me." Alice's face was wet with sweat. Her mouth was gray. Her voice shook on a desperate note. "The minute I saw her, it's like something says inside of me: 'She's mine! She's mine!' Billy! It's no matter how poor we are. It's no matter who her mother was. She never belonged to nobody but me. Even though she was born to another woman—*she was meant for me!*"

"Well, if you've got such a hunch as all that—" Billy gave up reluctantly. But as time passed he came not only to love the little Mary, but to speak with reverence of the chance that had led to her coming.

"Smart?" he would say loftily. "Didn't I see the smartness in her the very first day? And her good looks and her sweetness? Hunch? Don't say a word. If I could once get a hunch like that on the Hawthorne track, we'd roll in diamonds, old girl. Only—when she grows up, how you going to tell her who she is? Tough luck, for a girl kid to come of such stock."

"She's going to come of the best stock there is." Alice's face grew defiant. "She shan't never know the truth. She shall believe always that her folks was as white as they make 'em. There, now!"

Alice was as good as her word. She coaxed Billy to move to another flat, some distance down-town. This cut off direct communication with the asylum and its neighborhood. Presently Billy lost his job as shipping-clerk and had to take a poorer one, away out near the stock-yards. After this second move Alice quietly forgot to make any more reports to St. Anne's. Nowadays a close watch is kept

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on the fortunes of adopted children, but at that time the rule was exceedingly lax. Moreover, it is easy for the poor to drift from sight. Sister Veronica never saw Alice or Mary again. And a fire which ravaged Halsted Street the very month of Mary's coming gave Alice a basis for her tender lie.

"Nobody knows why your pa and ma didn't escape," she would say, opening the warped drawer of her golden-oak bureau, which held Mary's baby dress, exquisitely clean, and laid in a treasured old leatherette box, beside the tiny scoured pink shoes. "But I've figured it out like this. Your pa carried you out to safety, then went back for your ma. Nobody really knows. . . . But one thing we do know. Your folks must a' been an elegant family. Look at that dress you was found in, all lace and embroidery, and eleven hand-run tucks. Your ma thought the world of you, all right, to sit and put in all those stitches. Look at those pink satin shoes. Your pa spent a big chunk of his pay-envelope for those shoes, you bet. Yes, you come of swell folks, Mary. Mind you live up to them, darlin'."

"You and Billy are swell enough for me," Mary would say. And she would come and lay her rose-leaf cheek to Alice's sallow one, and Alice's heart would clinch like a shut fist in an agony of love and gratitude and vague, torturing fear.

"If only she wasn't so loving to everybody!" For Mary's sweet, gay, affectionate nature woke in her always a strange, aching dread. Like Rosalind, to love, for Mary, was to be made "all adoration, duty, and obedience." She never questioned, she never held back. Always she gave with a golden overflowing, an eager lavishness. But deep in that glad, young, giving nature lay passionate hidden fires. That Alice knew. And as Mary grew taller and taller, and lovelier and lovelier, that fear grew, a mastering terror. So soon, she could almost count the inexorable days, her darling must go out to earn her bread. Then all that beauty and lovingness would be but a poisoned cloak. For Billy had lost one job after another, and Alice was taking in sewing, and keeping up the home as best she could. But she knew cruelly that her strength was failing, hour by hour.

"If I can just make Mary proud enough! Proud of herself and her kin, so's she value herself high! Else she'll give herself, soul and body, to whoever she loves. She can't help loving, the blessed, no more than the sun can help shining. If I can just live till she grows up! And if I can just live till Billy—" There Alice stopped. For Billy—poor Billy would never grow up.

However, the tired heart could not hold out. At twelve years old Mary found herself alone, and trying to comfort poor, stricken Billy. But Billy's own life flickered out in the Cook County Hospital, six months after. As Mary sat by him, trying her scared, childish best to give solace, he turned his face and looked on her.

"You're a good girl, Mary. You're Alice's own child. She's made you nigh's good as she was. Now promise me something, precious." He stopped for breath. His dying eyes clung to her, pleading. "Promise me, you'll always go by what Alice taught you."

"I will, Billy, dear." Mary clasped the poor, cold hand against her cheek.

"And when you're older—don't you just take up with any man that comes along. Your pa and ma—you want to honor their memory, lovey. And—and Alice's memory, too. But remember this: If you do take a man, and he's straight, then you stand by him. Stand by him through everything. Like Alice stood by me. Stick by him till hell freezes over. And you'll make a man of him, if he's got any sand at all." And then the poor dying lips spoke their own most piteous epitaph: "Like Alice would a' made a man of me—if the stuff had been there to do it with."

The county buried Billy next day. And the Children's Aid took Mary. In due course she was again adopted, this time by the Brewitts, a prosperous family living near Cole's Landing, on the Illinois River. They were honest, commonplace people. They understood Mary's radiant, sensitive nature quite as much as they understood the iridescence on a white morning-glory. They had a healthy contempt for useless courtesies; they looked on her shy little acts and words of love with hilarious scorn. Mary soon learned to break her habit of little gentle services. She learned

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to silence the love-words that had been always on her tongue. She learned to flock by herself—the hardest task of all.

She was not unhappy. The green fields and the wide, quiet river were a delight. And she had no time for brooding. There was plenty of baking and dish-washing to do. Odd minutes, she worked fiercely on her school-books. Her father and mother had been educated, cultured people. Of that she was sure. Then Alice had wanted her to be a teacher. And Billy had been so proud of her reports. Alice and Billy—her thoughts never strayed far from the two dull, faulty, gentle souls whose love had built her house of life, whose pitying falsehoods had built the fair ideal of her own being. So she grew up, a slender, silent, anemone thing, too pale and aloof to catch the roving Cole's Landing eye. She had not even a schoolboy admirer.

"But you are doing a rash thing. Her parents were professional thieves."—Page 333.

When Mary was sixteen the drainage fever seized southern Illinois. By the next March the farmers had hired a dredging contractor to cut a new channel through the district's twisting, wasteful creeks. The contract camp was pitched three miles up-river from the Brewitt farm. A rival contractor won the levee-building, which followed hard on the ditching. Between the rival bosses there was bad blood from the start. The laborers took up the grudge. The dredgemen were mostly Irish, the levee laborers Bohemian. Almost every day saw a mild fracas. Cole's Landing and the district looked on with glee.

"Them levee fellows are getting plumb dangerous roiled at you drainage-men," said Mr. Brewitt, with unction. He stopped his surrey, loaded to the gunwale with five strenuous young Brewitts, to hold parley with Terry Mayo, the head dredge-runner.

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"Oh, *you!*" she cried, and then her very soul and body fused in ecstasy.—Page 333.

Mayo threw back his curly red head with a shout of laughter. He was twenty-four years old, and something over six feet, with a chest like a barrel, and hazel eyes with reddish lights in them. His mouth and jaw were a shade coarse, but strongly cut. When he laughed the color streamed to his temples, glowing through a skin like bronzy silk, and his hazel eyes gleamed and darkened. He was a superb cub, with more than a touch of the swaggerer.

"Those Bohunks don't mean any harm, sir. They're just fooling."

"Huh. I don't know. Down to the Landing a parcel of 'em was braggin' yesterday that they'd bust up your machines first chance."

A spark lit in Mayo's eye.

"That's all hot talk. Any fellow that monkeys with our machinery is going overside. We've no time for jokers."

"Yes, the high water is crowdin' you considerable." Brewitt looked out over the wide, swollen stream.

"I want to climb on the dredge," commanded Reginald, the four-year-old, scrambling from Mary's lap.

"Let's all go aboard," Brewitt floundered out. "No objections?"

"Sure no. But watch the kids, or they'll be overboard."

"Oh, Mary will mind 'em." Mr. Brewitt waddled into the engine-room, followed by Mayo. The five Brewitts promptly scattered to five appalling posts of danger. They were spirited children. Commands they could not brook. Mary, clinging to Reginald's tempestuous petticoat, called wildly to the twins.

"Boys! Please don't climb the A frame. You can see it just as well from the deck. No, no, Reggie, that's tar in that bucket. Theodore, if you crawl up that beam— Oh, oh!"

Theodore's foot had missed a cleat. Down he pitched, landing flat on deck with a heart-stopping thump.

Mary flew to pick him up. This was Reginald's heaven-sent chance. With a glad yelp he trotted to the edge of the deck. The deck slanted slightly, and was greased like the slide to Avernus. A minute Reginald teetered deliciously, then—briefly, he skidded. Mary turned at his shriek, just in time to see his towhead go under water.

An instant she stood, dazed. Then she leaped straight in. She could not swim a stroke. But she had only the one thought, to get to Reginald. She sank like a stone.

Ten seconds later Mayo struck the water. He caught Reginald by the slack of his garments, threw him on deck like a

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catfish, then seized Mary and swung her within Mr. Brewitt's reach.

On deck the three confronted each other. Mary and Reginald were a forlorn sight. Mary's clothes were muddy, her lips were blue, her hair hung in wet strings around her bloodless face. Mayo, laughing and aglow, shook the water off himself like a Newfoundland.

"How'm I going to take them drowned rats home? They'll drip all over the surrey," complained Mr. Brewitt.

"Leave them here. I'll take them over to the cook's house-boat. Mrs. Clancy will dry 'em out." Mayo looked amusedly at the two drowned rats. "Then I'll drop them at your landing. I'm taking my launch down-river at noon, anyway."

"Well, that's neighborly. Morning, sir."

Mayo led the sodden pair across a maze of gangplanks to Mrs. Clancy's tight, hot little cabin, then went back to work. He was starting down-river when he thought of them again.

"A plague on them soaked kids! I near forgot them entirely. Wisht I had, too."

He strode across to the house-boat and rapped. No reply, for Mrs. Clancy was getting dinner ashore. He shoved open the door.

On a low bunk, close by the window, lay Mary and Reginald, fast asleep. Reginald lay like a slumbering cherub. But Mayo stared past the child. A curious, awed light came into his sun-browned face.

Mary lay bundled warmly into Mrs. Clancy's vast, woolly red wrapper. Her hair, now dry, spread in a great gold web over the pillow. Her lashes lay black against her cheeks. Her little pure face was like alabaster in its broad wreathing of pale gold.

The wonder deepened in Mayo's face.

"An' her name's Mary, too!" he said, under his breath. Suddenly he turned scarlet. He bolted out and shut the door.

"Shame on me f'r a great, gogglin' loon! A woman she is, no kid at all. Hi, Mrs. Clancy! Folks ready yet?" That shout would have roused the peaceful dead.

"She shan't never know the truth."—Page 333.

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Mary sat in the bow of the *Nixie*, with Reginald on her lap. She looked wan and subdued in her shrunken, spotted clothes. Mayo hardly spoke during the short run down-stream. Once or twice he looked at her. In his eyes lurked still that curious, shamefaced awe.

"Thank you, kindly," she said, as he put them ashore.

"You're welcome," said Mayo gruffly. The launch shot away at full speed.

Mary took Mrs. Brewitt's scolding with her usual quiet. She was used to scoldings nowadays. Two days later the family drove into town to spend Sunday. Mary remained, to do up some baking. She was frying doughnuts when the door-bell rang.

On the step stood Mayo, spruce and fine in his Sunday clothes. He carried a long pasteboard box in his hand. The reddish lights glinted in his hazel eyes. A deep flush burned under his bronze skin.

"Good-morning, miss." He stopped, crimsoning.

"Good-morning, sir. The folks are all gone. Will you leave any word for Mr. Brewitt?" Mary looked up at him, puzzled by his embarrassment. Her cheeks were pink from the heat of the stove. In her big blue apron, her hair in a braid, she looked like a little girl.

"No, miss. I didn't want to see Mr. Brewitt." Mayo choked. All his swaggering young life, girls had smiled and fluttered at his approach. Always he had known himself the conquering male. But he stood before this gentle little waif as abashed as if he stood before an empress.

"I just stopped to—to pass the time of day, miss. To ask if you'd took cold with your wetting."

"Why, no, thank you. I'm all right." Mary glanced nervously toward the kitchen. Surely her doughnuts would scorch.

"And I—I happened to run up to Springfield yesterday. And I saw these at a florist's. So I—I brought them to you." Desperately he jammed the long box into her floury hands.

"For *me?*" Mary, dazed, untied the box.

"Look at that dress you was found in. . . . Yes, you come of swell folks, Mary. Mind you live up to them, darlin'."—Page 334.

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"If I can just live till she grows up!"—Page 334.

There lay a spray of fern, then a handful of white roses, long-stalked, with hearts of palest pink.

"For me! But nobody ever gave me a rose in all my life! For *me!*" The astonished joy in her little face loosed Mayo's tongue.

"For you, sure. Who else? Now I'll be going back to the dredge. But—but—" his eyes met hers, then fell. "But we lay off at four to-day. Would you honor me by goin' for a bit ride in the *Nixie?* Sure 'tis warm as June on the river."

Now, at last, Mary's own cheek flushed like an anemone in the wind. But she answered up, bravely sweet:

"Thank you, Mr. Mayo, sir. I'll be pleased to go."

Then, as the door closed behind Mayo, she dropped on the stair-step, holding the wonder-box tight. Strange exquisite pulses thrilled to her finger-tips.

"Roses!" she whispered. "And a ride in his launch! And all for me!"

All that enchanted afternoon, the river lay blue and calm as a river of turquoise. Already the willows were plumy silver; the young wheat veiled the bottom-lands in powdery green. At sundown, for the first time in her life, Mary helped boil coffee over a camp-fire, and watched in delight while Mayo deftly broiled their steak and toasted bread over the coals. After, while they idled down-river through the sunset, she listened breathlessly to Mayo's eager boyish confidences. To Mary, his were the ventures of a knight of high romance. Such a man as this her hero-father had been, she thought proudly. And Mayo, led on by her hushed sympathy, poured it all out. His poverty-stricken boyhood; his toiling fight for an education—"Anyhow, I got one year in high school. Nothing can cheat me out of that!" The years he had worked in a foundry all day and studied engineering by correspondence at night, and now, to-day, the glorious turn of the wheel—"A hundred and fifty a month, and the boss as polite to me as if I was a real college engineer, mind you!" Then his wildest, daring hope. "And some day I'm going to be a real college engineer, mind that. Once I get mother well fixed, and the boys through school, I'm going to the State university. You can bet on that."

He lifted Mary ashore. They loitered up the dim twilight path. A young moon hung low in the west. Its pale light gleamed on Mary's hair, blown aureole-wise about her grave little face. Mayo looked at her. The boasting was silenced

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on his lips. That curious awe deepened in his eyes.

"And your name's Mary, too," he said very low.

Mary lifted her face. That fair, questioning look swept the boy past himself.

"But remember this: If you do take a man, and he's straight, then you stand by him."—Page 334.

"Mary—Mary!" he whispered. "The loveliest woman-name in all the world. And you— Oh, Mary, I've been lookin' for you my whole life. I've loved you always. Darling, darling!"

And Mary was in his great arms, and his hot young lips were clinging on her own. And from that breath she was as utterly his as the flesh and sinew of his own hand. But Mayo wrenched himself back to sanity.

"I hadn't no right to touch you," he said angrily. He hurried her roughly up the path and unlocked the door with shaking hands. "Go in, now. And good-night. But—oh, Mary! You're going to learn to love me, my girl! Promise me! Promise you'll learn!"

Mary need not promise. She told those spring days like pearls on her white rosary. All her locked, loving nature, so long repressed, brimmed over. Her beauty, always so pale and folded, blossomed in a night. She fairly blazed alive. Alice, seeing, would have trembled for her. She had put her love into Mayo's keeping as trustfully as a child lays a flower in your hand; she could not half believe in the miracle of his love for her, so poor and so obscure. But soon she felt a lovely pitiful pride in the knowing that, while nowadays she was as nothing, yet behind her there had stood so stately a fabric of fair lives. Like a magic background rose the lovely mist-castle of belief that Alice and Billy had reared for her. Her brave father; her wonder-princess of a mother, whose white hands had sewed the treasured little dress—when she thought on her traditions, she was reassured. She must go to Mayo empty-handed. But she knew her worth, the worth of her fine, gracious, stately past. And, against her own shining legends, she felt a quaint pity for Mayo and his harsh childhood and humble beginnings. But she would make it all up to him, never fear!

Four days later, Mayo amazed the Brewitts and sent Mary into ecstasies by appearing at the front door and boldly demanding permission to take her to the Landing, to the movies.

"Mary? Why, nobody ever beaus Mary anywhere," said Mr. Brewitt. "She's nothin' but a little girl. And no looks to mention, neither," he added, with simple candor.

"She has a-plenty looks to suit me," re-

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torted Mayo. To the movies they went. But to Mary the evening was only a rainbow mist. Nothing was real. Nothing did she remember but the white moonlight, the cool river wind, the road of rippled silver behind the *Nixie*, and Mayo's arm around her, Mayo's whisper in her ear: "Mary, Mary! And you do love me! You are learning, my sweet! Mary, Mary, my own!"

"You don't want to take any stock in that Mayo feller. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, those contract men." Thus Mrs. Brewitt, sourly, the next day.

Mary scarcely heard. Her face shone, luminous.

"What's more, did he tell ye about his day crew's fight yesterday with the levee-men? Thrashed those Bohunks like sixty. Mayo wasn't in it, but they do say as he egged his men on. Reckon he'll get his later, all right."

Mary's face shadowed.

"Good-morning, sir. The folks are all gone."
—Page 338.

"So now the Bohunks are all layin' for him and his boys. They threaten they'll stop his dredges, by fair means or foul. If they do, Mayo's boss stands to lose a heap, for the river's raising every minute."

Mary glanced out. The river had already overflowed its banks. The willows alongshore stood knee-deep. A veil of water spread for half a mile into the fields.

"And Mayo himself. If that levee gang once lays hands on him!"

The shadow deepened to fear.

"And—hark you, Mary. You've always been a nice, well-behaved girl." Mrs. Brewitt's dour mouth hardened. Her voice held an ominous note. "But girls as take up with these here fly-by-nights—well! You know, Mary, you ain't got no real claim on us. You can't expect us to put up with any foolishness. And Mayo—no man ever wants a girl as comes cheap. He'll throw you over like an old shoe."

Mary was not listening. She was white and shivering now. Mayo in danger! The terror of it chilled in her blood, misted thick before her eyes. Her day dragged through miseries.

At late dusk she sat peering through the kitchen window. She was all but mastered by panic now.

Presently she caught the gleam of a launch-light. Then, dark against the twilight, she recognized Mayo's tall figure.

She rushed out. Mayo caught her into his arms.

"Blessed child! Were you watching for me?"

"Oh, Terry!" All her delicate shyness vanished in a storm of love and fear. She clung to him, burying her face on his shoulder. "Oh, if they'd dared to lay hands on you! Oh, Terry, Terry!"

Mayo drew her back into the willow shadows.

"What's all this, my girl? What's terrified you so?"

Sobbing, Mary poured it out. Mayo frowned.

"All this sufferin' day for nothin'! Listen. 'Tis naught to fret about, girl. I've been warned that the levee crowd is planning to mischief our machinery. A car-load, for the new dredge, is stuck two miles down-river. The high water washed out the tracks yesterday, and the wreckin'

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"You don't want to take any stock in that Mayo feller. Here to-day and gone to-morrow."—Page 341.

crew can't reach it till the river falls. Now, my boss suspicions that them Bohunks may slip down in a skiff and muss things up. They've been idle an' drinkin', and they're ripe for devilment. So I'm going down-river this minute, to take a look round. I just stopped for one glimpse of you, honey-girl. Run home now, dear."

Mary raised her face, colorless in the dim light.

"No. I'm going with you."

"Why, Mary——"

"I'm going down-river with you. I can't let you go alone."

"But, love, there's no danger." Mayo laughed, bewildered. "And look at the big storm a-coming! Stay here, there's a good girl."

Mary pulled herself away and started toward the launch. Mayo stared. Then, with a stifled word, he caught her up and carried her to the boat.

"Go you shall, then, the sweet comrade you are! It will be only a half-hour's run. And the storm won't strike till midnight, I'm thinking. Here we go!"

The eastern sky heaved black and glinted with far lightning when the *Nixie* slackened speed near the flooded track. But the moon still shone high and clear. Mayo nosed the boat close among the submerged willows. He stood up and peered at the abandoned cars.

"This is a fool's errand. A man couldn't reach the cars without wallowing through a half-mile of mud. Sure, that levee gang would never plough across that bog, just to be doin' us a mean trick."

Yet he looked again, keenly. Suddenly he spoke, very low:

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"Mary! What's those shadows yonder?"

Away up the track came five black figures, clearly outlined in the strong moonlight. Two carried axes, the others heavy bars. They splashed down the track straight toward the marooned car.

"The levee gang! They're schemin' to wreck our brand-new engines, the hounds! Let me go, Mary! Quick!"

Mayo thrust past her, seized a crowbar, crammed his revolver into his belt, and struggled up the flooded slope. The men were not a hundred yards ahead, but their splashing steps drowned his own. Mary stared after him. Her breath all but stopped. Her body shook under thundering heart-beats.

Now Mayo was within thirty feet of the group. Suddenly one man turned and saw him. With a yell he raised his axe and rushed at the boy. The other four came whooping up behind. Five to one; but Mayo was ready for them. He backed against a telegraph-pole. The first man made a spring for him. Mayo let fly with his crowbar. His assailant went down in a heap. But the other four closed in like wolves. Above their yells Mary heard Mayo's piercing shout:

"Let go me, you drunk scamps, or I'll shoot. Take your hands off me, Lovinski. Drop that knife, you swine. Drop it! A-ah!"

Mary snatched up a heavy wrench, sprang from the boat, and dashed across the flooded ground. She reached the swaying, fighting group. She swung the bar and struck the nearest man squarely on the back of the head. He crumpled down, limp. The others wheeled on this new attack. Mayo seized his chance. He jerked out his revolver and covered the three.

"Now, then, gentlemen!" He was breathing in great gasps, but he laughed at their dumfounded faces. "Pick up yer friends an' march. Where's yer boat?"

Stupidly one pointed to a willow clump.

"Quite a walk. But ye'll make it, an' carry yer wounded, too. Step lively, now."

The three roughs stared and muttered. The completeness of their defeat stupefied them. They hoisted one injured man between two carriers. The third man was still stunned, but he managed to walk. They started toward their boat, a pitching, stumbling crew.

"Mary, go to the *Nixie*. Wait there for me till I see our friends off."

"No. I go with you." Doggedly she clung beside him. Mayo did not speak again. He breathed in hoarse wheezes. He seemed queerly heavy. At every step he lurched deeper into the mire. Finally they reached the levee-men's boat. Gun in hand, Mayo pointed up-river.

"Hike back to your camp now, boys. Let me catch you meddling again, and I'll knock your heads off f'r ye. Scoot!"

The crowd, scared and dumb, needed no second bidding. Their launch jibed away up-stream. A roll of thunder and a quick dash of rain followed. The moon vanished under black, driving clouds.

"Now for our own boat." Mayo spoke between slow painful breaths. "In this murk, I can't—see—quite. Can you make it, lovey? Can you find the way—back?"

"Terry! Terry, darling! You're hurt! Tell me!"

"No, no. Lovinski gave me a mean jab, that's all. But 'tis the knock on me head that makes me so silly-like. Now we've got to get you home, before the storm. Beat it now, honey-girl. Beat it!"

He was reeling now, his head sunk on his chest, his cold hand clinging lax on her arm.

A wave of power streamed through Mary. She grasped Mayo's swaying body and half-carried him down the shore. Mayo was double her weight, but terror gave her the strength of ten. As she dragged him aboard the storm struck. The launch swayed and tugged on its ropes. Torn branches hurtled round their heads. Sheets of rain washed over the boat. Luckily the *Nixie* had a tiny kennel of a cabin. Mary dragged Mayo inside and laid him on the floor. After a frantic hunt, she found matches and lit a lantern.

Mayo lay inert, his face gray, blood oozing from an ugly stab under his left arm. Mary tore off his sweater and bandaged the wound as best she could with strips torn from her muslin skirt. Then she tried to start the launch toward home.

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But she did not know how to steer, and Mayo was past helping her. Minute by minute he seemed sinking into deeper stupor. Once or twice he stirred and mumbled: "Go home, Mary, love. Go, now. Beat it, honey-girl. Beat it!"

Finally she started the machinery. By amazing luck she swung the boat round and headed it up-stream. Beaten by rain and wind, she crouched at the wheel and urged the *Nixie* ahead. Peering into the blind night, her hands gripping the wheel, she forced her dizzy brain to plan.

The contract camp lay five miles up-stream, a hard, dangerous run through storm and darkness. The Brewitt farm lay three miles this side of the camp—only two miles away. She could take Mayo there. The Brewitts would give him shelter, however grudgingly. Moreover, by so doing, she would save herself from a measure of blame. It was not yet late; the Brewitts would not refuse her entrance. She would be thoroughly scolded, very like, on general principles, but that was the worst she need fear. But as for Mayo, the Brewitts could do nothing for his injuries. His stab wound must wait till morning for attention. They could never bring a doctor across the flooded country that night.

Should she push on to the camp, Mayo would receive prompt and skilful attention. The boss kept a full first-aid outfit, and had some knowledge of surgery. If she could once get him into the boss's hands, his chances of recovery would be ten to one against his chances at the Brewitts'. But she would have to spend the night there. And there was no woman at camp. Mrs. Clancy, she knew, had gone to the Landing for her Sunday.

She thought of Mrs. Brewitt's hateful threat. Her heart grew sick. To stay away the night, would mean homelessness. The Brewitts would turn her out. No chance of clemency there.

And once turned out—what then?

She had no other place to go. And Mayo would not want her any more. What he so adored in her was her purity. Ignorant child though she was, Mary understood that. More, he had commanded her to go ashore, to save her good name, even at the cost of leaving him. "Beat it, honey-girl! Beat it!" Even now he was moaning the words in his tormented sleep.

"'Make yourself cheap, and see how long he'll want you!'"

Her head reeled. Her heart turned to water.

Mayo tossed and muttered. She crept inside and bent close.

"What is it, Terry? Tell me."

"Go home, Mary. Go home." His dull tongue stumbled on the words.

"Go home, Mary. Go home." His dull eyes flared an instant awake. "Never mind—me. Go home—or you'll see trouble. Mrs. Brewitt— Beat it now, honey-girl. Beat it!"

Mary looked down at him—his splendid, prone body, his dark, coarse, handsome face, so blurred and marred with pain. Like every other human soul at some place on its dark earth-road, she stood confronted with a supreme choice. And like every other creature, she faltered back for support to the only past she knew.

Before her eyes lay Alice's dingy bedroom: Alice's battered, golden-oak bureau, Alice kneeling by it, to lift out the precious leatherette box, then the tiny frost-white embroidered dress, the pink satin shoes.

"Your folks must have been elegant people, Mary. Look at your mother's handiwork for you. And think of your father——"

Then, clear on her sight, Billy's dying face, Billy's tired, dying voice:

"An' mind you stand by him, Mary. Like Alice always stood by me——"

Oh, the supreme choice is not so hard to make, after all. When one has such traditions to lift one's shaken heart!

Her lips set. Her small white face shone with inward light. Black and craven was her piteous blood-inheritance, but love and faith had transmuted it to purest fire.

"Terry, you hear me. I won't give up. I'll stay by and take you on to camp. My folks weren't the kind that give up. Alice—Alice always stood by Billy. No matter what happened. And my own people—why, my father gave his life trying to save my mother. You needn't say any more, Terry. I'm going to stay by."

Again Mayo had fallen into lethargy. Mary hung out her lantern. Then she crouched at the steering-wheel. Pluckily the *Nixie* fought on up the river, against the heavy current, the thrashing wind.

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They passed the Brewitt landing. Mary caught a gleam from an up-stairs window. Her heart trembled in her breast. To-morrow! But she leaned against the wheel. The boat forged on.

Two miles more: that was Lone Tree Point, revealed by a glimmer of lightning. Another mile and they would reach camp. But what could ail the launch? It was hardly crawling. Something was wrong with the engine. It missed fire, creaked, labored. Suddenly Mary cried out:

"No gasolene! Terry said we were short. Oh, if it just holds out till we get to camp——"

The engine stopped dead. An eddy caught the launch and swept it like a chip into a tangle of willows. Low branches slashed at Mary's face. Desperately she threw out the small anchor. It fell into a tangle of roots and held fast. Mary cried out for relief. At least they would be safe there. They would not be swept into midstream and, very like, capsized by floating timber. But now—no hope of reaching camp to-night.

The night long she sat by Mayo, her eyes never leaving his face, her little hand gripping his big, cold fingers, as if her passion would pour life into his exhausted veins. The storm raged on. At daybreak the rain still poured: the river had risen incredibly. Lashed among the willows, the launch rocked and heaved. Terry slept always, moaning in his sleep. From daybreak on, Mary knelt in the bow, peering out in vain hope that a steamer might pass. But no living being came their way. To their left rolled the swollen river. To their right stretched mile on mile of bottom-lands, flooded now three feet deep, and impassable as a bottomless swamp. They two were as remote, as utterly lost, as if they stood together on a drowned world.

Somewhere past noon Mary heard a far-away whistle. Away up-stream she saw a weft of smoke. Round the bend came the contract tug at full speed. Rumor had reached camp of the fight the night before. The boss himself had started out to search for Mayo.

Mary called and signalled. The steersman saw her. Two minutes more and she and Mayo were lifted aboard, and she was wrapped in the engineer's overcoat, and the boss had laid Mayo on a bunk and was binding up the deep stab with quick, skilful hands.

"He's not badly hurt, miss. Only the loss of blood. You've managed fine," said the boss kindly. "But we'll run on down to the Landing with him and put him on the train, and one of the men will take him up to Iowa to his own home. He'll get well at home quicker'n anywhere else. Now, where shall we take you?"

"The Landing will do as well as anywhere." Mary spoke dully.

"Mary!" Mayo stirred. His cavernous eyes opened full upon her. Slow amazement lit in that look. He spoke in a husk whisper. "Why are you here? Didn't you go home, like I told you? Were you on the boat with me all night?"

Mary's whole body seemed turning to lead. She could only stare back at him.

"Mary!" Under the bandages his ashy face was terrible. "I told you to go ashore. I told you to get back to the Brewitts. Mary! Didn't you obey me?" Deep anger shook him. "Didn't you *know*——"

Mary stumbled out of the room. Somehow she crawled to a stateroom near by and sank by the window. She was one throbbing pulse of agony now.

No use to go back to the Brewitts. She would find only closed doors. The Landing would do as well as any place. A few rich folks there kept hired girls. She might be able to find a place. Possibly the minister there would help her. Maybe not, though. The Brewitts were very influential. He might hesitate to befriend her on that account. Well, maybe he'd lend her the fare to St. Louis. Surely she could find work there. And Terry—Terry had wanted her for his wife. But she had given too much. She had thrown away what he most valued. He would not want her now. She need not dream——

The boss pushed open the door.

"Mayo wants you a minute, miss. He's pretty weak, but he's livenin' up right smart."

Mary stooped over the bunk. Weakly he grasped her hand.

"Mary!" Mayo's eyes burned on her. "You went off an' never answered me. You didn't stay by me all night! When I'd told you to beat it! I'd told you they'd turn you out!"

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"I know." Mary spoke through stiff lips. "I couldn't help it, Terry. I had to stay with you."

"But——"

"It'll be all right, Terry. I'll go to the Landing. I'll get a job. I'll get along."

"You'll go to the Landing? You'll get a job? What are you talking about? What in blazes——?"

He stopped, gasping with a wrench of pain. Mary smiled back at him with white, unflinching lips.

"You're going home, Terry. To your mother, to get well. And I'll go to work somewhere. I'll get along all right. Don't you worry."

"I'm going home, yes. Right straight up to me mother. So are you. Mary, what are you hangin' back for? What's vexin' you, sweet? Tell me."

"It—it doesn't matter." But Mayo had caught the anguish in her eyes. Terrible and piteous understanding flashed through his numb brain. With a cry he sprang from the bunk. He snatched the little, cowering, trembling figure in his arms.

"Mary, Mary! You loveliest! You dearest! Oh, you little— You blessed little *fool!*"

Mary's head swam. Her sight grew dim. She felt only Mayo's lips on her cheek, his sobbing whisper in her ear.

"And you thought I was such a beast as all that! You saved my life, you sat by me the whole night long, you threw away the one home you've got, just to keep the breath in my worthless body. And you thought then that I'd throw you away! Because you'd stood by me in trouble! Because you'd chanced your white name for me. Mary, Mary! You —you precious little mutt, you! Ain't my house, that I built with my own hands, fine enough for you, say? Ain't my mother's heart big enough to hold us both? Mary, Mary, my wife! You'll stand by me always? You'll go with me always, wherever it be?"

Mary raised her head. Her face shone on him like a white star.

"I'll go wherever you say, Terry. And I'll stand by you always. Forever and forever," said Alice's child.

He would not want her now. She need not dream . . .—Page 345.

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General von Haussmann and Mr. Archibald.

THE NEW CONDITIONS IN WAR

AS SEEN FROM THE GERMAN SIDE

By James F. J. Archibald

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT seemed to me rather curious that the first shot I saw fired in this great European war, after I arrived at the front, should have been aimed at an aeroplane and be fired from an automobile, for it brought me suddenly to face with an entirely new order of things. This is my first campaign of importance since the advent of aviation and the first in a country where the automobile can play an important rôle. I have seen both aeroplanes and automobiles used in manœuvres, but I had no conception of the extent of their importance in warfare. I therefore received a distinct shock on that afternoon, a month ago, when I saw a French monoplane circle quickly over our heads and saw the puffs of shrapnel breaking all around it while the German gunners attempted to bring it down as a party of

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hunters would attempt to bag a partridge. Since that day in the field I have seen many daring examples of aerial scouting, but nothing which has given me the thrill that I received the first afternoon in Saint Mihiel.

I had only remained four days in Berlin when I received permission to proceed to the front, and was instructed to report to Friedrichstrasse railway-station on a certain morning at eight o'clock, where I was met by a staff-officer, who accompanied me to Metz. Commander Gherardi, the naval attaché to the American embassy, was also of the party, and when we arrived at Metz we were given an automobile and taken to various points of interest along the entire left wing. Here I might incidentally mention that never, in my many years' experience as a war correspondent, have I received such considerate treatment as from both the Austrian and German military authorities. My good friend Richard Harding Davis (of the enemy) has written that the day of the war correspondent is past, but he should have taken seats in the other grand-stand, for on our side we have been shown all that we could expect and given every possible liberty within military reason. Their methods of handling the "necessary evil" of correspondents are so well ordered that I shall some time write fully of them. The operations around Verdun and Toul were at the moment of the greatest importance in this military division, and therefore, on the first day, we were hurried forward to the advanced lines at Saint Mihiel, where a thin wedge of blood and steel had penetrated the great ring of French forts.

German trenches covered to protect them from aerial observation.

I had already pictured in my mind the enormous bodies of troops comprising this vast army, and as we approached the main position I felt that I had been cheated, for, with the exception of a few straggling battalions and an occasional supply-train, there was no army anywhere

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to be seen. There were more than two million men somewhere in the vicinity, and yet there were but a few thousand in evidence. I could not believe that we were at the front. I felt sure that we were being deceived by the genial Oberlieutenant Kliever of the General Staff, who conducted us into the active zone of operations. There was no use to ask any one regarding the disposition of the forces, for the only answer would be a shrug of the shoulders and an apparently sincere "Ich weis nicht." Perhaps they did not know, but certainly I did not. When that first French aeroplane soared over our heads, I realized that I was seeing an entirely new phase of warfare, new conditions and new problems. I then realized why I had seen no troops. They were hidden under the cover of the many thick forests which beautify the hills of France. The entire German army had burrowed itself into these hills as a hunted animal would hide from a hawk. When the army moved, it came out from its cover at night or during the gray mist of the morning. When it struck, it was when the air above was free of the watching eye of the aerial observer. I shall never forget my feeling when I first ap-

German outpost lookout on the front line of trenches screened against aerial observation.

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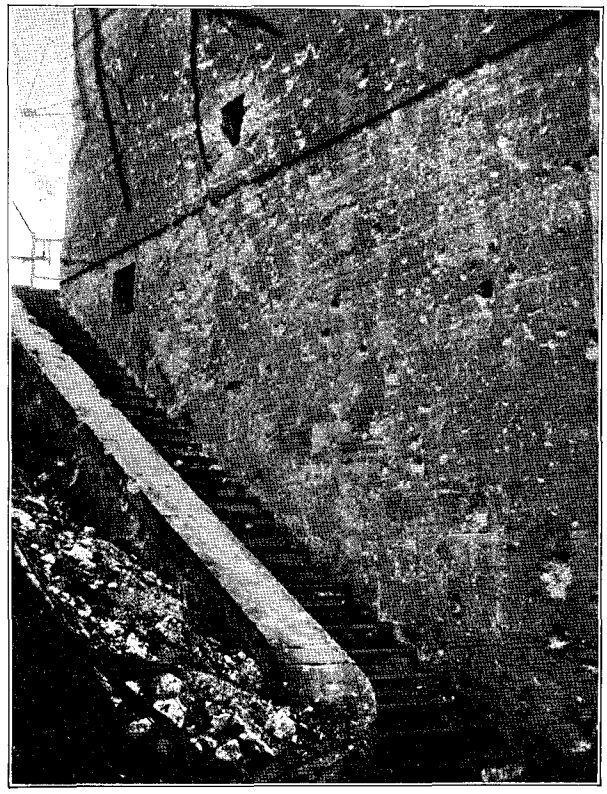
proached one of those forests which gave cover to the tens of thousands of the ever-ready German soldiery. It was between Thiaucourt and Pont-à-Mousson, where the German left wing turned sharply to the west above Nancy. I had been invited to the headquarters of the great cavalry leader, General von Haussmann, and as we approached the line of trenches we left our motor-car and made our way cautiously across a great open plain toward a dense forest. There was not a soldier, horse, or gun in sight in any direction. Across a heavy, ploughed field we tramped until we were within a few paces of the woods, when gradually I made out the indistinct forms of men under the trees. The forms took shape and the gray mass was seen to move like a swarm of bees clustered under a tree branch. At first I made out a small group, then another farther on, until suddenly the whole wood seemed fairly teeming with the gray, ghostlike figures. A staff-officer met us at the edge of the wood and conducted us back into the dark recesses under the trees, where we found a great camp of many thousands.



Effect of shrapnel fire in a French village.

The headquarters of the general and his staff were comfortably built huts of pine boards. The windows and doors had been borrowed from a near-by village, and on the walls were odd bits of decorations ranging from horseshoes to cuckoo-clocks. So cleverly was that cavalry division hidden that a hostile aeroplane might pass over the forest time after time and not discover its presence. A little farther down the line we visited the artillery positions, and again I realized that we must learn the game of war all over again from a new beginning.

The day before, I had noticed wagon after wagon on the road to the front loaded with pine lumber, inch boards and two-by-four scantling. I could not imagine what such great quantities of lumber had to do with an active advance, but when I saw those field-guns in position I discovered what it all meant. Every gun was carefully covered with a little houselike structure of boards, while the top was completely covered with sod and earth. The floor of the gun-house was about a foot below the level of the ground, and the muzzle of the gun stuck only about a foot out of what might be called the front window. The gunners sat inside the hut and were served with ammunition through a covered trench. The infantry supports were also living in most comfortable, houselike trenches, which were, in some cases, permanently built of logs and timber with such a heavy covering of earth on top that they acted as bomb-proofs against the rain of shell falling almost incessantly from the French artillery. One of the most important developments of the use of the aeroplane, as far as artillery is concerned, is that the guns now do more indirect

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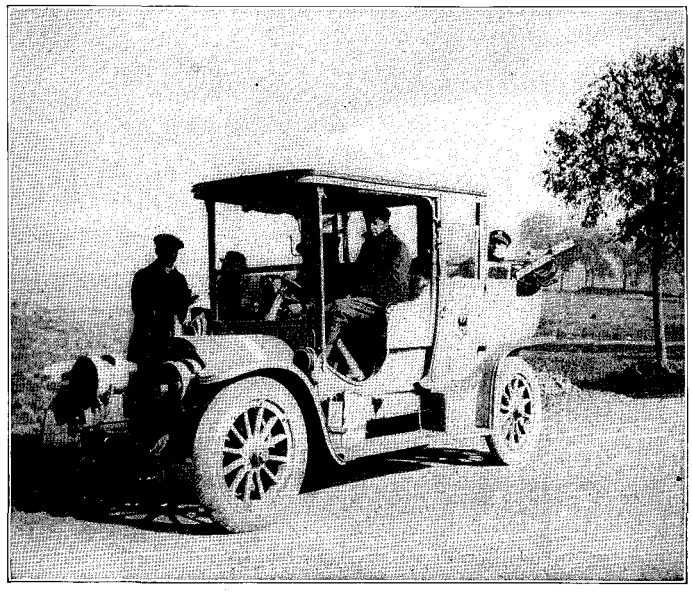
firing than ever before. That is, they are stationed well behind a hill or a wood and fire over it at a greater range, depending upon the aerial direction of their scouts for ranges and distances. When a position is to be shelled an aviator hovers over that position and from a great height his observer watches the result of the firing. He then sails back over his own lines and drops a little form, not unlike a telegraph-blank, upon which he makes the necessary notes to correct any error in range or period of the explosion of the shrapnel. I saw one of these little reports just after it was handed to the general commanding, and I was amazed at the accuracy of the drawing. The report had been made in the air at an altitude of several thousand feet, but it showed perfectly the position of two batteries of the enemy's field-artillery and also their position as compared to the river and a near-by church tower. The wonderful maps of the German General Staff gave the artillery commander the exact range to a yard, and in a few moments the German guns had silenced the French batteries. Of course, I do not know from personal observation what precautions the French took to cover their pieces, but the German staff-officers say that they have been somewhat negligent in the matter, and in many cases it has cost them dearly.

Results of shell-fire in Longwy, France, directed by aeroplane.



Automobile detailed with two men to Commander Gherardi and Mr. Archibald.

The new conditions have caused a revival of one of the oldest tricks in warfare: that of

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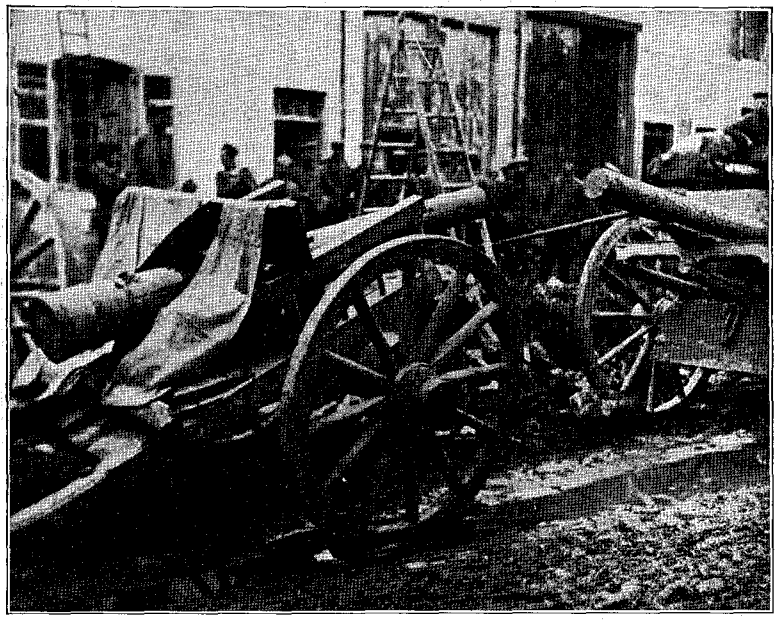
showing dummy guns along the front so that the aviators may be misled into false reports and therefore misdirect the artillery-fire. I saw many of these dummy guns which had been captured from the enemy and I also saw a couple of very clever imitations of the great mortar batteries which have done such marvellous work for the Austrians and Germans, made from barrels mounted on huge wheels of old trucks. These mock batteries were in well-built emplacements, and surrounded by all of the necessary equipment to make them appear quite real. They were even partially covered by branches of trees so that, in a photograph taken from an aeroplane, they would look as though they had been imperfectly screened. Some artillery officers showed me, with apparent amusement and relish, many scars in the ground around one of these dummy batteries which was placed in the open behind the hill upon which stood one of the Austrian thirty-one-centimetre batteries. The scars were made by the exploding shells fired at the dummy battery, the range of which had evidently been ascertained by an aerial scout. The real battery was well shielded in some thick woods at a closer range to the French guns, and therefore the shells went directly over their position.

The operations along the entire west front of the German line have settled into what really amounts to a siege of the splendid chain of French forts, so there is ample time in every case for these preparations to be very thorough.



Captured dummy guns used by French to mislead aeronauts.

In the matter of bomb-dropping from aeroplanes, this campaign has not developed anything of great importance, as the accuracy of the aim is greatly impaired by the enormous altitude at which the aviators must work to avoid shell and rifle fire. The aeronautic corps of each army has done a little bomb-dropping, but on the whole the result has been of very little importance, as the danger radius of a bomb such as is carried by an aeroplane is very small. It is an entirely different matter, however, when the bombs are dropped from the great dirigibles, for their carrying capacity is so much greater that the charge can be of such enormous strength that it will be of material offensive power. Apart from the actual damage, the moral effect caused by these newly invented carriers of death and destruction is of the greatest possible value. There has been a great storm of objection

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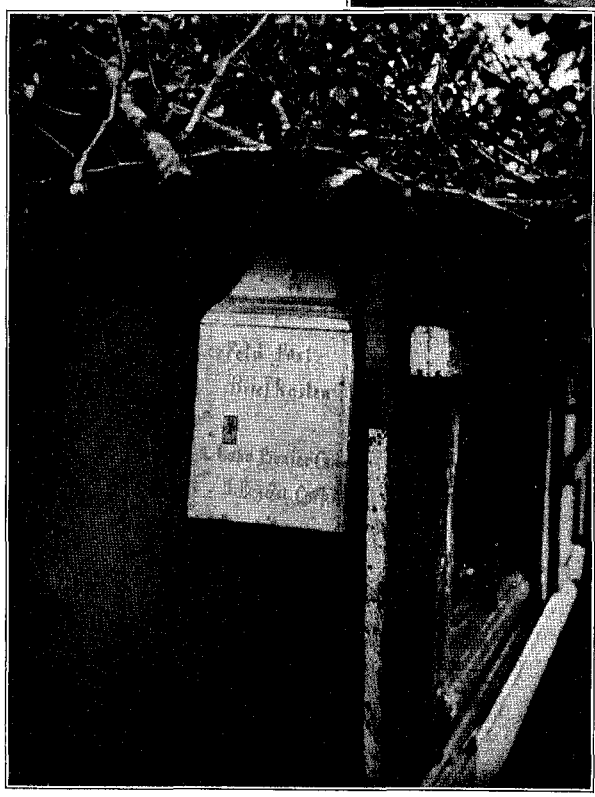
raised by many who apparently do not realize the full import of war and who consider bomb-throwing from aeroplanes or dirigibles into a city as outside the code of civilized warfare. There is no question, however, as to the immense value of the moral effect obtained if an army is able occasionally to drop a bomb into the cities of an enemy at war. The mental attitude has a great bearing on the defeat or victory of a country, and if that mental strain can be kept continually near the breaking-point by the use of bombs it certainly is of actual value. It is undeniably unfortunate that occasionally the innocent bystander is hurt, but if those who feel

General von Haussmann's headquarters.



Mail-box at headquarters.

that this form of warfare is unjust could follow the advance of an army and see village after village and town after town unexpectedly shelled by the advancing artillery, they would then realize that the onlooker has no place in the theatre of war. There are times when a besieging commander has the opportunity of warning the non-combatants, but it is not the case in bomb-dropping. Antwerp and Paris have been kept in constant dread of an aerial attack, and both have experienced it many times. That dread has been of material benefit to the Germans. London is almost in darkness every night as a preventive measure, and the

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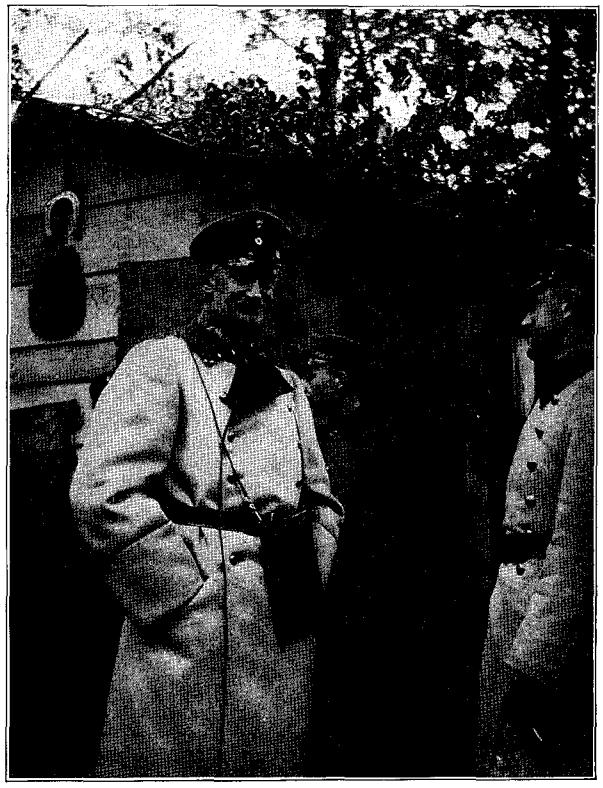
very gloom has its influence on the mind of every recruit and every statesman. They may not realize that its effect is depressing, but it is so, nevertheless. That is the great moral effect which I mean. It is unfortunate that this new condition makes it possible and even necessary to wage war

effective, although I have not been able to discover a case where more than one or two men have been killed. They use a small steel arrow or dart about four inches long. These darts are about as large around as the modern rifle-bullet, pointed and solid at one end for about two inches.



General von Haussmann at his headquarters in the woods.
The plate under the horseshoe is a steel breastplate taken from a French prisoner.

on the unoffending non-combatant, but it is a fact, and it is a method of warfare that is not going to be stopped, but, on the contrary, will be developed to the utmost degree. This dropping of bombs on cities has the same effect on the inhabitants that is produced all along the fighting-line by the continual night fire of the artillery. It simply keeps the enemy from resting, and the nervous strain on the mind is a part of the terrible toll of war. After all, war is really waged on the minds of the women, for it is the women who suffer most in these great conflicts.

The French have developed a new phase of attack upon troops from aeroplanes, which is ingenious and at times might be

The other end has four light flanges which act as do the feathers on an arrow. A great number of these darts are dropped from the aeroplane when it is directly over a position and are not unlike a volley of rifle-fire. As they fall, the heavy, pointed end naturally gravitates downward, steadied by the lighter, fractured end, and when dropped from a great height strike the earth at an incredible velocity. Specimens are very rare, indeed, because they go so deeply into the earth that they are not found except when they strike a log or heavy piece of wood.

The use of the automobile in the present-day warfare is almost as spectacular and quite as interesting as that of the aero-

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Ammunition-shed showing branches to screen it from aeroplanes.

plane. Before the war broke out Germany and Austria-Hungary had well-organized volunteer automobile corps, and when hostilities began a great many of the sporting set of both countries volunteered with their cars. If any of them thought that it would be a comfortable and comparatively easy way to render their service they were soon disillusioned, for it has been proved that the automobile corps is a far more dangerous service than any other branch of the army, not even excepting the flying contingent. There has been a much greater percentage of loss among the automobilists than in any other arm of the service. The reason, when one stops to consider, is most obvious. Automobiles are used for scouting and for messenger service and must go into every quarter of the field of operations. In former times when an aide-de-camp carried a despatch to a distant commander he could choose his route, and in time of danger could take any convenient cover. But to-day the automobilists must take such roads as the country affords and cannot leave them for a short cut across fields, nor can he jump the fence and escape an oncoming enemy. Another reason the automobilist's work is more dangerous than that of the mounted aide is that the noise of his motor proclaims his approach in no uncertain terms. In spite of all its dangers and difficulties, the automobile service has, however, become indispensable to army commanders by reason of its speed. At this day men are sacrificed by twos and fours for scouting purposes; where before an entire troop of cavalry or company of infantry would be sent, the same mission is now performed in less time by one automobile.

The equipment of the cars of the active motor corps now afield is exceedingly interesting and is being improved each day by the inventive genius of the various members of that particular branch of the service. Every car in both the Austro-Hungarian and the German service has a rifle for each occupant. These rifles are carried in a rack built in some convenient position on the running-board,

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where they may be reached at a moment's notice. The change of tires is, of course, a very important problem, and in practically every case spare wheels are used, as it would mean death to stop to change tires, even with detachable rims, while under fire. Spare gasolene-tanks are also carried on the running-board. One of the most interesting essentials of equipment is the system of wire-cutters attached to every car called upon to do work in an enemy's country. It was found that the inhabitants of some of the invaded territory were in the habit of stretching a wire across the roads at night, which, if not discovered, was liable to prove fatal to one or more occupants of a fast-moving motor-car. Nearly every car now used at the front has a long steel, knife-like bar fixed over the hood and wind-shield reaching from a point a few inches from the ground in front of the car back up over the driver. By this means a wire across the road would be scooped up just as the cow-catcher of one of our engines throws off any object on the track. As the motor rushes on it cuts the wire or rope on the sharp edge of the protecting knife. In some cases there is an automatic clipper at the top of the steel rod which severs the obstructing line.

I have been rather astonished to note how few of the cars are equipped with powerful hand search-lights which can be turned in any direction and also that not once have I seen one of the volunteer cars equipped with a rapid-fire gun. I am sure the cars in an American military motor corps would be more thoroughly up to date in this respect. Of course, it would be easier for us, as the use of electricity is far more general here than it is in Europe.

Ober-lieutenant Kliever and little French children near Longwy, France.

The secretary of war, Mr. Garrison, took up the matter of an American motor corps just before this war began, along lines which I suggested after having seen the Austrian corps in manœuvres, and I am positive that the reports of our military observers in Europe will bear out the necessity of such an organization. I do not want my cavalry friends to think that I suggest that the day of the horse in war is over, for it is far from the fact, but the "benzine lieutenant," as they call the officers of the motor corps, will certainly do the major portion of the real work of war from now on. It must be remembered that the very first advance of the invasion of Belgium was done in automobiles. Not only do the motor-cars play an important rôle in this war, but also the motor-cycles have their share of the work to do, and that work is often of the most dangerous character.

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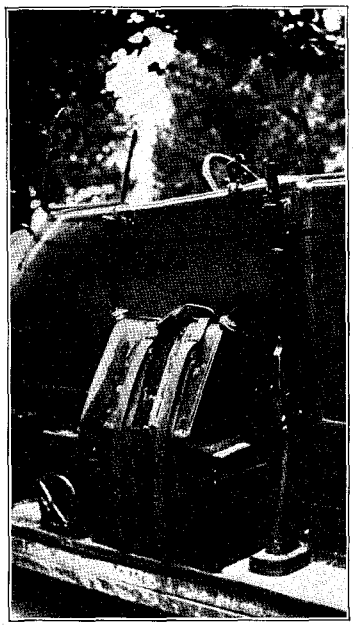
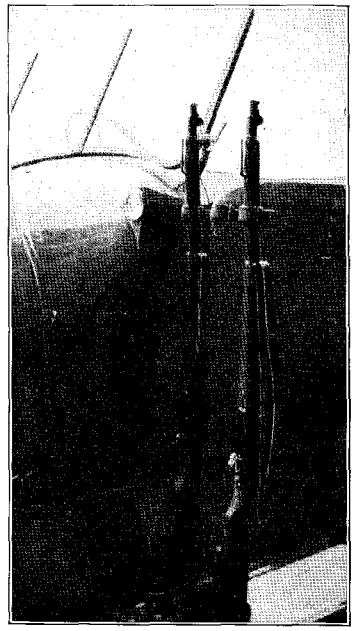
Apart from the spectacular, dashing corps of motor messengers, the plodding motor-trucks play a terribly earnest part in the great tragedy of war. Supplies are being brought up in surprisingly short order; ammunition reserve is now many miles farther back of the line than ever before; in fact, the whole scheme of transport and commissary has been revolutionized by the advent of the gasolene-driven vehicle.





Method employed by Germans of carrying arms and extra gasolene-tanks on motor-cars.

One of the most interesting features of this new service is a complete steam laundry in three motor-trucks which are drawn up side by side, connected by lowering side doors, and so making a gangway and forming the three trucks into what is really one room. These field laundries have a capacity of ten thousand pieces a day, and every German army corps has one with its transport.

Great motor-omnibuses from the big cities have been turned into hospital tenders. The back has been removed and twelve cots or litters replace the old interior furnishings. The use of the motor-vehicles as Red Cross ambulances allows the field-hospitals to be established much farther from the actual line than heretofore and obviates the necessity of frequent movement of the wounded on account of the changes in the position of the army.

The greatest achievement of all, however, is the marvellous Austrian motor battery, which has been a complete surprise to the military world. Great thirty-one-centimetre guns of incredible power and range are mounted on motor-trucks and are therefore so mobile that each gun is equal to at least five horse-drawn guns of the old type. All of the ammunition, supply, and forage wagons are motor-drawn. Even the men who serve the batteries are comfortably accommodated in trucks so that the entire battery is entirely independent of any other transportation than its own. These guns are to

Aeroplane dart used by French.
About three-quarters actual size.

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an army what the great turret-guns of a battleship are to the navy. Nothing can withstand them and no gun the enemy has can outrange them.

This has certainly been a "gasolene war," but, above all, it should be taken as a lesson to our nation. It has been proved that no nation has the right to neglect building military motor-roads to every part of its domain.

BELGIUM

By Benj. Paul Blood

A VIRGIN whose heroic mould
O'ershadowed death with graver harm,
To bar the portal of her hold
Thrust in the hasps her naked arm.
. . . . . .
Oh, dauntless maid, of faith inwrought,
That fortune's worst for virtue braved—
So quaintly fair, but now distraught,
A ruin but for honor saved,—

Oh, trampled sister of the race,
The elder Brother knows thy call;
Thou'lt share His guerdon of the grace
That, falling, stays another's fall.

Ye battling Powers, of battle birth,
Whose flaming tongues through rifled steel
Preach War's evangel, "earth to earth,"
O'er altars where the front files kneel,

Your bale-fires paint the murderous van
With gouts of red: the Hours unfold
A rubric where the wrath of man
Shall praise Him for this HEART of GOLD.
. . . . . .
Wild bells that muffling laurel wreathes,
How far your pæan thrills the years!
God help us, that while Valor breathes
The Soul shall laugh, though drowned in tears.

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THE WAR FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

By George B. McClellan

Former Mayor of New York City; Professor of Economic History in Princeton University

EVER since the beginning of the war the English and Germans have been unceasing in their efforts to influence American public opinion. Friendly newspapers have been supplied with carefully edited news, books favorable to one or other of the belligerents have been put upon the market, while distinguished men have flooded the press with their arguments and travelled the country in speech-making and lecture tours. Because of her command of the seas, which permitted her early in the war to cut the only cable under German control, Great Britain has possessed a great advantage over her chief opponent in being able to censor and color in her own interest all the cable news and much of the mail matter that we have received. On the other hand, Germany has conducted an extremely able campaign, in view of her handicap of having no cable and using a language other than ours.

Unfortunately, many of us have been so influenced by the extremely clever German and English efforts to capture our sympathies that we have lost our sense of proportion and assumed an attitude of open belligerency on one side or the other entirely inconsistent with our national position as neutrals in the war. Let us show our heartfelt compassion to the unhappy Belges and aid them to the limit of our means, let us give our sympathy and our admiration to either side we please, to the French and to the British for their dashing valor and for the magnificent stand they have made, or to the Germans for their marvellous efficiency and courage, but in doing so let us never forget that as neutrals we owe our first duty to our own country.

In these days of intense war partisanship it is not only morally and spiritually wholesome, but it is also patriotic, if we occasionally forget that we are either German or French sympathizers, Russian or Austrian advocates, or even that we were once British colonials, as some of us have never ceased to be, and only remember that we are Americans. If we were to keep that fact constantly in mind we should not only help in some small degree in upholding our President in his very difficult and exceedingly patriotic task of maintaining neutrality, but as Americans we should see clearly enough through the smoke of battle to learn a much-needed lesson for our future national guidance. There are some generous souls who insist that neutrality is cowardice, that there is a higher duty than that which we owe to country, and that is the duty we owe to civilization. They would, therefore, have us throw national interests to the winds and embark upon a war in behalf of what they consider the cause of civilization; that is, they would have us join in the fighting on the side which they favor, regardless of the fact that we can better serve civilization by best serving our own country. Moreover, we are rapidly placing the United States beyond the possibility of being of any use to Europe at the close of the war.

It is becoming more probable every day that there will be no overwhelming victory on either side, and it is possible that before long the belligerents will be glad to accept the good offices of a neutral power in bringing about peace. But as mediator no power will be acceptable that has not been really neutral. Neither side will consent to the arbitration of a government whose people have been violently partisan during the war. Unmeasured and unreasoning abuse accomplishes nothing but injury to the cause it is intended to help.

There has recently been much insistence that it is our duty as one of the signers of the thirteen conventions and one declara-

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tion adopted at the Second Hague Conference, in 1907, to protest against any violation of their terms by any of the belligerents. As a matter of fact, none of these conventions or the declaration "apply excepting between contracting powers and then only if all the belligerents are parties" (British Foreign Office, Misc. No. 6, 1908). The conventions involved were not ratified by all the belligerents in the present war, and are therefore neither morally nor legally binding upon any of those who did ratify. If we are to interfere in the affairs of Europe we must find some other reason than what occurred at the last Hague Conference, for The Hague conventions and declaration of 1907 fall of their own weight, and, if they mean anything at all, mean that they have no present application.

Those who, in the interests of what they call the higher duty, are seeking to embroil the United States in the European war, in their zeal for the ambitions of countries not their own, lose sight of the fact that they are imperilling the interests and the happiness of a hundred millions of Americans. What these ambitions are is, of course, open to an honest difference of opinion. All the belligerents claim to have been forced into the war and to be fighting in the cause of righteousness against a false and perjured foe. The question of who first attacked whom, of whose troops first crossed whose frontier, is not of so much importance to us neutrals as are the fundamental causes which brought about the war. If we can arrive at even an approximation of what those causes were we may be able to determine on which side, if either, our true interests lie.

To assume that the present war is the work of any one man or any group of men is to permit prejudice to warp judgment and to allow sympathy to befog a clear understanding of the facts. The real cause of the war must be sought more deeply than in the ambitions of any individual or of any single caste. The spark that set all Europe ablaze may have been lighted by individual action, but the train was laid and the conflagration set long before either Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, or Franz Ferdinand of Este, or Sir Edward Grey of England had become figures of international importance.

Ever since the wars of the French Revolution the history of the white man's world has been moulded by one all-inspiring, ever and everywhere dominant force, the spirit of nationality. The rise of that spirit as a world-compelling power is not only one of the most extraordinary features of modern development, but is the most interesting and characteristic phenomenon of the period in which we live. Whether we sympathize with it or not, whether we believe that it has been and is a force for good or evil, we must concede that the spirit of nationality has been the inspiration of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It has been the dominant note, the *leit motif* running through all the comings and goings, the doings and strivings, political and economic, of all the peoples of the Western world for more than a hundred years. In these days of materialism and disbelief it has been for thousands the only ideal that they knew. Many a man who has denied his God has given his life and his all for his flag.

According to the doctrine of nationality, political conditions are intolerable unless states and nationalities are conterminous, and ordinarily it insists that races should be governed as distinct units by themselves.

By it and because of it, during the last hundred years, Europe has been entirely transformed. It brought into being the German Empire, modern Italy, Greece, and Hungary. It awoke the Panslavic sentiment, created the Balkan states, and drove the Turk almost out of Europe.

Long before the French Revolution conditions were ripe for the creation of the nation, and Europe was ready for the touch of the enchanter's wand.

The ragged army with which Dumouriez won Jemappes called into being the modern spirit of nationality. Frenchmen suddenly awoke to the realization that there was a France which was not an appanage of the crown, which was not the property of the Bourbon lilies, but which was the birthright of her sons, the heritage and possession of all Frenchmen, to be fought for, to be died for, and to be lived for.

The men of the Revolution believed it to be their mission to force their doctrines and ideas upon Europe, just as, later, Napoleon believed it to be his mission to

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force his rule upon the world. And the countries of Europe, realizing that if they were to live free from France they must fight each for itself, as an independent unit, sprang to the fray inspired by the new spirit of nationality evoked by French world ambition. The moment that it was conceded that the people might rule themselves in their own way the spirit of nationality became more self-assertive. Masses of men having the same interests, the same hopes, the same ideals, naturally tended to separate from those who differed from them, while groups of men with like interests strove to join themselves together.

This new spirit of nationality has been criticised as being egotistic, as being the utmost limit of calculating, cold-blooded selfishness.

Unfortunately, human nature has always been more or less selfish. Yet as time has passed and as humanity has moved forward and upward in its evolution the selfishness of the individual has tended more and more to be absorbed in the selfishness of the group.

The impelling motive of humanity during its evolution from the village to the nation has been group or class selfishness, constantly growing broader as the unit of organization has increased in size.

Every nation on earth has been striving for years, in its own way, to realize to the full its national aspirations by uniting within itself all the component parts of its nationality and by making of itself a self-contained whole, just as in the ages past the territorial states, the cities, and the villages, excluding the stranger without their boundaries, strove to make themselves independent of their neighbors.

The necessary corollary of this aspiration has been the policy of territorial expansion followed during the last thirty or forty years by all the Western nations, as well as by Japan, at the expense of the dark-skinned races. The nations have tried to satisfy their need for land with an utter disregard of the feelings and rights of their victims, while often seeking to gloss their acts with an equal disregard of ingenuousness.

Most have claimed that they were conferring a great benefit upon their new subjects by introducing them to the blessings of a civilization dignified by such grandiose names as Kultur, Japanese progress, and the English mind, as in the case of Persia, whose independence was snuffed out by Great Britain and Russia; Egypt, pocketed by Great Britain alone; Bosnia and Herzegovina, taken by Austria-Hungary; and the Congo Free State, stolen by Belgium and subjected by that country to horrors of cruelty and misgovernment. When the civilization of the conquered is very similar to that of the conqueror, as in the cases of the South African republics, Korea, and Finland, appropriated, respectively, by Great Britain, Japan, and Russia, the resort has usually been had to the excuse that the government of the conquered is corrupt and needs reform.

Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Japan's violation of the neutrality of China in the present war, like Great Britain's violation of the neutrality of the Portuguese colony of Lourenço Marques during the Boer War, all absolutely unjustified, were all excused and explained by pettifogging quibbles tending to lend a respectable hue to piracy and to make Captain Kidd seem honest. This spirit of hypocrisy has been largely confined to the Teutonic nations, the Latins having been much more open in frankly acknowledging that they have been influenced by no altruistic motives in striving for their territorial conquests. After reading, *ad nauseam*, of the German desire to spread German Kultur and of the whole-hearted and unselfish efforts of the British to disseminate the English mind, it is refreshing to find that France has acquired her enormous colonial empire with neither apology nor excuse and that Italy has appropriated Tripoli and Cyrenaica simply because she coveted them.

Nevertheless, the underlying cause of the European land lust has not been altogether ignoble. In their struggle for national self-sufficiency—in other words, in their efforts to completely realize their national ideals—the nations have felt the imperative need of national territorial expansion so as to provide for surplus population and surplus products. The boundaries of Europe being rigid, the expansion has had to take place across the seas, and it has been for a place in the sun, or rather

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for many places in the sun, that each nation recently has been striving.

Modern economic, industrial, and scientific progress has been so extraordinary that population and production have increased beyond all expectation, making the problem of caring for surplus products and surplus people a very vital one.

The greatest colonial empire of them all, that of Great Britain, won by devotion and self-sacrifice as well as by craft and blood and iron, has been to her of absolute necessity under the doctrine of nationality. For at home she is wofully deficient both in supplies for her people and her industries and in demand for her people and her products.

France, still chiefly an agricultural country with a falling birth-rate and a very slowly growing population from immigration, has nevertheless felt the need of new markets for her surplus products, and so in her case also, from the nationalistic point of view, a colonial empire has been an absolute necessity.

It has been said that while France has colonies she has no colonists; that Great Britain has both colonies and colonists, but that Germany, while having colonists, has no colonies.

Germany came late to the game of land-grabbing, only to find most of the desirable white men's colonies already absorbed. Her population and her industrial production were increasing constantly and enormously, so that it became evident, long before the close of the last century, that if Germany was to retain the allegiance of her surplus population and market her surplus products under the German flag—in other words, if she was to realize her ambition of national self-sufficiency—she must bestir herself in the acquisition of colonial possessions. Germany has stolen less land than other nations because she did not feel the need until too late. If she had had the opportunity, it is probable that as a land thief her record would have been as sinister as that of Great Britain, and it is even possible that her colonial misgovernment might have been as wicked as that of Belgium in the Congo.

Until some three months ago many of us were under the impression that national boundaries were, in great measure, only geographical expressions and that the dawn of a universal brotherhood of man was not far distant. Those of us who held this comfortable belief predicated it upon the universality of commerce and banking and credit, on the vast system of commercial treaties that covered the world, and on the apparently excellent understanding existing among all the states of the earth.

The events of last August rudely dispelled the dream, and people awoke to the fact that nations had been dealing with each other, not because they wanted to, but because they had to; that the apparent internationalism of the last quarter of a century was due to the force of economic necessity and not to the call of human brotherhood; and that the all-powerful spirit of nationality tends to national selfishness and exclusiveness.

In the same way the recent political alliances of Europe came into being for the purpose of individual aggrandizement and national development and not because the high contracting powers had any particular love for each other or altruistic interest in each other's welfare.

The so-called Three Emperors' League ceased to exist in 1879, as soon as Russia learned that Germany and Austria had formed an offensive and defensive alliance chiefly aimed against her. Under Bismarck Germany's commercial ambitions were directed down the Danube toward Asia Minor. Austria-Hungary was essential to his policy, and Austria-Hungary became and has since remained the devoted and humble friend of Germany, once more, economically at least, the east mark (der Österreich) of the empire. In 1882 the Triple Alliance was completed by the adhesion of Italy, driven into the arms of Germany by her quarrel with France, due to the latter's annexation of Tunis, upon which Italy had cast longing eyes. Since then, upon its expiration, the Triple Alliance has been constantly renewed. Under its terms the three contracting powers agree to defend each other in case of attack. It may be said, in passing, that Italy's neutrality in the present war is based upon the theory that both Germany and Austria were the aggressors.

In 1895 Russia and France, who for some years had been gravitating to one another, came together in the so-called

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Dual Alliance, like the Triple Alliance, organized for mutual defense. In 1904 England and France reached a diplomatic understanding, as did England and Russia in 1907. The Dual Alliance thus became what is called the Triple Entente (or Triple Understanding), like the Triple Alliance, a mutually defensive undertaking. Japan subsequently adhered to the Entente by entering into defensive treaties, limited to the East, with Great Britain and France and forming a close alliance with Russia.

It is as absurd to say that the seven great powers grouped themselves because of international likings or racial sympathies as it is to assume that either of the great alliances was brought into existence as a purely protective and peaceful force.

A Barnum's happy family containing in one alliance perfidious Albion, the land of the Corsican, "the Bear that looks like a man," and that Bear's tamer is no more unnatural or preposterous than one including Italy and her hereditary enemy, Austria, and the latter's conqueror, Germany.

The powers grouped themselves, not as they might have liked, but as best they could, in the interests of their aspirations for complete nationality. Each had some definite end in view, the accomplishment of which in the comparatively near future was deemed by it of vital importance in the cause it had most at heart. Each knew that, in reaching this end, war with its chief industrial and commercial and political rivals was an almost absolute certainty, that victory was almost a condition precedent to complete national success. Therefore, for the past quarter of a century each has been playing for its own hand, feverishly preparing for the war which all Europe has believed to be inevitable.

Great Britain long ago realized that her world supremacy was seriously threatened by the marvellous industrial progress of Germany. Accordingly, her century-old policy of maintaining the largest navy afloat was accentuated, and she enunciated the principle, to which she has for some years adhered, of having a fleet larger than that of any two other nations. Her jealousy and hatred of Germany, as expressed on the platform and in the press, have been so evident that it has been perfectly obvious for whose benefit the fleet was being supported. The old hatred and fear of Russia were forgotten in the new and stronger hatred and fear of Germany.

France has never concealed her ambition to recover Alsace and Lorraine. "La Revanche" has been the watchword that has guided and governed her statecraft ever since the last war. Added to this has been the further inducement to war of the evident desire of Germany to interfere with French ambitions in Africa. French military writers have never concealed their hope that the moment France was ready war would be declared against Germany, the *casus belli* having been given as long ago as 1871 in the annexation of the two Reichsländer.

Russia, having put herself at the head of the Panslavic movement, has insisted that the accomplishment of Russian nationality was dependent upon the realization of the Panslavic dream. This in its turn required the destruction of the thoroughly artificial Austro-Hungarian Empire and the release from bondage of the Slavic peoples subject to the house of Hapsburg.

Besides, for nearly a century Russia has never ceased to strive for the possession of a door to the open sea, an ice-free harbor on the Pacific and an entrance to the Mediterranean; Dalny in the one case, Constantinople in the other.

Japan fo a generation has been ready and anxious to fight all comers as a means of establishing herself as a first-class power in the family of nations; like an ambitious young prize-fighter, she is seeking to acquire "a reputation."

Of the members of the Triple Alliance, Germany has been preparing for war for the purpose of winning her place in the sun, colonies as an outlet for German men and products. She has reciprocated Great Britain's hatred and for years looked forward to the day of British humiliation. Italy has been doing all in her power to complete her national aspirations by spreading her people and her language around the Mediterranean; while Austria-Hungary has been getting ready for the absorption of more Slav peoples in the effort to preserve her dual nationality by the increase of her subject states.

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All the great nations in their strivings for the realization of their hopes extended themselves to the utmost in the race for military power. The charge of militarism lies with equal force against all, if militarism means the crushing weight of enormous armament, for their expenditures in time of peace upon their armies and navies have been about the same. In 1911 the military and naval expenditures were as follows: France, $262,150,000; Germany, $315,000,000; Russia, $321,500,000; and Great Britain, $363,250,000. On a per-capita basis the expenditures were: Russia, $2.25; Germany, $4.80; France, $6.75; and Great Britain, $8.00.

The armed peace became too crushing to be borne longer. The enormous naval expenditures of Great Britain and the army budgets of the other powers at last reached a point beyond human endurance. So much was this the case that the French Government was only able to pass its recent three-year law by agreeing to pay most of the increased cost by means of a loan and by promising that the increase would be only temporary. All the nations were rapidly reaching a point of colossal military expenditure so great as to have only two alternatives before them, disarmament or war. National hatreds and jealousies and ambitions were too deep-rooted and intense to permit of a serious consideration of the former alternative. It then became merely a question of which power would be ready to strike first.

We all know that because of greater foresight and superior organization the initiative was taken by the Triple Alliance, and, no matter what special pleaders or apologists may say, the fact remains that the peoples of Europe took up arms as nations inspired by the consciousness of the honesty of their intentions and the justice of their cause. Whatever blame or praise may be deserved in this war must be shared by all the peoples involved, for this is a peoples' war, a national war, in the broadest sense popular. However much we may deplore its existence and its horrors, however fervently we may, and rightly, pray for peace, however sincerely we may believe that last August it might have been avoided, let us in common fairness concede that sooner or later it was bound to come and that it is being fought not to gratify individual ambitions, but as a consequence of the dominance of the spirit of nationality which rules the century in which we live. Rival national ambitions were too antagonistic to permit the states to live longer at peace, and the nations of the world who had prided themselves on their Christian civilization, forgetting what they had learned during a thousand years of evolution and progress, submitted the righteousness of their aspirations to the mediæval court of justice, the red arbitrament of the sword.

Apart from our sympathies for and against the various belligerents, we Americans as Americans are vitally interested in the war because of the direct effect its outcome may have upon the welfare of our country and the happiness of our people. It is our duty to remember that in this far from perfect and very human world conditions must be faced as they are and not as we should like to have them. We must not delude ourselves into the belief that under any circumstances the end of the war will inaugurate an era of universal human brotherhood and peace. The bitterness of defeat, the sting of disappointed ambition, the arrogance of victory, and the blood-lust of conquest will require generations for cure. It may be that mankind will emerge from the conflict chastened and humbled, yet, on the other hand, centuries may pass before the dreadful passions this war has aroused are laid to rest.

Whatever of change the far-distant future may hold, there is absolutely no reason to suppose that the end of the war will find the spirit of nationality any less dominant or aggressive than it has been for a quarter of a century. On the contrary, as this war is the direct and logical outcome of the world rule of the national spirit, so, no matter who may win, the result of the war must be the triumph of nationality.

The nations fought as a step in the realization of their national ambitions. When the war is over, the victors, no matter who they may be, with far greater boldness and with far less concealment than ever before, will continue their progress toward the accomplishment of national self-sufficiency and national world power.

With the hopes and aspirations of France, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan

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States we have no concern, but the ultimate ambitions of two great powers clash directly and of two others indirectly with American interests. While Russia seeks territorial aggrandizement in Europe and Asia, and while the United Kingdom is willing to remain as she is as long as her world supremacy in industry and commerce is not menaced, both Germany and Japan believe that in their national growth they must expand beyond the seas, and it is their desire for expansion that is our greatest national danger. Should Germany triumph, her national aspirations will scarcely be satisfied with the acquisition of French North Africa or even British South Africa. Both territories are peopled with unfriendly races and would require generations for Germanization.

To the south of us, however, the case is entirely different. German interests in Latin America are so great, the number of Germans living in the southern republics and the amount of German commerce with them are so large, that it is scarcely possible that a victorious Germany will, or from the nationalistic point of view ought, to refrain from establishing coaling stations, spheres of influence, and colonies in different parts of South America. This she will accomplish peaceably if she can, forcibly if she must. For the assurance recently given by Count von Bernstorff that she would not attack Canada only referred to the present war and in no way suggested an acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine. The national theory has always insisted that it is national loss for emigrants to live beyond the jurisdiction of the flag. If Germany succeeds in covering into the empire her sons who have emigrated, she will be doing no more than every other nation has tried to do.

On the other hand, should the Allies win we shall be confronted by a problem quite as serious as that presented by a German triumph.

Japan contains a population of nearly 70,000,000, with a density of more than 300 per square mile. Economically, she needs colonies for her national development; politically, her aspirations are boundless. Not satisfied with the acquisition of Formosa from China, and of Korea nine years ago, she has recently seized the Marshall and other South Sea islands from Germany and, violating Chinese neutrality, has conquered the German colony of Kiau Chow. She has said that she would give the Marshall Islands to Australia, but has not done so, and does not conceal her intention of retaining Kiau Chow. The spirit of her nationality is so ambitious and so aggressive that it looks forward to the certainty of dominating the Pacific and the possibility of ruling the world. On the mainland of China and Korea, whatever may be the chances of political control, the door is closed to immigration, because population is even denser than in Japan, while the might of Great Britain precludes the possibility of Japanese settlement in Australia or New Zealand. But across the Pacific the way lies open and in Mexico the colonies are waiting to be seized. Hawaii is a convenient half-way house, and is already to all intents a Japanese colony, for, out of a total population of 192,000, 84,207 are Japanese subjects (Japs, 79,674; Koreans, 4,533) and less than 15,000 are pure whites.

Those who concede the existence of German ambitions in South America laugh at the suggestion of Japanese designs against Mexico. Yet they cannot deny the Japanese desire for territorial expansion or that the hatred of the Japanese for us is almost as great as is that of our Pacific coast people for them. If heretofore the Japanese have made no move against Mexico it has been because they have feared the outcome, but, should the Allies win, the strength of Japan will be enormously increased.

But no matter who may win it is almost certain that at some not far-distant date we shall be confronted with the alternative of either abandoning the Monroe Doctrine or of fighting to maintain it. We have made of it a great national principle, a question of national honor, so that if we abandon it we must concede that we are not strong enough to retain it, that we are only a second-class power at the mercy of all the swaggering bullies of the earth. If we fight for it, in our present condition of unpreparedness, there can be but one outcome. A triumphant and victorious Germany would have little to fear from us, and, while we might possibly in the end be able to check Japan by herself, for her

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financial resources are limited, we could scarcely hope to do so if she receives help.

Unquestionably, the Russian-Japanese alliance is extremely close, and nothing would better please Russia than our humiliation, for she hates us quite as much as does Japan. She has never forgotten that in 1905 President Roosevelt's interference deprived her of almost certain victory over her enemy, for Japan was nearly bankrupt; nor has she forgiven President Taft's unnecessarily brutal abrogation of our commercial treaty in 1911. Japan, with Russia standing behind her, England neutral and even possibly fighting with her, and Germany crushed, would be a problem past our solution.

There are those who assume that Great Britain would fight with us in any great war in which we might be engaged. But why should she? She has never shown any particular fondness for us, one of her two greatest industrial rivals, unless she could use us to her advantage. Neither her conduct during our Civil War, nor in the Venezuela matter, nor her recent seizure of neutral cargo bound for neutral ports in American ships, shows any particular regard for us or our rights. Besides, there is a treaty between Great Britain and Japan. It ought not to be difficult for Japan to manœuvre us into an aggressive position at the outbreak of any future war, in which case Great Britain must go to her defense unless the Anglo-Japanese treaty is "only a scrap of paper." Japanese help to Great Britain in the present war has been of very great importance. It is quite certain that Japan will expect payment for her services cent for cent.

If we do not wish, sooner or later, to reckon with the alternative of either living shamefully or dying gloriously, we must be prepared to defend ourselves and fight for our national honor single-handed, for we can expect no assistance from any other nation on earth. We must realize that whatever nations may say in their hours of stress, in their hearts none of them like us. All fear us and are jealous of us, for they know that we are the nation of the future. There will be no general disarmament after this war, for, while financial necessity may cause a great reduction in the size of armaments, the armies and navies that survive will be more than sufficient to account for ours, as at present constituted.

For the sincere and honest non-resister we should have nothing but respect. We may not approve of his doctrines, but we can at least admire the consistency of the man who, believing war to be the greatest of evils, advocates peace at any price. But most of our people are in no sense non-resisters and have the most profound belief in the greatness and the might of our country. Yet, while they urge the expansion of American industry and commerce and in its support advocate a spirited foreign policy, they are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices to insure our country's future. They believe that because we have never been obliged to fight a serious foreign war there is a special Providence watching over us to protect us from our mistakes. Trusting to this special Providence, we have negotiated a series of treaties with foreign powers in which it is agreed that, in case of any dispute arising between the contracting parties, neither shall resort to arms until after the expiration of a year. A sort of political moratorium is provided which under the millennium might be very effective but which under existing conditions is hardly practical.

"He must needs go that the devil drives." When the inducement to break a treaty is sufficiently strong, none is worth more than waste paper unless there is power behind the treaty to enforce its terms. Depending upon treaties for our national development and growth is like trying to climb to heaven by means of a rope of sand. The truth of the matter is, that in some respects as a nation we have deluded ourselves into a sense of false national security, and we imagine that because our progress has been phenomenal in the past nothing will ever check it. Our wealth and our luxury have become so great that we are unwilling to make any sacrifice even for our own salvation, and we violently oppose any one who criticises our enjoyment. We treat the voice crying in the wilderness as a public nuisance, and, because it disturbs us, either ridicule or abuse any one who points out our national dangers. Most of the fear of so-called militarism in this country is a fear of its

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possible cost and not of its consequences. Yet many men who will earnestly oppose the appropriations for two battleships will cheerfully vote double the sum for unnecessary river-and-harbor work for the benefit of some of their favorite constituents.

Europe has shown that no state is immune from war. As long as we profess the Monroe Doctrine, sooner or later the United States will be obliged to defend it by force of arms. We can only survive if we are prepared, and to be prepared we must be willing to pay the cost. An adequate navy and a sufficient and an efficient army cannot be had without the expenditure of time, men, and money. Although in 1911 our military budget was the fourth largest on earth in time of peace, amounting to $266,500,000, a per capita of $2.66, we have only 7 dreadnoughts against Great Britain's 18, and 25 submarines against Great Britain's 72. General Wood has told us that we have 43,000 regulars available, less than an army corps, and that, while in time of war 300,000 men will be required to defend and support our coast-defenses, we have 17,000 for the purpose. For each torpedo-tube afloat it has been charged that we have just one torpedo, and they take time to make; we have no spare guns, nor rifles, nor ammunition, and, worst of all, we have no trained reserve of men. Modern wars come with dreadful swiftness, and yet to put this country in a condition of even partial preparedness will require years of time, millions of money, and thousands of men. If we decline the alternative of living shamefully or dying gloriously, and prefer to live with honor, we must be willing to face the necessity of sacrificing some of our wealth, much of our ease, and all of our self-satisfaction.

As the much-abused Treitschke has said: "Weakness is nothing intrinsically ludicrous, but the weakness that tries to pose as power is indeed so."

Without being a militarist, one cannot help feeling that the national character would be strengthened if we should bring ourselves to face the future. We should be a better people morally and spiritually if we would think less of making money and spending it for pleasures not always intellectual or wise and more of defending the honor of our country against future perils. Only too many who denounce the ideals of militarism have no ideals whatever of their own. The men of the Civil War who fought on both sides for what they thought was right, and the women who stayed at home and suffered, were a nobler generation than is ours, for they gave all they had for an ideal, while we are unwilling to sacrifice even present comforts for the happiness of future generations.

It is the duty of every American to take thought for the national safety while forethought is still possible. It is our duty to fortify our coasts, to organize the nucleus of what may be expanded in time of war into a great army of defense, to build ships strong enough and numerous enough to meet our national needs, and to do all this in no spirit of aggression, with no intention of forcing ourselves where we do not belong, but with the purpose of meeting the future calmly and bravely. Firmly resisting the efforts of both sides in this war to entangle and embroil us, preserving a strict neutrality between the combatants both now and hereafter, we should prepare to defend ourselves so that if attack ever comes we may be able to resist successfully.

The American people have never failed to rise to all the emergencies with which they have been confronted, because it has always been humanly possible for them to do so. Yet by our refusal to make adequate preparation for defense we are making it impossible for our countrymen to rise to the emergency of a war with a powerful opponent.

In the next few years the American people will determine the future of their country. They must decide whether she is to continue to drift unarmed upon the seas of chance, her safety menaced and her progress checked, the sport and perhaps the victim of any pirate nation that chooses to attack her, or whether, forewarned and forearmed, able to command respect and to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, she shall continue toward the fulfilment of her ultimate destiny, constantly nearing the goal of her ambitions as the greatest, the most mighty, and the most righteous nation the world has ever known.

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TURKEY AND GERMANY

By H. G. Dwight

AMONG the most interesting experiences of the Balkan War, for a certain sojourner in Constantinople, was a certain motor spin to the Chatalja Lines. As we skimmed along the brown uplands behind the Russian war memorial of 1878, of which the Turks have now left not one stone upon another, we saw a long gray cruiser making for the city. At that moment, on the eve of the battle of Chatalja, when the harbor was full of foreign men-of-war and suspense was at its height, the spectacle contributed very little to an exciting day. But we had occasion to remember that long gray cruiser. Even then the *Goeben*, as we later learned she was named, created an incident. Before she appeared on the scene, almost the last European ship to do so, the Germans refused to give out the name and rank of her commander. Not even the American ambassador was able to get the coveted information for his English colleague. When the international squadron finally constituted itself, however, it was found that the ranking officer was the French admiral Dartige du Fournet. The admiral of the *Goeben* was accordingly obliged to take second place, although his ship was by far the most formidable in the Bosphorus, and Admiral Dartige du Fournet directed the subsequent operations of the international fleet.

It is a French admiral who now directs the larger operations of the Allied fleets in the Mediterranean. But the situation of 1912 has reached its logical conclusion, and the German cruiser that steamed so quietly into the Bosphorus two years ago is there to-day, the arm and the symbol of a counter supremacy. I will not venture to say that the Turks would never have entered the war without the *Goeben*. The escape last August into the Dardanelles, however, of that henceforth historic ship and her consort the *Breslau* brought to a climax the situation which broke Turkish neutrality, and it was the *Goeben* that eventually forced the Turks into the war.

It is perhaps worth while, for their bearing on the larger aspects of the war, to consider the circumstances which made it possible for a single adventurous corsair to dictate the policy of an empire. It is not given the present writer to read the heart of any man, and least of all those of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his Chancellors. We all know, however, the old catchwords of the *Drang nach Osten* and the Place in the Sun; and the affairs of China, Morocco, and Asia Minor, to say nothing of the last four or five European wars, look very much as if the Teutons had set out to make for themselves by force and by forethought such an empire as England has gained chiefly by accident. It also looks very much as if Turkey had been expected to contribute to that empire the richest of her European and Asiatic provinces. Exactly what, in connection with the *Drang nach Osten*, the two branches of the Teutonic race secretly thought of each other's destiny, it is not here necessary to inquire. It must be some generations, however, since any member of the rising house of Hohenzollern has thought it likely that the house of Hapsburg would survive his own. Has not the whole trend of modern history been toward the unification of cognate peoples? And it is not too impossible to conceive that at least one Hohenzollern fancied the *Drang nach Osten* might one day carry him or some happy descendant from Berlin to Bassorah on German soil.

As for the Turks, they seem to have thought very little. They are not greatly given to thought, the Turks, being at heart honest and very simple. As a race they know little of *Weltpolitik* or any other kind of *Politik*. They blundered by chance into an empire for them the one most impossible to govern, and the attempt to govern it has brought out much of the worst in them. Nevertheless they

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remain at heart surprisingly simple. And used as they always have been to the clash of races, they are not the men to be unduly suspicious of any one. On the contrary, they were the men to be moved by the visit which Kaiser Wilhelm II paid to Sultan Abd-ül-Hamid II in 1890. Since Enrico Dandolo and Frederick Barbarossa no other European sovereign of the first rank had visited Constantinople. Indeed, most of the great and good friends of Abd-ül-Hamid on the thrones of Europe had shown him anything but friendliness. So it was that the Kaiser himself laid, twenty-five years ago, the bases of the present situation. Until that moment Germany had been a cipher in the Levant, whereas England, France, and Russia had been intrenched there for generations. But the Emperor's two visits—for he returned to Constantinople in 1898 and extended his journey to Syria—the *coup* of the Bagdad railway, which was begun as a British line, the long embassy of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, and the military missions of Field-marshal Baron von der Goltz and General Liman von Sanders, were only the more salient features of an intelligent and patient campaign that gradually undermined the position of the present Allies.

The outbreak of the Turkish revolution in 1908 seemed for a moment to have undone the work of nearly twenty years. A less astute and tenacious ambassador than Baron Marschall von Bieberstein would have been obliged to resign his post. The Young Turks, whose blow had been struck a little prematurely by their desire to save Macedonia from further European intervention, wished to do away with the growing German hegemony in Asia Minor, as a part of the old régime. They therefore welcomed with unusual public demonstrations the new British ambassador who arrived at that psychological moment. Sir Gerard Lowther, however, was too much the British sportsman to avail himself or his country of the opportunity. Within a few days of his arrival three important members of the mysterious Committee of Union and Progress waited on him. Sir Gerard felt that he must decline to receive them, having not yet presented his credentials to the constituted authorities of the country. Baron Marschall, I fancy, would have found a solution of that delicate point without touching the sensibilities of any one concerned. But the Committee of Union and Progress, which at that moment was and which to a degree still is the paramount power in Turkey, never forgave Sir Gerard. And subsequent events only tended to widen the breach.

Baron Marschall would not have been the formidable diplomat he was if he had missed any opening afforded by the tactics of his opponents. It was not long before he had so consolidated the shaken position of Germany in the Near East that he could safely move to another strategic point of German diplomacy. And one cannot help wondering whether history would have taken quite the course it did if he had lived to be in London last summer. However, events continued to play into the hand of Germany. Not the least important of those events was the Balkan War. At the outset of that conflict the Powers announced that they would permit no extension of territory in consequence of the war. No one imagined for an instant that the Balkan states had a shadow of a chance against their greater neighbor. The declaration was merely a warning to Turkey that she would not be allowed to profit by the war. But the Turks did not take it in that way. They therefore were extremely bitter against Europe in general, and against the Triple Entente in particular, on account of the territorial settlements of the war. Neither did the subsequent adjudication of Chios and Mitylene to Greece do anything to alleviate their bitterness. While the various decisions were collective, they were issued in London, by Sir Edward Grey. Moreover, Germany several times allowed it to be seen, both during the earlier negotiations and those relating to the reforms in Asia Minor, that she held out in the interest of Turkey. Whereas England and France, as the special protectors of Greece, were correspondingly felt to be the special enemies of Turkey.

Germany also knew how to profit by the growing sentiment of Pan-Islamism. Abd-ül-Hamid II was the first in his country to exploit the political possibilities of that sentiment. The successors of Abd-ül-Hamid continued even more seri-

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ously his policy of maintaining relations with the different Mussulman peoples. Their efforts would not seem to have been crowned with any great success, if we may judge by the results of the Holy War. The fact is that the Moslem world is still too ignorant and too incoherent for any effective Pan-Islamism. But the propaganda at least availed to invest Germany, who alone of the six Powers has not one Mohammedan subject, with the halo of Protector of Islam; whereas it was not difficult to excite a certain amount of animosity against England, France, and Russia, as being the arch-oppressors of Islam.

In a series of events longer than I can take space to recapitulate, one of the last and one of the least was the one that came nearest the hearts of the populace. I refer to the seizure by the British Admiralty of two dreadnoughts built in England which were on the point of being delivered to Turkey. The embargo was provided for in the contract, and such embargoes are neither unjustifiable nor unknown. But the Turks, as I have said, are a very simple people. They are also a very poor people. With infinite difficulty they had scraped together, in all sorts of ways, from high and low, piaster by piaster, the money for those two dreadnoughts. Nothing else could have touched so many individuals. In those dreadnoughts they saw a promise of recompense for the disasters of the Balkan War. The dreadnoughts would have assured their preponderance in the Ægean, would have backed up their unrelinquished claim to Chios and Mitylene, might even have opened the way again to Salonica. The embargo, therefore, filled them with a very live and wide-spread bitterness against England. England already had more dreadnoughts than any one else in the world: what difference could two more or less make to her? And then, just at another psychological moment, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* ran into the Dardanelles.

It would be interesting to know whether that *coup de théâtre* was entirely so accidental as it looked. At all events, the entrance of Turkey into the war from that moment became inevitable. Yet the case was not quite so clear as it would have been in any other country. The Turks, as I keep repeating, are a simple people, individually of perfect manners but collectively not greatly versed in international usages. Their extraordinary conception of neutrality, therefore, as exemplified by their welcome of the German ships and their subsequent treatment of the British naval mission, could not be judged altogether as such things would be judged in any other country. But, as a matter of fact, they were no longer their own masters. Austrians and Germans had long controlled the two chief railroads of the country, the communications of the capital, the native press. With the advent of General Liman von Sanders, Germany took command of the army and the straits. And between the breaking out of the general war and the participation in it of the Turks, Germans streamed into the country by the hundred, by the thousand, both soldiers and civilians, securing their hold on all the reins of government. Everything was provided for, in the methodical German way. An acquaintance of mine in Asia Minor met in a German house an officer who made no secret of the fact that he was to be, when the moment arrived, the governor of that particular district. Silently, but in the end very swiftly, Turkey became a Prussian province, administered from Berlin. Very likely the Turks, or a good many of them, really believed themselves to have bought the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. Having no money to pay for them, however—for England, in order to make it more difficult for Turkey to break the peace, had kept back the price of the sequestered dreadnoughts—they could make no effective protest when Admiral Suchon refused at a stormy council of war to hand the *Goeben* over to Turkish officers or even to allow any Turk in certain parts of the ship. So it came about that German sailors proceeded to masquerade in Turkish fezzes. And so it was that the *Goeben* forced Turkey into opening hostilities by the raid on Odessa.

The true story of that exploit has yet to be written. It is not for me, therefore, to say how many of the responsible heads of the government were in the secret. In Constantinople, however, the war is commonly spoken of as Enver Pasha's war. Enver Pasha, as every one knows, popularly known as the hero of the revolution, is

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the young Minister of War, formerly military attaché in Berlin, who organized the Turkish resistance in Tripoli and who during the Balkan War headed the *coup d'état* against the cabinet of Kyamil Pasha. And it would seem that the attack on the Russians was a genuine surprise to such exalted colleagues of Enver Pasha as the Grand Vizier, who is a cadet of the Khedivial family of Egypt, and Jemal Pasha, the late Minister of Marine. Certain it is at any rate that Javid Bey, Minister of Finance, Oskan Effendi, Minister of Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones, and Jemil Pasha, Prefect of Constantinople, with others of the most competent administrators, resigned their posts rather than be party to that rash adventure. Previously to the *fait accompli*, furthermore, the Sultan, who as a rule has very little to say about public affairs, insisted that he would never sign a declaration of war; while his cousin and heir presumptive, Youssouf Izzedin Effendi, is known to be a strong partisan of the Triple Entente. Indeed, there have been rumors of a personal encounter between the latter and Enver Pasha that nearly had a fatal ending. As for the country at large, many of the better-educated people really believed that their existence had come at last to the stake. They put no faith in the assurances of the Triple Entente, after the Balkan War, and they told themselves that the victory of England, France, and Russia would inevitably mean the partition of Turkey. They therefore argued that they had nothing to lose and everything to win by casting in their lot with Germany. There is likewise a rising generation of Young Turks who have learned chauvinism with their letters, who are fervent partisans of the belated theory of Turkey for the Turks—the Turks being a minority and the latest arrived in their own land—and who are just educated enough to be caught by the plausibility of Pan-Islamism. This is the timber out of which in every country jingoes are hewn. But the mass of the people, who are very simple, very ignorant, and very fatalistic, have already accepted the consequences of the Balkan War and are by no means eager for a new one. They have borne in their own persons and property the brunt of two disastrous wars. The mobilization of last August forced them to leave the largest crop of years to rot in the fields. It is only because they can endure more than any Western race and are born to a habit of obedience that they have followed Enver Pasha into this war. For any one who was in the country at the time, however, it was easy to see that they did so without enthusiasm. On the night the British and French ambassadors left for the frontier I went, mindful of the departure of the ambassadors from Berlin, to see what might be seen at the station. I saw nothing, however, to indicate the slightest popular hostility against the two great "enemies of Islam." Nor were the demonstrations that a few days later celebrated the declaration of the Holy War a sign of any popular feeling. They were, rather, a sign of the docility of the Constantinople mob, even to the point of breaking no more than the indicated windows. And they gave rise to many amusing stories of how much certain demonstrators were paid, and what trouble the police had to round them into the procession.

There is less of comedy than of tragedy, though, in the present plight of the Turks. They have allowed themselves to be led into a dilemma of which either solution can hardly mean less than their ruin. Their own ignorance and folly are to blame. It is because they are too incapable of energy and of concerted action that a man of energy like Enver Pasha has been able to lead them where he chooses, that they were unable to disown the high hand of their too powerful protectors at Odessa. Yet even of Enver Pasha, as of his German mentors, one feels that there is something sincere and gallant in his folly. He has led his country into a hopeless adventure not merely from personal ambition but from conviction. It is more than possible, too, that he will pay for his conviction with his life. He has so many enemies that any day he may be shot. And it is entirely conceivable that Constantinople may attempt to solve the ruinous dilemma by a revolution that would open the Dardanelles to the Allied fleet.

These possibilities, and others contingent upon them, lend to life in that kaleidoscopic town a quality of uncertainty.

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Life is peculiarly uncertain for those who happen to be Russians, Frenchmen, or Englishmen, for the Turks and the Germans between them are doing all they can to eradicate the influence of their enemies. Even for us Americans, I fancy, conditions might be made rather difficult if the Turks were to win their war. We have a great many schools and hospitals in Turkey, perhaps the largest and most completely equipped in the empire, and Turks and Germans alike are prone to see in them the arm of a deep-laid national policy. They have already adopted toward these institutions an attitude which, if submitted to, would ultimately entail their suppression. Nevertheless, in Constantinople, as elsewhere nowadays, it is a good thing to be an American. Even if revolution were to break out, or the war were otherwise to disorganize the country, it does not seem to me that any one who has friends there need be unduly alarmed about them. But if the war were to end in a disaster, I confess I would not care to be a German in Turkey.

GROWING OLD

By P. Deming

I HAVE been in this world eighty-five years. It is safe to assert that (in the main) any who may read this item will never be as old as I am. It seems allowable, therefore, for me to try to tell them something, or perhaps "several somethings."

The first thing I wish to mention is a curious trait of radical kindness in human nature—a trait so manifest, so important and universal, that I wonder why it is not more talked about.

The first hint I had of this kindness was when I was perhaps about seventy-one years of age. My attention was then drawn to the fact that if a chair was to be placed for my convenience or a door was to be opened that I might pass through, or any little service was to be performed (such as I had been accustomed to do for myself), a pair of hands (or perhaps several pairs) would be extended to do the act for me.

It is pertinent to say here that I am and always have been (since I was a boy) merely a "single gentleman."

I had not become a noted man suddenly. I did not carry official honors. What did these new attentions mean? They surprised me, and they amused me.

I am glad to say that I have long had several lady friends who claim to know all about society matters, to whom I submit social questions which I cannot understand. When I gave my little puzzle to one of these excellent ladies, she looked at me long and steadily, and then remarked that I was beyond seventy and that the acts I had described were deeds of compassion, and that she would not like to be the object of such attentions. I knew she was very sensitive in regard to her age, and at once understood her meaning.

But somehow the view of the lady did not seem to have any effect on my feelings in regard to the matters in question. I saw that the acts of kindness which were more and more coming to my aid were very genuine. The young, and the very young, joined in them, and so naturally and heartily and unconsciously that I could not feel otherwise than deeply

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grateful. If a little humility on my part was called for in consenting to receive such aid, that item came to me naturally, and seemed to be provided by some law of my being which I did not understand.

It seemed at times laughable, but it seemed right. A dozen years earlier I might have spurned all offers of aid. When I was sixty no one offered them. All the people scrupulously kept their distance. But in some mysterious way, at seventy nature began to take down the bars between us. I saw this or felt it or in some way became conscious of it. The result was a large increase in happiness and kindly feeling.

It is to the point here to state that I reside in a city of more than a hundred thousand people, and a city which is all the while considering public affairs of great importance. And yet before I was eighty I became slightly conspicuous on the sidewalk, in the neighborhood, and in the municipality. I was one that everybody had a right to speak to and to treat with kindness. It was sometimes amusing to accept the arm extended by some one, to me unknown, who desired to help me up or down the high steps of a public edifice. It was amusing because I thought I had no need of such assistance. But I made it a matter of conscience not to refuse aid, and always thanked the one who rendered it. I could not help seeing that the party who gave such aid was made glad by doing so. A little later on in life I began to find that the aid I sometimes had in climbing up or going down the same lofty steps (where there was no banister) was an actual benefit. But I wondered how others had found this out before I did.

There is not a little commendable curiosity mingled with that kindness of human nature which so honors and helps the aged. In some respects the curious and friendly eye of the young fellow will search and know the old chap better than the old chap knows himself. Perhaps it is curiosity that makes a man of eighty a little conspicuous. There are but few men of fourscore who are seen walking the streets with a firm tread, and perhaps a large gold watch-key. It is rather a fine thing to grow into this kind of prominence or even part-way into it. If there is any item the citizens can get hold of to the credit of the old chap they will make the most of it. If the gold key mentioned above is merely the *Phi Beta Kappa* which has been worn since college days in peace and quietness, until quite forgotten, there is still danger that some one will mention to the very old boy "the honorable key" he wears. He knows very well that the remark about his key would not have been made to him if he were not so very old. He accepts the remark with thankfulness and humility.

I am reminded here of the circumstance, that when William Cullen Bryant in his last years came to our city and was greatly honored, he said in his neat little speech in response, that he supposed the honors were given him because he was so old. That was very modest, and much less than the whole truth, but it tells us that he knew the human heart and its genuine, radical kindness for the aged.

And I remember that when Julia Ward Howe, in her eighties, consented to give us an evening's talk in a little church auditorium, she began her lecture and captured the audience by bravely mentioning her age, and telling how surprised she was at finding herself on the platform. When younger it had seemed to her entirely impossible that as an octogenarian she could be or would consent to be a talker in public. But she had lived to learn, and had come to know how erroneous those young thoughts were.

If the admiration and applause we gave Mrs. Howe can be construed as compassion, it was surely a very attractive manifestation of that feeling. It blessed both those who gave it and the grand old lady who received it with so much grace and dignity.

It occurs to me just here that there is a matter of discrimination in my subject which I would not wish to omit. I wish to say or concede that the kindness of the very young for the aged is largely an outflow of a perishable animal nature. The man or the woman has not come yet. The true kindness which is spiritual and which men and women show, is that which is so genuine and so helpful to those who by reason of their many years have come to need it.

While not all men and women are truly kind to those who are growing old, it is

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a glad surprise to find by experience how many are so. While the crowd that jostles all of us fails in regard to many of the virtues, it does not so signally fail in regard to this. The few who dare to be unkind to the aged are known and blamed and avoided. They are looked upon as radically bad. They are understood to be incapable of reform or repentance.

And here I come to the next of those somethings which I wish to say. It is not something new, but a something that has been emphasized by my experience. It is the fact so often discovered by the aged, that folks of any sort do not, in the depths of reality, change or grow old. The outside of the man or the woman waxes and wanes, but the "I myself within me," that something of which we are conscious, that spark of the infinite flame, seems as changeless as eternity. To himself and to those who know him very intimately and most completely the man is and seems just as young and just as old at twenty as at fourscore. I have had exceptional opportunities to know about this. We were a family of seven children, of the old New England stock, and Puritan. We have all lived to be several years beyond seventy. We grew up together, and have continued to dwell in our native land in concord and harmony. Each has read the others, as the saying is, like the pages of a book. Changes have come—the usual changes. And these have been many. But the dispositions, tendencies, tastes, preferences, loves, hates, and all the long catalogue of personal qualities, have remained the same, and seem bound to continue unchangeable forever.

I remember with contrition efforts to turn Puritan feet out of one channel or pathway into another. Little brothers who are fond of each other struggle hard to harmonize their likes and dislikes and tendencies, so as to pursue the same objects with enthusiasm. I can never think without smiling of those boyish days in the lone forest solitudes when the spirit nearest to mine, my nearest brother, my Achates, tried to be interested in fishing and hunting, both of us half knowing that he was interested in these pursuits merely because I was. It became a joke between us that most of his success in fishing was in the way of getting his hook caught in the bushes. But he had his success when at our home he brought out his books relating to Wilson and Audubon and the birds and the flowers we had found in our wanderings in the wilderness. When he painted his pictures it was my turn to try to harmonize. I tried to paint, both of us knowing that I did so chiefly because he did.

There was no real transfer of tendencies and could be none.

And so it has been with all of us and always. It is as impossible to lift a little Puritan out of the socket where eternity has placed him as to lift the Atlas Mountains with a crow-bar.

In the light of the above facts, I suggest that a man is neither young nor old in the way the young folks imagine. The real personality, the man himself (except in the case of spiritual conversion), comes into this world and goes out of it without radical variation.

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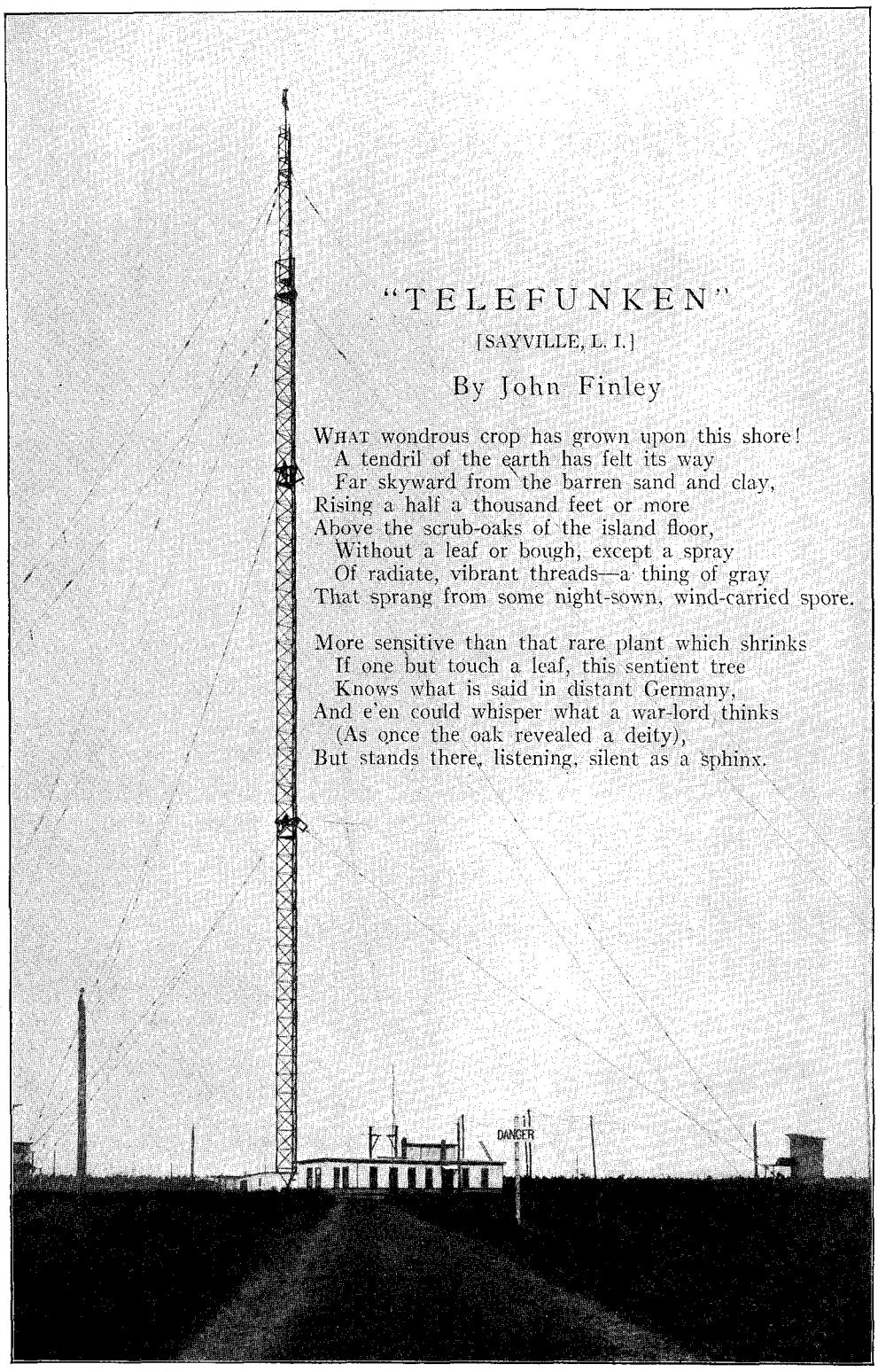

"TELEFUNKEN"

[SAYVILLE, L. I.]

By John Finley

WHAT wondrous crop has grown upon this shore!
A tendril of the earth has felt its way
Far skyward from the barren sand and clay,
Rising a half a thousand feet or more
Above the scrub-oaks of the island floor,
Without a leaf or bough, except a spray
Of radiate, vibrant threads—a thing of gray
That sprang from some night-sown, wind-carried spore.

More sensitive than that rare plant which shrinks
If one but touch a leaf, this sentient tree
Knows what is said in distant Germany,
And e'en could whisper what a war-lord thinks
(As once the oak revealed a deity),
But stands there, listening, silent as a sphinx.

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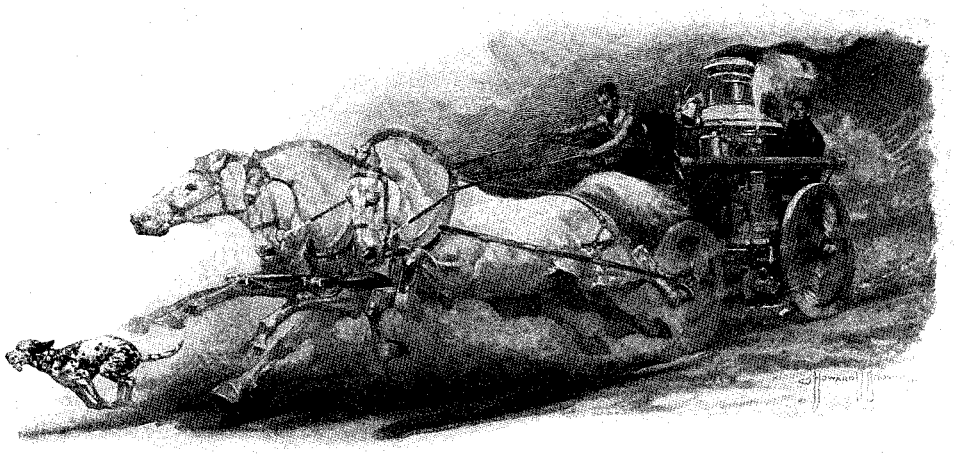

Not a fire had Pal missed since he joined the company six years before.

PAL

THE STORY OF A DOG WHO RE-ENLISTED

By Lloyd Dorsey Willis

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

WHEN the big white horses dragged Twenty Engine and the hose-wagon away and did not return, Pal could not understand what it all meant; which was not strange, considering the fact that Pal was only a fire-dog and not given to reasoning things out.

Even the men of Twenty Engine Company felt the change keenly. For a while they could not accustom themselves to the powerful motor-engine and the automobile hose-carrier which took the places of the old-fashioned apparatus and its horses. They felt as though they had lost old friends; and in fact they had, for there was not a man in the company who had not a warm spot in his heart for the teams of Normans which had carried them to hundreds of fires and back again.

But the firemen had other things to think about, for these were busy days in the department. With Pal it was different. The horses were nearer his own kind. Their stamping in the stalls; the soft neighing when meal-time was approaching; the friendly snort when Pal would touch noses with one of them; even the animal smell of the six big fellows—all combined to make Pal feel that they fitted more snugly into his simple scheme of things than did the firemen themselves.

Pal had led the way on that last "roll" of the horse-drawn apparatus from Twenty Engine; led the way gayly as was his wont, for how was Pal to know that Twenty was not responding to an alarm that day? Not a fire had Pal missed since he joined the company six years before. Often he had led the way to far-off stations, where Twenty's crew had been called on third and fourth alarms. And in the district there was scarcely a box to which Pal had not piloted the company at one time or another—scampering joyfully ahead, just out of reach of the galloping hoofs and taking the turns as he noted, out of the tail of his eye, the veering of the horses' heads.

There was not a fireman in the company

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who would not tell you that Pal enjoyed responding to an alarm even more keenly than did the horses. And certainly the fire-dog was more demonstrative about it. His staccato barks, which seemed timed between the clanging of the bell, sounded sharply above the clatter of iron shoes on the cobbles. And even at the fire, when the horses had been unhitched and Twenty's men were working in the building, Pal's excitement did not wane. Often he would scamper about the firemen's feet as they dragged a line of hose through blinding smoke on the lower floor of a burning structure.

"He's the best smoke-eater we've got," said Captain Donahue proudly one day when Pal had attracted the notice of a visiting commissioner from another city. "I've had to drive him out of a building more than once when the smoke was thick enough to cut with an axe. If the little devil had a pair of hands instead of all those feet he would be after 'stretching in' on a line of hose along with the boys."

"He's the best smoke-eater we've got," said Captain Donahue proudly.

The return trip from a fire was always a source of keen joy to Pal. Not only was there the chance of an encounter with another dog while the horses were travelling slowly, but, on the last lap of the journey, the firemen usually allowed him to ride beside the driver on the front seat of the hose-wagon; so that he came back to the engine-house in state as it were.

Pal's encounters with street dogs were relished greatly by the men of Twenty

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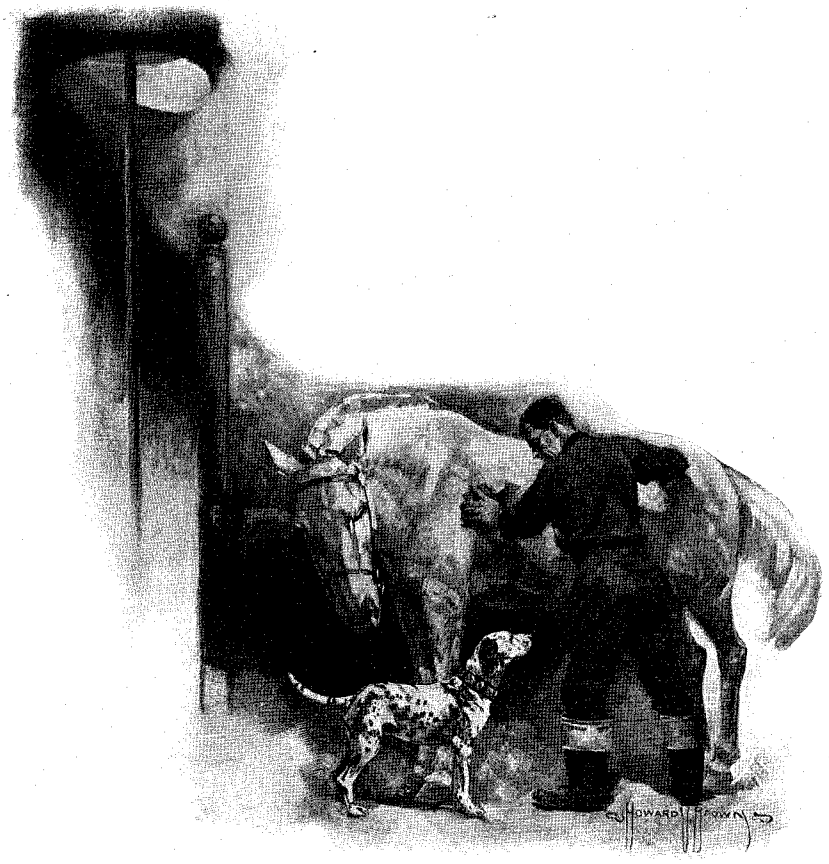
Engine. A sudden rush, a growl, a whirl of flying legs, and Pal would usually have his antagonist by the scruff of the neck or by the throat; a few brisk shakes and the fire-dog would let go and stand a moment, watching the whipped one making tracks for shelter. Sometimes, though, Pal overestimated his strength, and on such occasions strategy always saved him from defeat.

Constant practice in dodging the horses' hoofs had made Pal as adept as a circus dog. And straight into the maze of powerful legs, each as deadly as a battering-ram, Pal would lead a more powerful antagonist and would emerge unscathed on the opposite side of the team, while the other dog was beating a hasty retreat, voicing his protest.

Back in the engine-house, while the horses were being rubbed down and the stains of fire service removed from the apparatus, Pal would solemnly watch the proceedings. "Bossing the job" the men called his show of interest. And when quiet had returned to the apparatus floor Pal would curl lazily on his mat at the feet of the house-watch and doze away the hours. Such was the daily routine of Pal's life with Twenty Engine and its crew before the horses went away.

He left them at the training-stables—those six big fellows who had thundered along behind him to so many fires. And when he returned to the engine-house after that last run with his friends, the stalls had been ripped away, the motors were installed, and, instead of that animal smell which had been a part of the very life of Twenty Engine and its team, there was the reek of gasolene.

There was no alarm for Twenty Engine



Pal would solemnly watch the proceedings.

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during the first few days following the installation of The Giant and The Flying Dutchman, as the new pieces of motor-apparatus were named by Twenty's firemen. And Pal began to grow accustomed to seeing the big machines standing there ready for the first call. But, if Pal thought about the matter at all, he must have wondered how the new apparatus was ever going to leave the house, with no horses ready for the stroke of the gong, no harness hanging from the ceiling.

Twenty's firemen will tell you gravely that Pal thought it all out and made up his mind long before the motors went out in answer to their first alarm. But that is only their opinion. The fact remains that Pal refused either to lead or follow when Captain Donahue and his men rolled out of quarters on The Giant and The Flying Dutchman.

The sputter and the roar of the powerful motors was all very terrifying to Pal. With his tail between his legs he crept under the house-watch desk as the two fire-fighting machines got under way. And there Pal remained until they were far up the street, when he crept out and watched them disappear.

Alone in the fire-house, Pal waited until the engine crew returned. And alone he waited there on other occasions when the company was away on fire duty. His days of responding to fires with Twenty and its crew were over. Pal was a fire-dog in name only from the moment they took the horses away.

He would scratch at the Donahues' door until Mrs. Donahue or one of the children opened it.—Page 380.

In the old days, before the motorization of Twenty Engine, Pal had never allowed the apparatus out of his sight. Whether in the quarters or at fires the dog was always on hand. It was as though he were a part of the company's machinery. But now it was different. Pal's devotion to duty was a thing of the past. Sometimes he would disappear for days at a time. Where he went, the firemen never learned. Perhaps the dog was seeking his old friends the horses, who had been assigned to other companies.

"Old chap, we will be putting you up on charges for absence without leave," said Captain Donahue one day when Pal had returned from one of his disappearances. But Pal only wagged his tail as though he did not care.

A strong friendship had grown between the captain and Pal. Of course, other members of the company were fond of Pal, too, and made as much of him as in the old days. But Pal accepted their show of friendship in a matter-of-fact way. Only Captain Donahue could call forth that show of affection which a dog can convey in silence.

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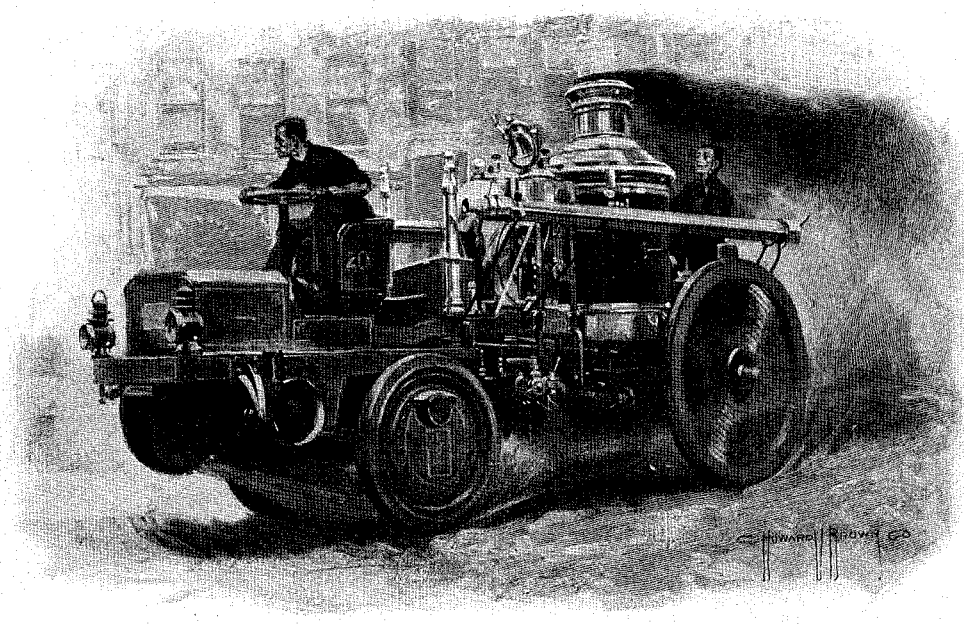
The captain's home was in the heart of the East Side tenement district, a dozen blocks away from Twenty Engine. The journey home at meal-time was always made afoot, for there was no car-line that ran his way. Pal became the captain's companion on these trips. And there, in Captain Donahue's modest apartment, Pal grew quite popular with Mrs. Donahue and the three little Donahues, who would romp with the fire-dog and drag him about the floor while the captain smoked his pipe and chatted with his wife after the meal was over.

Pal's fondness for the children seemed to increase as time went on. Sometimes the youngsters would grow too rough, but Pal never showed resentment. He apparently enjoyed the romps quite as much as they. Frequently Captain Donahue would leave him there with young Mike and the two girls, Sarah and Bess, and the fire-dog would not return to quarters until bedtime.

After a while Pal did not wait for the captain to go home, but would make the journey alone. He would climb the four flights of stairs and would scratch at the Donahues' door until Mrs. Donahue or one of the children opened it. These new friends seemed to compensate Pal somewhat for the loss of the horses. Of course, there was not the excitement of the former life, but the children, scarcely larger than himself, were such amiable playfellows and Mrs. Donahue was so kind. Altogether Pal's life now seemed cast in pleasant places.

New faces were in the company since The Giant and The Flying Dutchman took the places of the old apparatus. Twenty's former driver, Tom Stevens, who knew much about horses but nothing at all of motors, had been transferred to another company and in his place was one Hartmann, a fireman not long in the department. It was Hartmann who drove The Giant to fires. He drove a commercial motor-truck before he wore a fireman's uniform; so it was only natural that the handling of the big motor-engine was turned over to Hartmann when he became a member of Twenty.

Jim Acres, too, who drove the horse-drawn hose-wagon and beside whom Pal used to sit on the return journey from a fire, had left the company when the horses were banished. A graduate from



A graduate from the department's auto school was driving The Flying Dutchman now.

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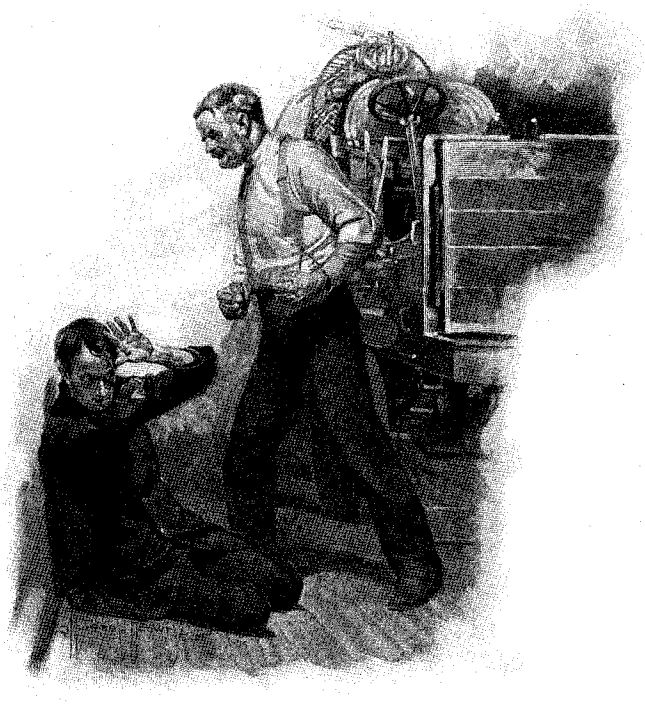
the department's auto school was driving The Flying Dutchman now. And there were other firemen, with some knowledge of motor-engines, who had taken the places of Pal's old friends in the company.

Two of the firemen edged away from Hartmann, their action answering the captain's question as convincingly as words. And Hartmann, seeing that the evidence was against him, stammered that he had accidentally stumbled against the dog and that Pal had snapped at him.



"You'd kick our fire-dog, would you?"

Somehow the new men were different from the firemen who had preceded them. They had not the same show of sympathy. Possibly the long association with horses had given the old firemen the power to appreciate the feelings of a dumb beast. At any rate, the new men showed no affection for Pal.

One day Captain Donahue was reading in his office on the second floor when he heard a yelp and a howl of pain from Pal on the floor below. Down the pole came the captain like a shot and in a moment was facing three of his firemen in front of the house-watch desk. Hartmann was one of the three.

"Who kicked that dog?" asked Donahue, a flush of anger in his cheeks, his eyes narrowed to slits. And, as no one answered, he growled the question again.

"You lying hound, take that," exclaimed the captain, and his fist caught Hartmann flush upon the jaw and sent him reeling across the apparatus floor to the opposite wall, where he crouched, with arms upraised, shielding his face as though afraid the captain would follow and strike him again.

"You cowardly cur," said Donahue, "you'd kick our fire-dog, would you? When you've been to as many fires as he has, you'll know better, maybe. I'll stand for none of that. You leave that dog alone or you will be having a hard time of it in this company. Remember that!"

And Hartmann did remember it.

Captain Donahue ruled his company as a backwoods schoolmaster rules his class

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—a bit rougher perhaps, but the principle was the same. His one boast was that he had never preferred charges against one of his men. The trial commissioner at headquarters was never bothered by cases from Twenty. Donahue administered punishment after his own fashion, and there was no better-disciplined company in the service than was his.

"My own wife and kids are up there on the fourth," he shouted. —Page 384.

"I don't like that Hartmann," said Captain Donahue to Lieutenant Hogan shortly after the episode on the apparatus floor. "I'm afraid there's a streak of yellow in him. We've never had a coward in this company and I hope I'm wrong about this man. But I've noticed him several times lately at fires and he don't show up well beside the other men. Down at that Fifty-fourth Street garage fire the other night he quit the engine when that explosion broke the windows of the top floors. The men on the hose didn't budge when the crash came, but Hartmann looked as though he were going to run away. If I hadn't been there on the street I believe he would have quit cold until the danger was over. I don't like the way he acts."

Although the captain watched Hartmann closely at many fires after that, his suspicions were never confirmed, for Hartmann's work was above criticism.

Captain Donahue was preparing for bed one evening after a day of heavy duty. Four alarms had come in since morning and every one had been a "worker," as the firemen call these fires at which the company goes into action. Pal was curled comfortably on a rug near the captain's desk. He had adopted the captain's room as a resting-place since that distasteful experience with Hartmann.

"I hope we've heard the last of that bell tonight," said Captain Donahue as he placed his rubber boots close to the bed and arranged the legs of his "turnout" trousers carefully in the boot-legs. Pal looked up and blinked sleepily at the captain, then sighed and tucked his nose under his left hind foot.

But the words were scarcely out of Donahue's mouth before the bell down-stairs began to tap. Five-twenty-three it sounded, and then came the repeat, five-twenty-three, an alarm-box which Captain Donahue had been passing each day for many years as he went home to meals. He remembered the box, for it stood at the corner of his own home block.

The captain had often wondered whether an alarm from that box would cause a feeling of fear in his heart. It was so near home. And there were the wife and youngsters alone in the flat, in bed perhaps, up there on the fourth floor.

There was a strange, sinking sensation in Captain Donahue's breast as he thought of this. But it passed away even before his legs were in the turnouts. There was no fireman in the company who could scramble into his clothes so quickly as could the captain.

Less than a moment after the alarm was in, he was down the pole and cranking The Giant's engine. And a moment

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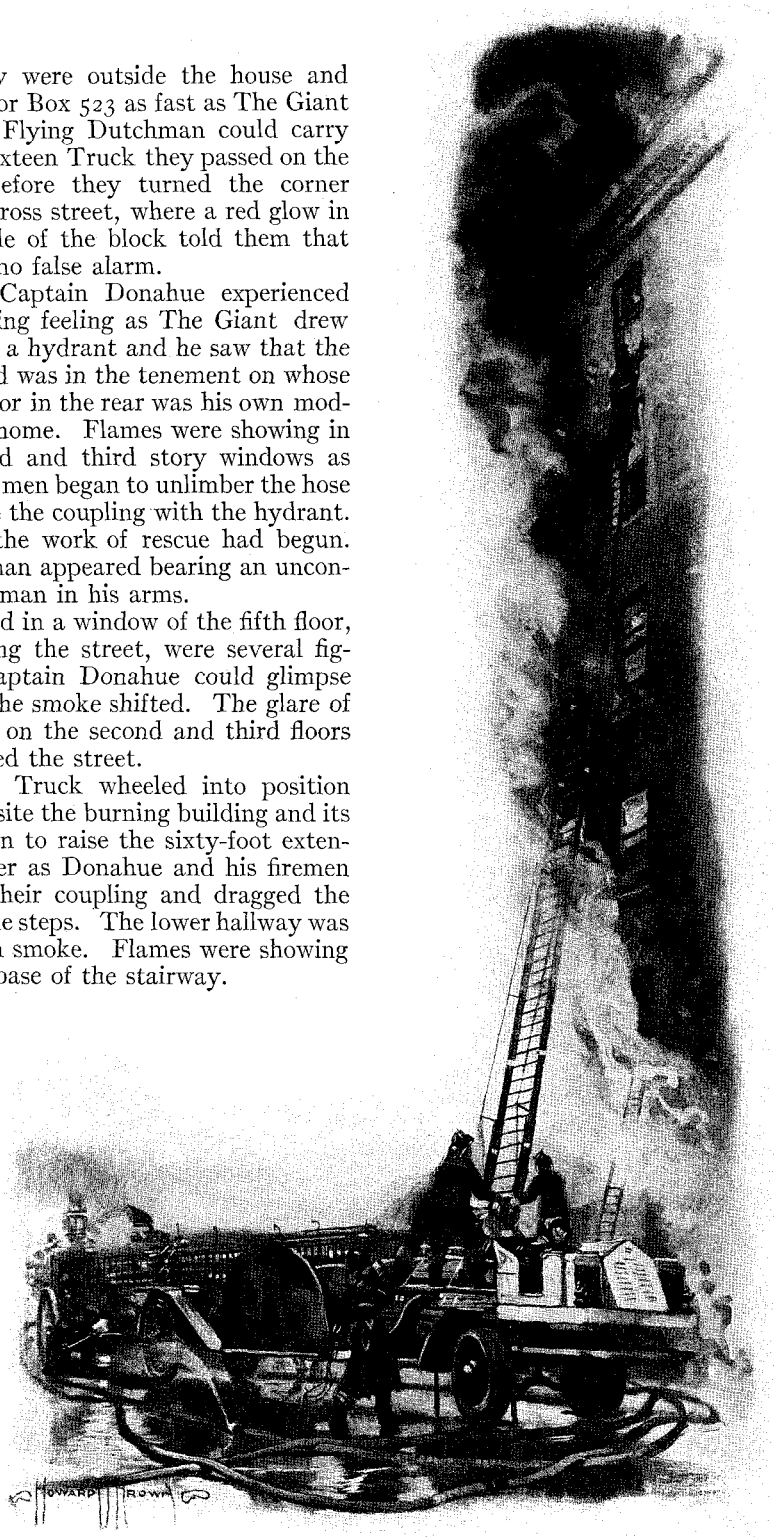
later they were outside the house and heading for Box 523 as fast as The Giant and The Flying Dutchman could carry them. Sixteen Truck they passed on the avenue before they turned the corner into the cross street, where a red glow in the middle of the block told them that this was no false alarm.

Again Captain Donahue experienced that sinking feeling as The Giant drew up beside a hydrant and he saw that the fire indeed was in the tenement on whose fourth floor in the rear was his own modest little home. Flames were showing in the second and third story windows as Twenty's men began to unlimber the hose and make the coupling with the hydrant. Already the work of rescue had begun. A policeman appeared bearing an unconscious woman in his arms.

Grouped in a window of the fifth floor, overlooking the street, were several figures. Captain Donahue could glimpse them as the smoke shifted. The glare of the blaze on the second and third floors illuminated the street.

Sixteen Truck wheeled into position just opposite the burning building and its men began to raise the sixty-foot extension ladder as Donahue and his firemen finished their coupling and dragged the hose up the steps. The lower hallway was filled with smoke. Flames were showing near the base of the stairway.



The laddermen of Sixteen Truck were adjusting the extension to a fifth-floor window which as yet was free from fire.—Page 384.

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The fire had apparently started in the cellar and had drawn quickly up the dumb-waiter shaft, spreading with alarming rapidity as it rose. It had already eaten through the wall in the rear of the stairway and was spreading to the adjoining building, the first floor rear of which was occupied as a paint-store and plumbing-shop, with apartments on the upper floors.

Captain Donahue's impulse was to dash up the smoke-filled stairway to his own apartment above. But his duty lay there in the lower hallway, directing his men. Two truckmen of Sixteen were entering the building now. In a moment they would be rescuing those who had been caught on the upper floors.

Captain Donahue caught one of the truckmen by the sleeve.

"My own wife and kids are up there on the fourth," he shouted. "For God's sake get them. They are—" But the sentence was never finished. There came a blinding flash; the wall at the base of the stairway seemed to split and crumble, and Captain Donahue felt himself hurled backward through the doorway and to the sidewalk, where he lay half-stunned, his legs crumpled up beneath him.

Out of the hallway, now aglow with flames, stumbled several firemen, groping blindly. One fell a few feet from where the captain lay. And now there stumbled another, his helmet gone, his face seared and blistered, his clothing ablaze.

The line of hose, released from the hands of those who had held it, writhed like a giant serpent. Donahue knew from the pain that one of his legs was broken. He managed to rise to a sitting posture and look about him.

Hartmann was beside his engine, his face white and tense, his eyes shifting from his captain to the blazing hallway from which at any moment another explosion might burst forth; for he knew that one tank of gasolene in the paint-shop had already been reached and that another might be there.

With one hand upon the writhing hose Donahue beckoned with the other to Hartmann and as the chauffeur joined him they dragged the hose-line to them until the nozzle was in their hands. They trained the stream directly at the blazing hallway and held it there. Under the two-inch stream the blaze began to die.

Other companies were also at work. One had mounted the stairway of a building across the street and was sending a horizontal stream into the window of the third floor. The laddermen of Sixteen Truck were adjusting the extension to a fifth-floor window which as yet was free from fire.

Gradually the red glow in the lower hallway faded as the stream from The Giant's hose-line was guided slowly from right to left by the injured captain and the fireman chauffeur.

"Get into that, Hartmann," said Donahue when the last sign of fire in the hallway had gone. "Get into it and up that stairway to the fourth floor. My own wife and my own little children are up there. You can make it now."

There were tears in the captain's eyes, and in his voice too—tears and pleading. "I can hold this pipe and I'll keep the water playing over your head until you make the stairs," he continued.

Hartmann made no answer. He looked helplessly at his captain, then at the hallway, from which smoke was pouring. And as he looked, a small gray body, flecked with black spots, trotted up the steps and disappeared into the smoke.

Pal had waited awhile in the engine-house after Captain Donahue had left. But it was lonely there, with no one around, so Pal had decided to visit his friends, the younger Donahues. Possibly they had not yet gone to bed. At any rate, it were better to take that chance than to remain in the silent, empty fire-house.

The excitement in front of the Donahue home must have reminded Pal of the old days when attendance at fires was a part of his daily routine. The smoke, too, must have seemed quite natural to him. Certainly neither the noise nor the smoke halted Pal; he kept right on and into the building, just as he had done so many times before, and scampered up the smoky stairway to the fourth floor, where he began scratching as usual upon the Donahues' door. And Hartmann was close behind him.

Hartmann knew nothing of Pal's former visits there. To his excited mind there was something uncanny in the action of the dog—something supernatural, past Hartmann's comprehension. He

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was impelled by an irresistible force to follow Pal through the blinding smoke.

The sound of Pal's claws upon the door guided Hartmann when he reached the fourth floor. In a moment he and Pal were in the Donahue apartment. The place was empty, but upon the fire-escape were Mrs. Donahue and the children, huddled for all the world like a hen and her chickens, the mother's skirt over the heads of her little brood. Below them the fire-escape had been torn away by the explosion.

With the three children in his arms Hartmann plunged back and down the stairway, his lungs well-nigh bursting from the pent-up breath.

The chief of the fire department was bending over Captain Donahue when Hartmann, with the three youngsters, emerged from the building. Two medical officers, under the chief's direction, carried Donahue to the opposite pavement. The injured man would allow them to carry him no farther.

"What of my wife?" he asked, as Hartmann relinquished his hold upon the little Donahues. But Hartmann did not pause for reply. Back into the burning building he ran. A few minutes later he reappeared with Mrs. Donahue in his arms. Pal trotted at his heels.

"You'll get the department medal for this," said the chief as he laid his hand kindly on Hartmann's shoulder. "You've done a brave deed, boy."

Hartmann looked around for Pal. But the dog had left them. He was touching noses with a big white horse down the block—one of the Normans who had served with Pal in Twenty Engine.

When the Norman and his team-mates clattered away from the scene of the fire early in the morning, Pal gayly led the way. He had deserted Twenty and its crew and had enlisted with another company, a company from which the horses had not been banished. Pal was again in active service.

He was touching noses with a big white horse down the block—one of the Normans who had served with Pal in Twenty Engine.

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IMMORTALS IN EXILE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

BENEATH a goblin yew-tree's shade,
When autumn night was furled,
I saw them gather who have made
The history of the world:—

Those great obscure momentous souls
Whom fame does not record,—
Whose impulse still our fate controls
With deathless deed or word.

There walked the postman from whose face
No shock the smile could oust,
Who lost, beyond our power to trace,
The sketch of Lessing's "Faust."

There came the snivelling servant-maid
With injured peevish look,
Who on the lagging fire-coals laid
Carlyle's long-labored book.

One plodded by whose father-love,
Surmounting all defeats,
Had made a first-class plumber of
A boy who was a Keats.

And ambling amiably along
The Man from Porlock strode,
Whose visit broke the wizard song
Of Kubla Khan's abode.

And many more, to me unknown,
Gathered beneath the trees,—
Men who perhaps down wells have thrown
Plays of Euripides,

Or sold some budding Shakespeare drink,
Or shut in cells some Blake,
Or forced some Shelley to death's brink
For true religion's sake.

I heard them say: "We are oppressed,
Damned by a cruel wrong,—
We who have ever meant the best
And have meant nothing long.

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"Most cruelly damned, to such degree
That sinners, faring well
In warmth and good society,
Eject us even from Hell.

"Hence we are forced to seek on earth
The form of mortal wight;
And entering at the gates of birth,
Renew our ancient might."

THE POINT OF VIEW

Rubber Stamp Lies

AMONG the casualties of the great war, don't forget the slaughter of that vigorous veteran of so many wars, General Ideas. Now, General Ideas, like all the members of the Venerable Idea family, is an entertaining old humbug; he has helped to pass the time for us on many trying occasions. But there are limits to one's toleration even of General Ideas. Especially when they concern nations, not just men and things taken individually.

Generalizing about national types has been a favorite sport of all kinds of tourists, from Chateaubriand—who said somewhere that every traveller is a historian, whose duty it is to record what he sees and hears—right down to the American débutante going abroad with an elderly aunt from Boston, who promises to take good care of her. Now, the tragedy of travel is, briefly, this: all these travellers have "written up" their wanderings, and some of them have been taken seriously. Less galling than those earlier writings about America (from Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope down to Kipling himself), the resultant books are too much like travellers' conversation in smoke-room or at *table d'hôte*.

I remember an Englishman at Pau who informed a roomful of cosmopolitans, most of them now on the firing-line, that American women rich enough to afford it always had their teeth filled with diamonds. I denied vigorously ever having seen such a deplorable waste of the jewel, but my testimony was brushed aside by the cock-sure Briton. He had read the item in his favorite London newspaper. I was an American, and had never seen diamond-filled ladies; but that was readily explained by the fact that it was several months since I had resided in my own country. Habits might have changed in the mean time; every one knows how fast Americans *do* change. I writhed, but was helpless. I was thinking of the Texan I met on a railway in south-eastern Massachusetts. He was just the type of American our foreign visitors tell about in their odious travel-books, and was complaining of the dreariness of New England. "Look at this town," he said, waving his hand at the car window and its prospect of a village with its white steeple and common—a village founded early in colonial times. "It's dingy—dingy with age; there's not a building there that might not be thirty years old. Now, down in San Antonio I repaint every year, and my daughter sells off all the old furniture, too, and refurnishes the house new. Down in San Antonio we keep things looking *fresh*." That is the only time I ever met such an American anywhere—though half my New York friends change their apartments so often I never know where they do live. The answer to that is, New York is not America—only New York. But foreigners don't wait for answers. For them, all Americans are flat-dwelling New Yorkers and St. Anthonies tempted by brand-new furniture. They see some trifling instance—to their eyes, though, symbolic—and, *presto!* from it they deduce a whole national conscience or plot a national psyche—as scientists, granted three bad teeth from some South American

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fossil, construct a mammoth skeleton done in Paris-plaster.

When I went abroad this last summer I chose Ireland for the scene of my travels. I chose Ireland because civil war seemed to be likely to break out, and a journalist makes straight for trouble wherever he scents it. One of the first letters that reached me scolded me in an affectionate way for risking my skin among the savage Irish. It reached me the day after Germany declared war on France and Russia; a quiet Sunday it was in Dublin, in spite of hectic "extras"—that they call "stop-press!" So I sat down and wrote a letter in reply explaining that Dublin was, indeed, the most pacific capital in all Europe—as it truly was. And to-day Ireland—the country proverbially looking for a fight—is the one part of the British Isles blamed by the recruiting agents for insufficient participation in the great war. So much for "General Ideas."

One of the tragedies of this war is going to be the tons of books and essays it will incubate. Even their titles appall the humble reader: "The True Teuton," "The Real Russia," "The New France," "The Truth about John Bull." We had settled down to one set of generalizations; now they are all upset. It seems a dreadful waste of second-rate material.

Take Germany: We had all made our minds up about Germany. The best beer and ugliest architecture. The cleanest city streets and the most deplorable pictures. A home-loving people, lovers of peace, whose sons nick one another's faces in college duels and whose army officers shove women and children into the gutter for the joy of honoring the "Kaiser's coat." A musical, sentimental, philosophical race, with a wonderful gift for "historical objectivity." Germans make uncouth noises eating soup, are undesirable as fellow travellers, but furnish all the novelties of industrial chemistry. German women wear ugly hats and are excellent plain cooks—if you like German cookery.

And England: England was "perfidious Albion." Her army was no great matter, except in Kipling's short stories, but on the sea she was so much better than any of her adversaries that there was no resisting her on any terms. Her tea was excellent and her Whitechapel unspeakable. She was the richest country in the world. She had no sense of humor, and therefore had the best comic weekly. She was the most sportsmanlike country in the world, and took defeat in polo or boating harder than any other. She was decadent. She had invented the nonconformist conscience. She had bulldog courage. She was the home of pre-Raphaelism, philistinism, phariseeism, and Lloyd-George.

Likewise France: The most excitable and impulsive of nations. The most industrious, the heaviest drinker of absinthe, the most immoral, the best road-builder, the most thrifty and atheistical and witty. Frenchmen were undersized and flabby. They wore black beards. They produced the best middle-weight boxers and the utmost theatrical depravity. They were a nervous wreck and excelled at aviation. France was a hotbed of antimilitarism, jingoism, love of children, and childlessness. In war, the French were irresistible in attack, but were soon defeated and were incapable of maintaining their morale under defeat. So much for poor France—degenerate for twenty or so centuries and still intellectual mistress of the universe.

Here we are at the starting-point again. Our national psychology is all to make over. Even our generalizations about the Russians —wonderful idealogues and clog-dancers, natural revolutionaries, depraved vodka-drinkers, unpractical mystics, and cruel cavalrymen and creators of the most pitying, pitiless, humanitarian, terrible novels ever imagined—even our brilliant generalizations about the Russians (that made that nation *very* real to us) now go by the board. For Russia's revolution has died a natural death since the war broke, and the government has abolished that great revenue-producer, the national monopoly of vodka. So we must revise all our notions of the Raging Russ. And it is a large contract.

What lies, what incomplete and unrepresentative half-truths, shall we divert ourselves with once the war has ended? There will be a great field open to those war correspondents of ours who have been kept at such an unconscionable distance from the firing front. I shouldn't be surprised if some of them have already blocked out their books and articles: "The True Teuton," "The Real Russia," "The New France," "The Truth about John Bull."

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SOME one in the Russell Sage Foundation has been investigating the amusements in which the youth of to-day indulge, and reports that such old-time games as prisoner's base, hare and hounds, blind man's buff, leap-frog, and the like are almost unknown to this generation. The great diversion of contemporary youth seems now to be attendance at the movies, with baseball running a poor second for the boys, and "social dancing" for the girls.

Old-Time Games and New

So the progress of science creates a swell which breaks on unanticipated shores. What a lot of idle moments we must have had when young which were undoubtedly turned to some mischief-making. How much easier for the parents of to-day to provide for the leisure of their offspring by sending them to the movies to witness gallant deeds, romantic adventures, and the punishment of villainy all the afternoon and evening.

Easy for the parents and pleasant for the children, but is it really an improvement on our own childhood? Do our children really have more fun than we did? Do they really keep out of trouble and grow up more approximately spotless?

When we were boys, we remember, we smoked cigarettes because we considered it manly. We did not like to smoke particularly, but it helped the imagination in the pursuit of early maturity, and we doubt if it ever did us much harm. We refrained, whenever possible, from bursting into tears for the same reason; and it was that same ambition which drove us to talk very tough on occasion, to chew gum and expectorate (preferably without opening the teeth, as the chore-man did), and to avoid the society of girls.

Our games were usually violently competitive, and calculated to develop a somewhat unscrupulous resourcefulness. They were generally either very noisy or else involved the destruction of property to which we had no color of title.

What the ladies of our age did is still a mystery. They aired dolls up and down the sidewalk, they tried to keep their clothes clean, and they attended insufferable tea-parties, where they played, with apparent enjoyment, such games as still-pond-no-more-moving and hunt-the-slipper. When they were permitted to witness one of the competitive struggles in which their indifferent boy-coevals participated, their presence invariably proved a stimulus to the wildest hyperbole and most extravagant deportment. They were always a disturbing influence and generally a source of demoralization.

When our generation indulges in introspection it is, on the whole, pleased with itself. It thinks itself intelligent, industrious, and highly competent; and gives some of the credit for these qualities to its hardy youth and sound upbringing. The children were giants in those days, and we were those children! We smile indulgently at our own offspring, but there is no doubt that they are effete as compared with their parents. The children of to-day, on the other hand, refer to our ideas as "mid-Victorian," and openly insinuate they are better men than we, and could show us how to drive this band-wagon to far greater advantage if only they had the reins and a seat on the box.

Maybe so; anyway, we never went to movies. It may not be a source of particular credit to us that we didn't, and probably if there had been movies available we should have patronized them; but the point is—we never did. Nor did we go to the theatre—much. Being an audience was not in our line. We wanted to be the show, and whenever possible the whole show, and we usually so contrived. Perhaps we were unpleasant. Perhaps we were objectionable. Undoubtedly we were a bother. But we still think we turned out very well, and give certain credit to the schooling—though, of course, the material was quite unusual.

About all we know we learned by doing, and we have great faith in that method. We learned to merge our individuality in a team or a crew; and when we played alone we learned self-reliance. We learned not to rely on favors when we sailed a boat, and we learned perseverance and patience on the golf-links. We are now very remarkable. How fortunate that about the time this wretched next generation comes along we shall be due to receive our final reward and shall not have to sit up with our successors!

TRULY, it is a vulgar paradise which the syndicalist orator (recently quoted in "The Point of View") holds up to the admiration of the working people. His utopian "plant" is a thing of horror. Far

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better, of course, than even the best communal dwelling is the cottage with its slanting roof, its open fire, and its "brave west door"; infinitely desirable the little place of one's own. But the writer in "The Point of View" would seem to think that the sense of possession can only be attained by actual ownership, or, at least, by sole and exclusive tenancy. What a misfortune, if that were true! I love, as well as another, "my own hearth, my own poker, my own back door," but these things may be impossible for me, or, since all life is a balancing and a choosing between the lesser and the greater good, I may decide that they are inexpedient. Must I, then, lacking an actual roof, an actual hearthstone, be deprived of the sense of ownership? Surely, one need not be so literal as that.

As to Individual Ownership

Working people cannot all live in the country, and, even to some of those who have lived there, the sound of the snow sliding from the roof would be far from cheerful, and the problem of getting the paths shovelled in the morning would detract somewhat from the charm of their ownership. Troublesome, too, is the plumbing, and worse the lack of it—not to speak of other perplexities. In order to inhabit that cottage with the slanting roof, we may pay a price in physical fatigue and mental worry which will rob us of the effective ownership of our minds and souls.

In the city one's own roof and one's own hearth are far too costly for the worker even to consider; and we may as well face the fact that we are tending more and more toward the communal dwelling. It is a matter of importance to improve it in a sensible way, and we seem to be working to that end, though not according to the ideal of the syndicalist orator. The advanced courses of domestic science in our universities are training women for that work in the same way that the army schools train mess sergeants. We have some reason, I think, to hope that discomfort will be abated. Nor need we be without a sense of ownership. What are we good for if we cannot make any corner which we may chance to inhabit our very own—the abode of our souls as well as of our bodies? In an apartment house, a hotel, a modest boarding-house, yes, if worst comes to worst, even in the gorgeous caravansary of the orator, one may isolate oneself. Let the band bray, let the swimmers splash, let the whole "plant" hum and buzz with its various machine-made activities. My little table in the big dining-room is an island of safety where I may shut my ears and, buried in my own thoughts, forget that food cooked in mass is less appetizing than food cooked over my own fire, or, if at times I must remember it, may steel my heart against homesickness and remember also that, in the balancing and choosing, I chose it as the lesser evil. In the sanctuary of my own room the light falls on my desk and chair—mine, whether in strict fact they belong to me or not. The room may not boast even a gas-log, far less a hearthstone, but surely I can in imagination kindle a little homelike flame—taking example of childhood, which the writer bids me watch. Childhood is splendid at make-believe.

Yes, we all want a place of our own, and we dream of it, and long for an actual blaze at which to warm our hands and our hearts, but let us learn to adapt, not ourselves to our generalized surroundings, but our surroundings to our individualized selves. In that is our salvation from the "swimming-pool" type of existence. I can do what I will with this infinitesimal corner of the earth, for it is mine, and I am my own. And, when all is said, is it not of more account to possess your soul than to own your back door?

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE NEW ART IN AMERICA

IN so far as the fine arts are concerned, the great world tragedy, if it had to come at all, came, as it happened, at an opportune moment—for the art balance of the world has been shifting of late. At the present moment America is beginning to lead the world in art. In the departments of landscape-painting, of portraiture, of the small bronze, she more than holds her own, and in the other arts, of figure-painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, competent and unprejudiced judges generally place her on a footing of equality with her European competitors. But it is a curious thing that this rising star of American art is seen less clearly at home than it is abroad. For generations we Americans have regarded ourselves as mere students at the feet of the great European masters. And, now that the balance has changed, it is difficult for us to reconstruct our point of view, to recognize the fact which is recognized by others, that the student has himself at last become a master. This doubting attitude is national in its scope, and it might even be held to be creditable in view of a certain widely diffused opinion in regard to our national modesty; but it is no longer *necessary*, and it is no longer justified by the facts. Unfortunately, it is reflected only too clearly in the hesitating character of the official recognition of American art in America. It is true that there has been some recent improvement in this respect, but it also is true that in the matter of national and municipal patronage of native art we still lag far behind the smallest European nations.

While this lack of appreciation of our own art is, as I have said, country-wide in extent, it reaches its apogee in the greatest of all our great municipalities, the city of New York. New York has, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an institution for the housing and display of the great art of the past which compares favorably with any of the great art museums of Europe, but its one public gallery for the display of our own current art is very small and utterly inadequate. And the remedy is not yet in sight. For the past twenty years the National Academy of Design has been struggling to secure a suitable site on which to erect for itself a new and permanent home, a spacious gallery which should be both beautiful in design and adequate for the purposes and uses to which it would be dedicated. It will continue to fail, because, being a *private* institution, it cannot evoke in its favor the law of eminent domain. It will be readily understood, of course, that the first essential for the site upon which a great art gallery is to be erected must be the perpetual guarantee of free and unrestricted daylight, and the absolute certainty that in time to come this daylight cannot be shut off or obstructed by the erection of towering sky-scrapers upon the adjoining property. Unfortunately, the only land remaining to-day within the limits of New York City which can extend this guarantee with any degree of certainty lies within the various public parks and along the water-fronts, and only the municipality as a municipality can dispose of a single foot of this precious space for any purpose whatsoever. It would appear, therefore, that the second largest city in the world must remain for an indefinite period without an adequate gallery for the display of modern art. While our national art is growing daily in strength and in beauty, the citizens of New York are permitted to see it only in fitful glimpses and under most trying and unsatisfactory conditions. There is only one

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remedy for this state of affairs, and that is education. Only when our rulers can be made to understand that art is one of the chief glories of a nation, one of the highest sources of pleasure among civilized peoples, one of the best of educators, and one of the chief deterrents to crime, can there be any serious hope of an adequate solution of the problem; for the one adequate solution lies in the hands of the city fathers. The great new exhibition gallery must be a *municipal gallery*, owned by the city, supported by the city, run by the city—with the help and advice of competent artist advisers and experts. It is sincerely to be hoped that the National Academy of Design may, in some way, succeed in overcoming the formidable obstacles which lie in its path, and may at an early date secure the new home which it has so long and so sorely needed. But even if their much-desired exhibition gallery should materialize in the near future, it would by no means fill the place of the great municipal gallery which I have here suggested. Art has been changing of late. It has been venturing into many new paths, and reaching out in many new directions. This new movement is fundamental in character. It has in it the vitality of youth and the irresistible impulse of something primeval. We cannot at the present moment discover its goal, nor say just where it will lead us. But we can at least be sure that such outbursts as the Post-impressionist and Futurist movements are but as the froth upon the crest of a great wave. Beneath it the ocean heaves—slow but irresistible. It is more than doubtful, therefore, if the best interests of art would now be served by the continued control of a small band of academicians—however able, however intelligent, however well-meaning, they were individually and collectively. I am an academician. I am unable to discover anything of value in any of the new movements which have come to my attention that does not in some way conform to one of the three great and ancient canons of art—beauty of color, beauty of line, and beauty of effect. Yet some such new beauty *may* exist all the same; and if it does exist the sooner the world comes to a knowledge of it the better for humanity.

The worst feature of academies, and of organized art bodies generally, is the jury system upon which they are all founded—this jury system which is held to be the guarantee of fair dealing and equal justice to all comers in art! According to this system each picture, each statue, each art object presented for exhibition must pass before a regularly constituted jury, whose members are selected from among the most eminent and capable practitioners in the various arts of design. I have myself served upon many of these juries, and I can state from long experience that they are generally fair and high-minded in their judgments, that they endeavor to make the best possible selections from among the works submitted, and that this is generally accomplished with the smallest amount of bias and favoritism that is consistent with average human nature. They are damned from the beginning, however, by the very manner of their selection, for the juries are inevitably chosen from among the older and more academic of the artists—those whose reputations are already assured—and it is inevitable that these men will judge the art of the future by the art of the past, and thus very possibly refuse a hearing to some obscure and unknown genius who presents a new truth, or the old truth in some strange, new garb. The juries of the past did thus refuse a hearing to Delacroix, to Corot, to Millet, to Manet, Sisley, Degas, Whistler, Cézanne, and many another great painter who was in advance of his own generation. The jury system must be considered, therefore, to have outlived its uses, and it must go by the board. It will not die easily, however, and the radical reform which this suggested change connotes can be accomplished more readily under the democratic system of control of a great municipal gallery than in any other conceivable way.

But all of this does not necessarily mean that the academies must themselves cease to exist. On the contrary, they will continue to render a great and necessary service to art. It will be their function to act as a balance-wheel which will control the art movement and prevent artistic excesses; and it will also be one of their functions—and a very noble one—to act as the conservator and guardian of the great art traditions of the past, and to pass these on to future generations.

And in this connection it may be well to remind the shouting iconoclasts that the new beauty never destroys or obscures the old beauty, or the new art the old art. That

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which was once beautiful remains always beautiful, and we still treasure—and whatever surprises the new art has in store for us we will continue to treasure—the truly great art of other days. From the time when art made its first nebulous appearance in ancient China, down through the early civilizations of India and Persia and Egypt to the great days of Greece and the final outburst of the Italian Renaissance, the great ones produced masterpieces which are still recognized as such.

On the other hand, it would be well if the academicians could be brought to see and to admit the fact that in the dim shadows of the future there must lie hidden many new forms of beauty which have hitherto been unguessed at; if they could be persuaded at least to keep the open mind, so that when some newcomer of this sort bursts the veil and rises into view his kinship should be recognized and he be bidden welcome.

For the reasons which I have endeavored here to place before the reader it would seem clear that the problem of an adequate, sympathetic, fair, and open-minded system for the exhibition of our great and ever-increasing current art product could be met and solved in no way so satisfactorily as by the establishment of the municipally owned gallery which I have mentioned. Certainly in no other way could the freedom and the democratic system of control which are so essential under the new conditions be so readily achieved and so easily maintained.

This great exhibition building should serve as a sort of general clearing-house of art. It should furnish reasonable accommodations for all of the various independent art associations of the city. It should have many well-lit galleries of moderate dimensions where constantly recurring exhibitions might be held throughout the year—it being the intention to replace the present unintelligent system of one monster annual exhibition followed by months of artistic starvation by another which would offer small, enjoyable group exhibitions at all times. Its management should be broad enough to include every form of art known to humanity—not pictures, drawings, prints, and statuary only, but architectural designs, artistic photography, jewelry of an artistic character, silverware, bookbinding, textiles, and even furniture and artistic feminine costumes, the intention being to broaden the scope of the exhibits constantly rather than to narrow them, to bring art into the closest possible touch with life; for no nation can claim to be truly artistic which does not demand beauty of design even in its kitchen-utensils. We treasure in our museums the cook-stoves, the kettles, and the candlesticks of the Greeks and the Etruscans!

In an exhibition of the broad and far-reaching nature which is here suggested there would probably be something, some one exhibit at least, which would interest and attract every single member of the population—and once within the building there would be the temptation to wander into other rooms, to inspect other exhibits than the special one which he or she came here to see—and thus the interest would grow, and the good work of instruction in the arts would go on automatically and quite independent of any special teaching. A higher and higher standard of criticism would be the inevitable result, and out of this there could not fail to develop a higher and higher standard of general living. The community as a whole would benefit.

Now, as liberty is not to be confused with anarchy, it is evident that some new scheme would have to be devised to replace the old discredited jury system in the selection of the exhibits. In the department of the fine arts certainly the simplest and most satisfactory arrangement would be to allot a reasonable amount of space to every organized art association which might apply, and to extend the same hospitality to every self-organized group of artists who might desire to exhibit. The exhibits gathered in this way would still be selective, and they would thus be free from the blight of amateurism which afflicts every one of the so-called "independent" exhibitions. Each group of painters, sculptors, illustrators, and so on, organized under the above-described plan, would have at heart the high quality of its own exhibition, and would exercise a rigid censorship in regard to the artists who were invited to join its ranks; but, once selected, each artist would have absolute freedom in the selection of his own exhibits. But he would also be under the greatest emulative stimulus to put forth his best work. The groups thus formed, moreover, would be the result of natural selection. They would be harmonious and homogeneous, each group expressing strongly some distinctive move-

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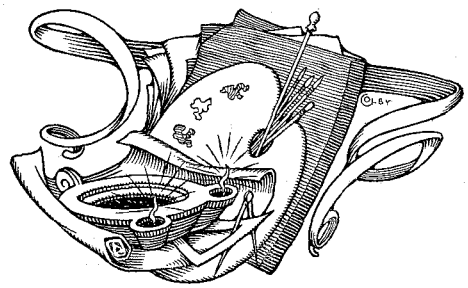
ment, some well-defined phase, of art. A message thus forcibly delivered would have a chance to "carry," to make itself understood. And in this true artistic republic there would be as many different messages as there are individual varieties in our race; for art in its final analysis is the expression of human personality—first, of course, racial personality; and in the present case this would mean in a broad sense the expression of the American life and temperament in the twentieth century. But inside of these racial boundaries there would be an individual expression as diverse as the difference between a New England old maid and a Western cowboy. The city man, the farmer, the dude, the mechanic, the crook, the materialist, the poet would all find expression according as each of these types lay dormant at the bottom of the soul of each artist represented. But all of them would be *American*, just as painters whose work differed as fundamentally as did the paintings of El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya were all Spanish, and artists as unlike one to another as Rembrandt, Vermeer, and Frans Hals were still all Dutch.

But, most important of all, the new art in its manifold expressions will be assured a hearing, and will be judged not by a one-sided jury but by humanity at large. If it is good it will the sooner be acclaimed. If it is bad it will the sooner be buried. And is it not evident what an intense and varied interest this great variety must give to these group exhibitions? In one gallery there might be a collection of pictures by the most eminent of our academic painters, dignified and restrained, reflecting the best traditions of the past in art. In another gallery would perhaps be found an exhibit by the painters of the futurist, of the vorticist school; in still a third a strong showing by our own fine American school of portrait-painting; in the adjoining gallery a collection of American landscapes; in still others individualistic groups marking the new directions in which the younger generation of American painters are moving. Among these latter there will certainly be some whose strange new versions of old truths will exasperate exceedingly the academic mind—but who may, nevertheless, be stating the great truth. It is these whom we would discover.

In an exhibition, or a series of exhibitions. of this character there can be no monotony. Nothing is prejudged. The public is no longer spoon-fed in art. It is asked freely to make its own selections, and this will be good both for the public and the painter.

Under this new dispensation the great painters with the new vision will no longer be obscured by an academic clique and forced to languish for ten or twenty years in outer neglect and poverty before they obtain a hearing and recognition. Here in America and in our own day, for the first time in the history of the world, the new art will be treated fairly. Only under some such system as I have here described can this new art which has come to America have a chance to expand and grow, and reach its best development. The impulse which underlies it has all the strength and power and splendid vitality of an extraordinarily vigorous young nation. Unless all signs fail, unless history is to reverse itself, this movement promises to develop into one of the most magnificent outbursts of art which the world has ever seen; but while a strong and vigorous plant will live and continue to grow under the most adverse conditions of soil and climate and moisture, it can only reach its finest development when all conditions are most favorable to its growth. And so it is with art.

BIRGE HARRISON.



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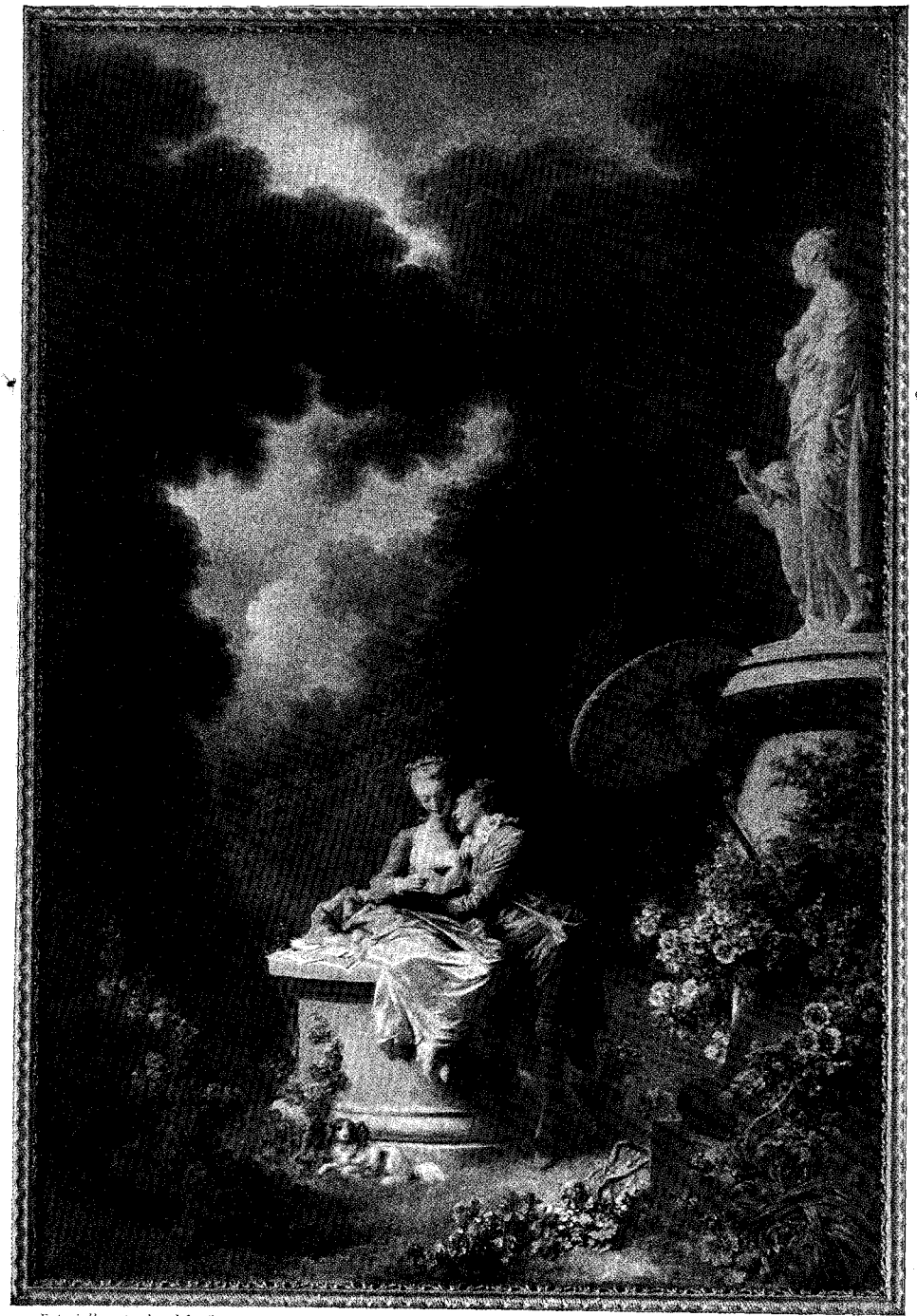

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LES SOUVENIRS.

One of the Fragonard panels in the Morgan Collection, now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

—"The Field of Art," page 519.

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